

A memorial

of suche Princes, as sinte the tyme of King Richard the seconde, haue been vnfortunate in the Realme of England.

(1)

¶ LONDINI
In ædibus Johannis Waylandi, cum priuilegio per septennium.

The copy of the quenes Maiesties letters Patentes.

MAry by the grace of God, Quene of Englande Fraunce and Ireland, defendour of the faith, and in earth of the Churche of Englande, and also of Ireland, the supreme head. To ỹ Prynters of bookes, and bookesellers, and to al other our Officers, Ministers, and Subiectes these our letters patentes hearing or seing, gretyng. Knowe ye that we of oure especial grace and meare mocion: haue geuen and graunted, and by these presentes doo geue and graunte full power, licence, auctoritie, and Priuilege vnto our welbeloued Subiect Jhon Wayland, Citezeyn and Scriuenour of London. That he & his Assignes only, and none other person or persons shal fromhenseforth haue auctoritie, & lybertie to prynt al and euery such vsual Primers or Manual of prayers by whatsoeuer other title ỹ same shal or may be called, which by vs our heyres, successours, or by our clergy by our assent shalbe auctorised, set furth, and deuysed for to be vsed of all our louing Subiectes thorowghout all our Realmes, and dominyons, duringe the full tyme and terme of seuen yeares next ensuing the date of these our letters Patentes. And farther that it shal not be lawful for any maner of other person. or persones of our said Subiectes, to Prynt or to procure to be imprinted, anye Prymers or Manuall of prayers by whatsoeuer title the same shall or may be called, or set furth, during the said tearme, nor any booke, or bookes, which the saide John Wayland or his Assignes at his or theyr costes and charges shall first Prynte, or set furth during the said terme of seuen yeares next ensuing the printing of the same booke or bookes, vpon payne of forfature, and confiscacion of the same Prymers, Manuall or prayers, and bookes, to thuse of vs and oure successours. Wherfore we will and commaunde all you our Printers, and other our Subiectes that ye nor any of you, do presume, procure, or attempt to print or set furth any maner Prymers, Manuall of prayers, booke or bookes, which the said Jhon Wayland or his assignes shal first Print during the tyme of thys our Priuilege, and licence, vpon payne of forfature and confiscacion of the same Prymers, Manual of prayers, and bookes, as aforesaide. And as ye tendre oure pleasure, and wyl auoyde the contrarie. In witnes wherof we haue caused these our letters to be made patentes. Wytnes our selfe at Westminster the foure and twentith daye of Octobre, in the fyrst yeare of our reigne.

per brē de priuato sigillo
et de data predicta.

1558

¶ Here foloweth the Table

of thys preſente Booke, called the fall of Princes, and Princeſſes. &c. Whiche boke is deuyded in to nyne bookes, and euerye booke contayneth dyuers chapters, as here after foloweth: And fyrſt of the fyrſte boke, whiche contayneth xxiiii. Chapiters

The Prologue of John Lidgate Monke of Bury, tranſlatoure of this boke.

The fyrſt Chapter of the firſte booke ſheweth howe Adam and Eue for theyr inobedience, were put out of Paradyſe: and howe they ſtandinge naked before Bochas, deſyred hym to put theyr wofull fall fyrſte in remembraunce: And howe they and theyr ofſprynge lined in ſorowe & wretchednesſe: with a Lenuoye. The fyrſte chapter.

Howe Nembroth buylded the towre of Babylone, to ſaue hym ſelfe from Noes flode, whiche for his pryde and preſumpcion, was put from his magnifycence, and his towre with ſodayne leuyn ſmytten downe. The ſecond chapter.

An exclamaciō of John Bochas againſt proude folke, ſhewynge howe God maye them and theyr pryde abate, whan it ſhall pleaſe hym: and by dyuers meanes & wayes them punyſh and chaſtice: With a lenuoy. The third chapter.

Howe manye yeres were betwene Adam and Nembroth, and betwene Nembroth and Cadmus, and of dyuers other kinges. The fourthe chapter.

Of Ogiges king of Thebes, leafe. vii.

Of a greate flode in Teſſaly. leafe. vii.

Of goodly Iſys wyfe to Apys king of Argyue, and howe he was ſlayne by hys brother Diſſeus. The fyft chapter.

Of Griſiton that eate hys members for hungre. With a Lenuoy. the ſixt chapter.

Howe Jupiter rauyſhed Europa, the doughter of kynge Agenor, and how Cadmus was ſent to ſeke her in to diuers coūtrees: With a Lenuoy of the tranſlatour. The ſeuenth chapter.

A goodlye proceſſe of Oetes kynge of Colchos, of Jaſon and Medea, of Theſeus, Scylla, of Nilus, and of dyuers other. With a Lenuoy. The eyght Chapter,

Of mightye Jabyn kyng of Canaan, of Quene Jocaſta, and how Thebes was dyſtroyed: With a Lenuoy. The. ix. chap.

How Atreus kyng of Meſſene wrought againſte his brother Thieſtes, and howe he ſlewe his children, diſmembred them in pieces, and made the ſaid Thieſtes to eate of their fleſh and drinke of theyr blode. The tenth chapter.

How Atreus accuſed him ſelfe of murder, and his brother of auoutry, don wyth Europa the quene: With a Lenuoy: The. xi. chapter.

Of duke Theſeus, and of Ariadne that ſaued his lyfe in a caue, and howe he lyke a forſworne man forſoke her, and wedded fayre Phedra, which afterwarde ſlew her ſelfe: a Lenuoy. The. xii. chapter.

How Bochas blameth theym that gyueth haſty credence to liers and flatterers: With a Lenuoy. The. xiii. chapter.

Of quene Althea, and howe Hercules by women was brought to confuſion: With a Lenuoy. The. xiiii. chapter.

A proceſſe of Narciſſus, Byblis, Myrra and dyuers other, their infortunes to Bochas complaynyng, and howe Narciſſus, Byblis, and Myrra dyed at myſchefe. with a Lenuoy. The fyftene chapter.

Of Priamus kynge of Troye: and how the monke of Burye, tranſlatoure of thys boke, wrot a boke of the ſiege of Troy called Troy boke. the ſixtene chapter,

Here Bochas authoure of this boke, wryteth agayne the Surquedous pryde of them that truſt to much in theyr riches. The ſeuentene chapter.

Here alſo John Bochas putteth a great prayſe and commendacyon of ſuretye that ſtandeth in pouerte: With a Lenuoy. The eyghtene chapter.

Of mighty Sampſon, whiche tolde all his counſayle to Dalyda, wherby he was diſceyued: With a Lenuoy. The nyntene chapter.

A chapter of Bochas diſcryuynge the malyce that is in Women. The twentye chapter.

The excuſe of Bochas for hys wrytyng againſte myſgouerned women, in maner of a Lenuoy. The. xxi. chapter

Of myghtye Pyrrus that ſlewe Pol-

lyrene, whiche for his pryde and auoutrye died in pouerte, and at the last was slayne by Horestes. The. xxiii. chapter

Of Machayre and of his suster Canace. The. xxiiii. chapter.

The letter of complaynte wrytten by Canace to her brother Machayre. With a Lenuoy. The. xxv. chapter.

¶ Thus endeth the Table with the Chapiters of the fyrste boke, and here foloweth the table of the seconde boke which containeth. xxxi. chapters.

THe Prologue of the translatour.

The fyrste Chapter of the seconde boke declareth how Saule kynge of Jerusalem borne of lowe degree, as longe as he loued God, and dradde him, and was obedient to his lawes, and ruled by good counsayle, had manye greate victories: But at the laste for his pride, presumpcion, and greate disobeysaunce, lost his crown, and was slaine by Philistees: with a Lenuoy of the translatoure.

A commendacion of Bochas, vpon the vertue of Obedyence. Loke the leafe. xli.

Howe kynge Roboam, for gyuynge faythe to ponge counsayle loste the beneuolence of his people, and at the last dyed a fole: With a lenuoy. The second chapter

A chapiter discryuinge, howe Princes beyng hedes of theyr commontees, should haue noble chiualry and true Judges to gouerne the commons. The third chap.

Howe Mucius Sceuola slewe an innocente in stede of kynge Porcenna, that layde siege to Rome. The fourthe chapter.

Howe Lucrece oppressed by Tarquine slewe her selfe. The fyfth chapter.

Howe Rome was gouerned after the deth of Lucrece, and how Virginia was by her father slayne: with a Lenuoy. The sixte chapter.

Howe Jeroboam kynge of Israell, for ydolatry and disobedience, came to a myscheuous ende. The seuenth chapter.

Howe zareas kynge of Ethyope was slayne in battayle. The eyght chapter,

Howe Nadab kynge of Jerusalem lost both sceptre and crowne. The ninth chap.

How the vengeable prince zambrias set a towre on fyre and brente him selfe. The tenth chapter,

Of kyng Achab and Jesabel his wyfe. The leuenth chapter,

Howe the quene Athalia for her tyrannye was slayne. The. xii. chapter

Howe Dydo Quene of Cartage slewe her selfe for the conseruacion of her chastitie: With a Lenuoy. The. xiii. chapter

A Lenuoy dyrecte to wydowes, of the translatour. loke the leafe. l.

Howe the vycious Sardanapalus king of Assirie, brent him selfe and his tresoure. The fourtene chapter.

A commendacion of John Bochas of vertuous busynesse, reherlyng the names of dyuers founders of scyences in reprefe of ydelnesse: With a Lenuoy. The fyftene Chapter.

Howe Amazias in Juda kyng, for his pryde and presumpcion was venquished in battayle, and after slayne. The sixtene chapter.

Howe Osias succeadynge kynge nexte in Juda, was smytten with lepre. The seuentene chapter.

An exortacion for Princes to take hede that they do nat againe the commaundementes of God. The eyghtene chapter.

Howe kyng Ozeas was taken by king Salmanaser, and dyed in prison. The. xix chapter.

Howe Senacheryb kynge of Assyrie was slayne. The twenty chapter.

Howe kyng Sedechyas for falle forswearing was made blinde, and slayne in prison: with a Lenuoy. The. xxi. chapter

Howe kynge Astiages laboured to dispoyle Cyrus, but God wolde nat suffre him in his malyce to preuayle: with a Lenuoy. The two and twenty chapter.

Howe Candalus kinge of Lyde was made cockold. The thre and twenty chap.

How all thyng that king Mydas touched was tourned to golde, and yet at the last he dyed in mysery and wretchednesse. The four and twenty chapter.

Of Balthazar kynge of Babylone, and howe Daniell exponned Mane, Techell, Phares. The fiue and twenty chapter,

How Cresus and Balthasar were vequished by Cyrus, and how the son of Cresus was slayne at the huntyng of a wilde boore

booze. The.xxvi.chapter.

Howe the cruell tyraunt Cirus delyted euer in slaughter and shedyng of blode, and so ended: With a Lenuoy. The.xxvii. chapiter.

Howe Amilius for couetise slewe hys brother, and how Remus and Romulus were norysshed by a she Wolfe. The eighte and twenty chapiter.

Howe Metius kynge of Albanoys, for bycause he was false of his othe and promyse, was drawen all in pieces. The nine and twenty chapiter.

Howe all Princes shoulde be true of theyr othes and promyse, in auoyding all doublenesse and discepcion. The.xxx. cha.

Of kinge Hostilius the fyrst that ware purple coloure, was consumed with fyre leuyn: with a Lenuoy. The.xxxi.chapter.

¶Thus endeth the table with the Chapters of the second boke. and here folowyth the table of the third boke, which contayneth.xxvii. Chapters.

The Prologue of the translatour. The fyrste chapiter of the thyrde boke treteth: how Andalus doctour of Astronomy shewethy that princes shoulde nat atwite their constellacion nor fortune, of their vnhappy falling, but their owne demerites and vicious lyuyng. Loke leafe.lxv.

A disputacion bytwene Fortune and gladde pouerte. Loke leafe.lxv.

Howe kyng Hostilius for worshypping of false goddes, was consumed wyth fyre leuyn. The fyrst chapter.

Howe Anchus kynge of Rome was murdred by Lucinyo, by the assente of hys wyfe. The.ii.chapter.

Howe Lucinio that murdred Anchus was after murdred him selfe: with a Lenuoy. The thyrde chapiter.

Howe after the offence doone to Lucrece by Tarquin, there was neuer kynge crowned in Rome. The fourth chapter.

The grenous complaynt of Lucrece for her oppressyon. The fyfth chapter

A complaynt of Bochas vpon Luxurie of Princes, as by ensample of manye dyuers mischaunces declareth: with a Lenuoy. Loke leafe.lxxi.

How Cambyses, assentyng to the murdre of his brother Mergus, at ꝑ last slewe hym selfe: and how Dropastes occupied the crowne of Perce by vniust tytell, and how he was slaine. The sixte chapiter.

Howe Dary obtaynyng the kingdome of Perce by sleyghte, ended with shame. The seuenth chapter.

How Cozolyan was by Romaynes exiled, and of the warre he made agaynste them, and howe whan he besieged theym they sente oute his mother and his wyfe, wyth other to treate for a peace, whiche they optayned: and howe he was after exiled agayne and slaine. The.viii. chapter.

Howe Melciades Duke of Athenes, with a smal nombre venquished sixe hundred thousand Perciens, and after by hys commens (that aye of custome destreth chaunge of Princes) was chayned in prysson, and so dyed: With a Lenuoy. The.ix. chapter.

Howe Xerxes kynge of Perce, for hys rauin and couetyse was dysmembred in smal pieces: with a Lenuoy. The.x. chap.

How Artabanus murdred kyng Xerxes, and howe he was after murdred him selfe. The seuenth chapter,

Of duke Palantes, and the Spartenoies that warred on them of Messene for rauyshyng of theyr maydens. The twelfth chapter.

Howe Celon Quincius out of Rome was exyled. and howt Graccus Cloelyus prince of Equoyes was take prysoner. The.xiii.chapter.

Bochas reherseth the tyranny of Appyus and falsnesse of Judges: With a Lenuoy. The fourtene chapter.

Bochas againe the vntruthe of Judges. Loke the leafe.lxxxi.

An exclamacion of Bochas agaynste the extorcion of the officers of Rome. The fyftene Chapter.

Howe Alcibyades was exiled, and after brent in his bedde. The sixtene chapter

An exclamacyon of John Bochas, vpon the deathe of Alcibiades: with a Lenuoy. The seuentene chapter.

Bochas writeth agayne the desyres of worldly people. The.xviii. chapter.

Bochas spekynge againe ydelnesse, reherseth howe some men haue pleasure in one Science and some in another. The.xix chapter.

Howe Malleus Duke of Cartage, for hys oppreſſion and tyranny was hewen to peces: with a Lenuoy. The.xx.chapiter.

Howe the ſubſtaunce of the hooſte of Hymilcho duke of Cartage, as they went to conquere Cecile, dyed of the Peſtilence, and howe he was after ſlayne hym ſelfe. The.xxi.chapiter.

Howe Heynon Duke of Cartage was diſmembred: with a Lenuoy. The two & twenty chapiter.

The authour agaynſt couitous people loke the leafe.lxxxvii.

Howe Euagoras kyng of Cypre was by Artaxerſes outrayed and put from his kyngdome. The.xxiii.cha.

Howe Theon kinge of Egypte was by Artaxerſes dryuen frome hys kyngdome, and howe he fledde in to Arabye. The foure and twenty chapiter.

Howe Amintas of Macedone kynge, had by Eudice his wyfe, Alyſandre, Perdica, and Philyppe, who were after ſlaine The.xxv.Chapiter,

Howe the proude tyraunte haman was hanged, and the Innocentes preſerued. The.xxvi.chapiter

Of the two brethern, Artaxerſes and Cyrus, and howe Artaxerſes ſlewe hys chyldren and Concubynes, and howe they ended: with a Lenuoy. The.xxvii.chapit.

Thus endeth the Table with the chapiters of the thyrde boke, and here foloweth the table of the fourth boke whiche contayneth xxvi.chapiters.

The Table of the fourth boke.

The prologue of the tranſlatour. The fyrſte chapiter of the fourth boke declareth: howe Marcus Manlius wrought for Rome towne, and howe at the laſte for all hys laboure he was by the commons caſt in to Tybre and ſo drowned.

How Bochas writeth in parte agaynſt ſuche as can nat be contente wyth ſuffyſaunce but vlurpe to high dignyties, with a Lenuoy. The ſeconde chapiter.

Howe Nectanabus kynge of Egypte, was by Xerxes conſtrayned to flye hys kyngdome. The third chap.

Howe Paulanias Duke of Lacedemõ, was exyled by them of Athenes. The.iiii. chapiter.

Howe Helyarchus the tyraunt, for extorcion and oppreſſion, was ſlayne by the knyght Leonydes. The fyfth chapter.

Howe the vycious Dyonis kynge of Cycyle ſlewe his brethern and kynrede, and howe he was exiled and died at myſchefe with a Lenuoy. The ſixt chapter.

The authour againe preſumptuous people & princes holding thẽ ſelfe as gods The ſeuenth chapiter.

Howe kynge Pollicrate for extorcion and tyranny was hanged, tyll euery ioynt fyl from other. The eight chapter

Howe the tyraunte Alexandre ſlewe his Philoſopher Caliſtenes with dyuers other, for ſayinge trouth: with a Lenuoy. The nynth chapter.

Howe Alexander kynge of Pyrothe, aduenturynge to paſſe the floude of Acheronte, was ſlayne therin, by them that he truſted moſt. The tenth chap.

Howe Dary kynge of Perce and Mede, was outrayed by Alexander kynge of Macedon: with a Lenuoy. The leuenth chapiter.

A chapiter of Bochas, wherein he remembreth the batayles and loſſes of realmes of antiquite, with the fallynge of dyuers nobles. The.xii.chap.

Howe Eumenydes was twiſe outraied by Antigonus, and at laſt dyed in pryſon, With a Lenuoy. The.xiii.chapiter.

Howe Queene Olimpiades, for ſhe delyted in dyces, in murdre, and in vengeaunce, dyed at miſchefe: With a Lenuoy. The fourtene chapiter.

Howe Agathocles of low byrthe borne attaygned vnto royall dygnyte, and howe he ended in pouerte and wretchednelle: With a Lenuoy. The fiftene chapiter.

Howe Caſſander ſlewe the wyfe of Alexander and Hercules her ſonne, and howe Antipater ſlew hys mother, and of dyuers other murders. The ſixtene chapiter.

Of two prefectes, Perdicas and Amintas

mintas. The. xvii. cha.

How Sādzocottus bozne of low degre, cherished robbours & theues. The xviii. ca.

Howe Seleuchus the myghtye pzynce was slayne by the great Tholome kyng of Egypte. The xix. chap.

Howe the two sons of Queene Arcynoe wer by their mothers traitourously slaine, and she exyled, with a Lenuoy. The. xx. Chapter.

Howe Ceramius of Macedoyne kynge that murdzed hys cosyns, was slayne in battayle by them of Fraunce. The xxi. cha.

How the pzince Belgius was discōfited and bzought to nought. The. xxii. chap.

How duke Bzennus delytyng to robbe and steale mischiuousnye ended: wyth a Lenuoy. The xxiii. chap.

Howe Pyzrus kyng of Pyzothe lyst not lyue in peace, but thzoughe pzyde and pzesumpcion in warre, came to mischaunce. The xxiiii. Chapter.

How the tyzaūt Aristotimus by trechecrous wozkynge, set alyde the rycht lyne, and howe he was crowned kyng of Epirothes and after slayne. The. xxv. chap.

Howe Queene Arcinoe foz her aduoutrye done wyth Demetrius husbande of Beronices, ended in sozowe. The. xxvi. ca.

¶ Thus endeth the table wyth the Chapters of the fourth boke, and here toloweth the table of the fifth boke, whiche contayneth. xxxiii. Chapters.

¶ The table of the fyfth boke.

IN the fyzst Chapiter of the fifth booke Bochas wzyteth agaynst them that delyte in beautye and semelynesse, callynge to purpose howe a man bozne in Tuscan, whiche excelled in beautye and kayzenesse: and foz he woulde nat geue occasion to other to sinne, disfigured his vysage and bodye, with manye a greuous wounde and spotte, with a Lenuoy.

Howe the two bzetherne Seleuchus and Antiochus eche of them delirynge to excell other, fyll at discozde, and so ended in mischefe. The seconde chap.

Howe the noble Queene Laodomya was slayne in the Temple, and of the vengeaūce that was take vpon hym that slew her. The thyzde chapter.

Howe Cleomenes kynge of Macedone was slayne with his wife and chyldzen. The fourth chapter.

Of kynge Nero, Cozncly and Hanybal. The fyfth Chapter.

Of the duke zantipas that was cast into the sea. The sixt chapter.

Howe Marcus Regulus of his frewyll dyed foz the common weale: wyth a Lenuoy. The seuenth chapter.

Howe Tholome kyng of Egypte called Philopater slewe hys father and mother, and his wife, and how he spent his tyme in lecherye, and of his mischeuous ende. The eyght Chapter.

Howe Bzithomarus and Uiridomarus dukes of Fraunce, after great battayles were by Romaynes slayne. The. ix. ca.

Howe Syphax the kynge of Numedy was taken and how he died in pzison. The tenth Chapter.

Howe Nabyn haupng no tytell of right but by tyzanny, toke on hym to be kyng of Macedone, and howe he was slayne. The eleuenth chapter.

Bochas reherseth the moztall warres that hathe been betwene the Romaynes and Affricans. The. twelth cap.

How king Perseus was by the Romaines outrayed and after take. The. xiii. cap.

Howe the people of Achaia wyth theyz chefe citie called Cozinthe, by Romaynes was distroyed. The fourtene chapter.

Howe the great Antiochus vsyng riote and vicious liuynge, by Marcus Actilius was outrayed and dyed sodaynlye, with a Lenuoy. The fiftene chapter.

Howe Jeronimus kynge of Cyzacuse was slaine, and how Scipio Affrican that laboured foz the common weale of Romaines was exiled by them, and so died. The sixtene chapter.

Howe Scipio Asyan lozde of Asye, that laboured euer foz the common weale was at last murdzed. The seuentene chap.

Howe duke Philopomenes was take, put in pzison and after dzanke poyson and so died. The eyghtene chapter.

Of the thyzd Scipion Nasica that euer wzought muche foz the commonty, with a Lenuoy. The. xix. chapter

Howe duke Hanball after many victo-

 rious

rious dedes slewe hym selfe with poyson: with a Lenuoy. The twenty chapter.

Howe Pzusias kynge of Bithinye that betrayed Hanibal wouldе haue dispherited hys sonne and heyze, went a beggynge in strange landes. The.xxi.chapter.

Howe Perses of Macedone kyng, that empoysoned his bzother was by Emilyus outrayed and dyed in pzyson. The xxii. ca.

Howe Amonyus a pzynce of Antioche, delytynge in pyllage and robberye with other vicious lyuynge, fled in womans clothyng, after taken & slayne. The xxiii. cap.

Howe Andzicus of low byzth bozne, hauyng no tytle became kinge of Macedone, was taken, & died in pzison. The xxiiii. ca.

Howe Alisander Ballas kyng of Surry fozextozcion, pzide, & vnkyndnes, dyed at mischefe: with a Lenuoy. The xxv. chap.

Bochas agaynst the rebellions and sedicions in Rome betwene Tribunes and the commons. The. xxvi. chapter.

Howe the wyfe of Haldzubal bzent her selfe and her childzen. The. xxvii. chapter.

Of Machabeus Jonathas taken by the kyng of Surry. The xxviii. ca.

How Demetrius the seconde lost at the last his head. The. xxix. cha.

Howe zebenna kyng of Surry by intrusion entrynge had a mischeuous endynge. The. xxx. Chapter.

How Bityncius kyng of Auergnoyes, by the Romaynes was taken and died in pzison. The. xxxi. chapter.

Howe the tyzaunt Euergetes wedded quene Cleopatra, and howe he slewe her sonne, exiled hys wyfe, & wedded her doughter. The. xxxii. chapter.

How Jugurtha by intrusion was king of Numidy, slew the tyghtfull heires, and howe he was after dzowned hym selfe: with a Lenuoy. The. xxxiii. chap.

Thus endeth the table with the chapters of the fifth boke, and here foloweth the table of the syxt boke, which contayneth seuentene chapters.

Bochas syttynge in his studye all alone wzyteth a great pzocesse, how Foztune like a monstruous ymage hauyng an C. hãdes, appeared vnto him and spake, and Bochas vnto her: makynge betwene them manye great argumentes & reasons of Foztunes chaunces. Leaf. cxxxiiii.

In ỹ first chapter of the syxt boke, Foztune rehearseth her condicions vnto Bochas, shewynge hym howe she hath many one enhaunsed foz a tyme, and anone after she hath them sodaynly ouerthzowen.

Howe Gayus Marius of lowe byzthe bozne, came to hie estate, which blent with couetyse, after many great batayls dyed at mischefe. The seconde chap.

Howe kynge Mithzidate abode seuen yere in wyldernesse, and had great tourmentes bothe on sea and land, by hys blode bzought to vttraunce, and howe he slewe hym selfe with a swozde: with a Lenuoye.

Howe Eucradites kyng of Sithie, was slayne by Demetrius, and after hys carrayne cast to houndes. The. iiii. chapter.

Howe Herodes king of Parthoys warred with the Romayns, whiche after hys sonne and heyze was slayne, made his bastarde sonne kynge, that anone after slewe hys father. The fifth chapter.

Howe Fimbzia a consull of Rome slew hym selfe. The syxt chapter.

Of Albinius that was slayne with stones. The seuenth chapter.

Howe Adzian bozne of lowe degre falsly vsurped to be kyng of Rome, whych in his churles was after bzent. The eyghte chapter.

Howe Sinthonius king of Trace ỹ all coueited, all fozwent, and died in pouerte. The. ix. chapter.

Bochas in bzefe sentence maketh a discription of the kyngdome of Trace, and passeth ouer lyghtly vnto the accomplishment of hys boke. The tenth chapter.

Howe after manye great conquestes of duke Pompey, there beganne great warre betwene hym and Julius, and how there were thze hundzed thousande slayne, and at the laste the head of Pompey smyt of: with a Lenuoy. The. xi. chapter.

Howe the noble Julius Celar bzent the vessel of Tholome, slough Achyllas, that wouldе haue murdzed hym, and after hys great victozyes, he hym selfe was slayne wyth bodkyns by Bzutus Cassius. The twelfth chapter.

Howe ỹ last Scipion cõsulere of Rome, foz he wouldе not lyue in seruage of Julius

lius, roue hym selfe to the hearte: wyth a Lenuoye. The thirtene chapter.

How Octauian succeded next, and how the murdzers of Julius dyed at mischefe. The fourtene chapter.

Howe Tullius was two tymes exiled, and at last slaine by Pompilius. The fyftene chapter.

A chapter agayne tanglers and diffamers of rethozike. The sixtene chap.

Howe Sextus warred agayne Triumuir, and of the death of great Anthony and Cleopatras. The seuententh chap.

Thus endeth the table wyth the Chapters of the fyrste boke. and here foloweth the table of the seuenth boke, which contayneth xi. chapters.

Of Antony sonne & heire to the great Antony, and of Cesarius, Julia, Agrippa, Callius, and Galbus. The fyrst chapter.

How the tyzaunt Herodes slew his wyfe and childzen and afterwarde hym selfe died at mischefe: with a Lenuoy. The ii. chap.

Of Antipas exiled by Octauian, and of Archelaus sonne of Herodes the seconde. The thyrde Chapter.

Of the strife betwene Calligula, Tiberius and Messalyne. The thirde chap.

Of the moste vicious and cruell tyzant Nero that slew Peter and Paule, and last of all hym selfe: with a Lenuoy. The fyfth Chapter.

How Eleazarus a Jewe borne, foz extozcion and robbery was bzought into pzison and there ended. The syxt chapt.

Howe the heade of Galba was smitten of, fylled full of golde, and offred at the sepulture of Nero. The seuenth chapter.

How Otho and Vitellius foz glotony, lechery, ribaudy, and tyzannye, ended mischeuously. The eyght chapter.

Bochas complayneth agayne the foule vyce of glotony. The nynth chap.

A chapter discriuyng the golden worlde, that is to saye, whan temperaunce had the gouernaunce: with a Lenuoy. The x. chap.

How the kinred of Jacob was distroied, Chzist borne & crucified, Jerusalē distroyed: and xi. hundzed. M. slayne by swozde, hungre, fyze, & pestilence. The xi. chapter.

Thus endeth the table with the chapters of ỳ seuenth boke, and here foloweth the table of the eyghte boke, whiche contayneth xxvii. chapters.

The table of the eyght boke.

The Pzologne of the translatour.

The first chapter of the eyght boke ~ ~ erpoundeth howe the pzoude tyzaunt Domician emperour of Rome, and manye other emperours & nobles foz their great outrage and wzetchednesse ended mischeuously.

Howe Gallyen sonne of Valerian was slayne. The seconde chapter.

How Quintilius was murdzed by women. The thyrde chapter.

Of Aurelian in Denmarke borne. The fourth chapter.

Howe Pzobus discomfited the Romaynes, and after was slayne. The fyfth chap.

Howe Clarus and hys two sonnes were mischeued. The syxt chapter.

How the noble Queene zenobia fought with Aurelian, and howe she was take. The seuenth chapter.

Howe Galerius oppzessed martyzs and chzistes fayth, and of his mischeuous end. The eyght chapter.

How Maxence the emperour enemye to Chzistes fayth, ended mischeuously. The nynth chapter.

How Lucinius enemy to Chzistes faith was slayne. The tenth chapter.

Of Constantine and Crispus, and how Dalmacius was slayne. The eleuenth ca.

Of the bzethzen Constaunce and Constancius and how Magnencius & Decius murdzed them selues. The twelfth chapter

Howe Constantine baptised by Siluester, was cured of his lepzy. The xiii. chap.

Howe Julian Apostata enemy to Chzistes fayth, by false illusion was chosen emperoure and after slayne. The fourtenth Chapter.

Howe the emperour Valence slewe holye hermites, shed chzisten blonde, distroyed churches, and after was bzent hym selfe. The fiftene chapter.

Of kyng Amalicius and howe Gracian and Theodosy distroyed temples of falle goddes, and howe Gracian was putte to flyght

flyght. The syxtene chapter.

A goodly processe howe Theodosy with prayer and small numbre gate the victorye of a great numbre. The seuentene chapter.

How knightes and gentle men chase Alerike kyng, and howe the commons chase Radagallus which had a mischeuous end. The eyghtene chapter.

Howe Ruffyn chamberlayne with Theodosy blurped to be Emperour, & for hys presumption condempned by Honorius, and hys head smyt of. The xix. chapter.

Howe Stillicon and other of lyke condicion ended mischeuously. The xx. chap.

A goodly processe of ỹ aucthor why Rome was destroyed, & for the same or like cause were diuers other realmes distroyed. The xxi. Chapter.

Howe the kynges Trabstila and Busurus wer brought vnto subiection & made tributaries to Theodorike, The xxii. cha.

Howe Philitheus loste his kingdome. The xxiii. Chapter.

Howe Symacke and Boes hys sonne in law were banished, and after iudged to die. The .xxiiii. chapter.

Of kynge Arthur and hys conquestes, and of the commodities of Englande, and how he was discrepued by his cosyn Mordrede: with a Lenuoy. The xxv. chapter.

An exclamacion of Bochas agayne folkes ỹ be vnkinde to theyr kynred. Fo. xvii.

Of Gisiuill kyng of Uenandre & of thre other kinges: and how they were distroyed. The xxvi. chapter.

Howe Albuinus was murdred by hys wife Rosamonde, and howe she for her abhominable dealynge and vicious lyfe was slayne also. The xxvii. chapter.

Thus endeth the table with the chapters of the eight boke, and here foloweth the table of the nynth boke, whyche contayneth .xxxviii. chapters.

The table of the nynth boke.

The first chapter of the ninth boke sheweth, howe the Emperour Mauricius his wyfe and his chyldren were slayne at Calcidony.

Of Machomet the false prophet, and howe he beynge dronke, was deuoured amonge swyne. The seconde chapter.

Howe Brounchylde a quene of Fraunce slewe her kynne, and brought the lande in deuision, & after was hanged & hewen in smal peces: with a Lenuoy. The iii. chap.

Bochas marueyleth of the great malice and cruelte of Brunchylde. Fol. xxviii.

Howe Eraclius the Emperour sustayned hereby, fyll into dropsye and sickenesse vncurable, and so died. The fourth chapter.

Howe Constantine the sonne of Eraclius for supportyng of errours and heresies was murdred in a stewe by hys owne knightes. The fyfth chapter.

Howe Gisulphus was slayne, and howe hys wife for her vicious liuyng ended mischeuously. The syxt chapter.

Of Justinian ỹ false extorcioner, which was exiled by Patrician, and after that his nose cut fro his head, and both his eyen put out. The seuenth chapter.

Howe Philip the emperour dyed at mischefe. The eyght chapter.

Howe Anastase was compelled to leaue the empire and lyue in pouerte. The ix. cap.

How the head of Lupus kyng of Lombardy was smyt of by Grymbaldus. The tenth chapter.

Howe the head of Alexius was smyt of by Competicion. The eleuenth chapter.

How Ariperton was drowned with his rychesse. The twelfth chapter.

Howe Pedyre by pope Andrian & Charles of Fraunce was put to flight and dyed at mischefe. The .The. xiii. chapter.

Of Pope John a woman, and howe she was put downe. The fourtenth Chapter.

Bochas counsayleth prynces to remembre on Arnolde. Fol. xxvi.

Of Charles of Lorayne that was confounded for hungre. The fyftene Chapter.

Howe kynge Salamon whilom kynge of Hungry was put to flyght. The. xvi. ca.

How Petro kyng of Hungry was slaine. The. xvii. chapter.

Howe Diogenes the emperour was taken, and hys eyen put out. The. xviii. chap.

How Robert duke of Normandy fought with the turkes, and shoulde haue had the crowne of Jerusalem, and how he dyed at mischefe. The. xix. Chapter.

How Joceline prince of Rages for pride, slouth, and lecherye, died in pouerte. The twenty chapter.

Howe

Howe the Emperoure Andzonicus slewe all that were of the noble bloude, cherysched vicious people, and howe he was after hanged: with a Lenuoy. The.xxi.chapter.

Of Jlacius made blynde, and take at mischefe. The.xxii.chapter.

Of Henry the eldest sonne of Frederike the second, mischeued by hys father. The.xxiii chapter.

A commendacion of Bochas to suche as be kinde to their kinsfolke. Fol.xxx.

How Manfroye kyng of Poile was slaine The.xxiiii.chapter.

Howe Ences kinge of Sardiny dyed in pzyson. The.xxv.chapter.

Of a nother Frederike that was slaine by the iudgement of his bzother. The.xxvi.chapter.

How Manimettus and Argones dyed at mischefe. The.xxvii.chapter.

How Charles king of Jerusalem and Cicyle foz his auarice and aduoutrye dyed at mischefe: with a Lenuoy. The.xxviii.chapter

Of Hugoline Erle of Pise slayne in pzison The.xxix.Chapter.

Howe Pope Boniface the eyght was take by the lynage of Columpnes, and howe he eate his handes and died in pzison. The thyzty chapter.

How the ozder of templers was founded, and Jaques with other of the ozder bzente. The.xxxi.Chapter.

Bochas commendeth Theodozus wyth other two Philosophers foz their great pacience. The.xxxii. Chapter.

Bochas here commendeth humilite. Folli. xxxiii.

Howe Philippe le Bele of Fraunce was slayne with a wilde Boze, and of his thzee sonnes and theyz wedding. The.xxxiii. chapt.

How duke Gaulter of Flozence foz his tiranny, lecherye, and couetyse, ended in mischefe. The.xxxiiii.chapter.

Of Philipot Cathenoise bozn of low birth which came to high estate, and after how she her sonne and her doughter were bzent. The xxxv.chapter.

How kynge Saules was slayne by hys colyn, which was bzother to the kinge of Aragon. The.xxxvi.chapter.

Howe Lewes kynge of Jerusalem and Cicyle was put downe. The.xxxvii.chapter.

Howe kynge John of Fraunce was take pzyloner at Poyters by pzynce Edward, and bzought into England: with a Lenuoy. The xxxviii.chapter.

Bochas reherseth howe foztune hathe made many hygh estates vnwarelye discend Fol.xxxviii.

The wozdes of the translatoure wherewith he endeth hys boke.

Thus endeth the table with the chapters of the ninth and last boke, and here after foloweth the pzologue of the translatour.

The Prologue of John Lydgate monke of Burye, translatoure of this woꝛke.

HE that sumtime did his diligẽce, (slate
The boke of Bochas, in frẽch to trã-
Out of latin, he called was Laurẽce:
The tyme remembꝛed truely and the date
Is whẽ kyng John thꝛough his moꝛtal fate
Was pꝛisoner bꝛought vnto this region,
Than he began fiꝛst on this translation.

In his Pꝛologue affiꝛmyng of reason,
That aꝛtificeꝛs hauyng exercise,
May chaunge and turne by good discresion
Shapes and foꝛmes, & newly them deuise:
Make and vnmake in many a sundꝛy wise,
As Potters whiche to that craft entende
Bꝛeake and renue their vessels to amende.

Thus men of craft may of due right
That ben inuentife and haue experience,
Fantasien in their inwarde syght
Deuices newe thꝛough their excellence.
Expert masters haue therto licence
Fꝛo good to better, foꝛ to chaunge a thinge:
And semblably these clarkes in wꝛityng.

Thing that was made of auctoꝛs thẽ befoꝛn
They may of newe finde and fantasy:
Out of olde chaffe tꝛye out full fayꝛe coꝛne,
Make it moꝛe fresche and lusty to the eye.
Their subtile witte their labour apply,
With their colours agreable of hue,
To make olde thinges foꝛ to seme newe.

Afoꝛe pꝛouided that no pꝛesumption
In their chaunging haue none auctholitie,
And that mekenes haue domination
Ouer false Enuy, that she not pꝛesent be:
But that their grounde w perfite charitie
Conueyed be to their aduauntage,
Truely roted amidde their courage.

Thus Laurence from him enuy excluded,
Thoughe tofoꝛne him translated was this
Within him self he fully hath cõcluded (boke
Vpon that labour when he cast his loke,
He wouldе amend it: but fiꝛst he foꝛsoke
Pꝛesumption, and toke him to mekenes,
In his pꝛologue as he dothe expꝛesse.

In whiche pꝛocesse lyke as I am learned,
He in his tyme, of cunnyng did excel:
In their language he was requyꝛed
Of estates whiche gan him compell,
(Among them holde of rethoꝛike the well)
To vnderfong this labour: they him pꝛey
And their request lowly he did obey.

Full well he felt the labour was notable,
The fall of nobles with euery circumstance
From their loꝛdships dꝛeadful and vnstable
Howe they fyll, to put in remembꝛaunce:
Therin to shewe foꝛtunes variaunce,
That other might as in a myꝛrour se,
In woꝛldly woꝛship may no surety be.

By exaꝛple, as there is no Rose
Spꝛigyng in gardẽ but there be sum thoꝛne
Nether fayꝛer blossom thẽ nature list dispose
Thẽ mai their beuty as mẽ hath sene tofoꝛn
With bitter winds be frõ the bꝛaũches boꝛn
Ne none so high in his estate contune
Fle frõ the wayting & daunger of foꝛtune.

Wheꝛfoꝛe Bochas foꝛ a memoꝛiall,
Consideryng the great dignities
Of woꝛldly pꝛinces and their power royall,
Great emperours, estates, and degrees,
How foꝛtune hath cast them frõ their sees,
Namely such as coulde them self not know,
Full sodainly to make them lye full lowe.

This the sayd auctheur wise & ryght sadde,
Hath gadered out wyth Rethoꝛykes swete,
In diuers bokes, whiche that he hath radde
Of philosophers and an olde Poete.
And bulied him bothe in colde and heate
Out to compile and wꝛite as he fonde
The fall of nobles in many diuers londe.

Vpon whose boke in his translation,
The saied Laurence rehearceth in certaine:
And holdeth this in his opinion,
Suche language as open is and playne
Is moꝛe accepted (as it is often sene)
Thẽ straunge termes which be not vnder-
Namely to folkes, ẏ dwel vpõ the lãd. (stãd

He sayeth also that his entencion
Is to amende, coꝛrect, and declare,
Not to condemne of no pꝛesumption,
But to repoꝛt playnely, and not to spare
Thinges touched shoꝛtly, of the stoꝛy bare,
Under a style bꝛiefe and compendious,

Them to prolonge when they ben vertuous.

For a story whiche is not playnely tolde,
But construed vnder wordes fewe,
For lacke of truth where they be new or old
Men by report can not the matter shew.
Thele okes great be not downe yhewe
Fyrste at a stroke, but by long processe:
Ne long storyes a worde may not expresse.

For whiche playnly thys noble translatour
Cast of purpose these storyes for to wryte,
And for to do his diligent laboure
As they fyll in order to endite,
That men after myght them selfe delyte
The aduentures so as they fyll in dede,
Of sundry princes to beholde and reade.

And haue a maner contemplacion
That thinges al where fortune may attaine,
Be transitorye of condicion:
For she of kynde is hasty and sodayne,
Contrarious her course for to restrayne,
Of wilfulnesse she is variable, (able.
Whē men most trust, thē is she most chaūge-

And for her chaunge, and for her doublenes
This Bochas biddeth ỹ men should enclyne
To set their hartes voyde of vnstablenes,
Upon thynges whyche that ben diuyne,
Where as ioye perpetually dothe shyne
Wythout eclipsyng, in that heauenly see
Voyde of all cloudes of mutabilitye.

Among these Bochas writeth of swetenes,
And of matters that lusty ben and glade,
And sometyme he wryteth of wretchednes,
And how fortune can floure and after fade:
Ioye vnder cloude, prosperitie in the shade,
Enterchangyng of euery maner thyng
Which ỹ men fele here, in this world kuyng.

And in hys processe who so lyst beholde,
Of all estates of hygh and lowe degre,
And of princes bothe yong and olde
Fro the beginning which in this world hane
Lyuyng in ioye or in aduersitye, (be
Fro the fyrst descended he adowne
Of theyr fortune by playne description.

Of the most noble he ne spareth none,
But setteth them in order cereously:
Begynneth at Adā, & endeth at kyng John,
Theyr auentures rehearsyng by and by.

Of this kyng John concludyng finally,
How ỹ he was for all his great puissaunce,
Of prince Edward take prysoner in Fraūce

Thys sayd Bochas auethour of thys boke,
Whiche of stories had great intelligence,
Some he left and some also he toke:
Suche as he left was of no negligence,
Supposyng and demyng of credence,
All the storyes whyche that commune be
Other knowe them also as well as he.

And lest that folke would haue had disdain
Thynges cōmune for to put in memory,
Therfore Bochas thought it wer but vain:
And to his name more encreasé of glory
To remember no cronicle ne history,
But tho that were for their merite notable,
Auctorized famous and commendable.

In his labour hauyng a delite
That the matter greatly myght auayle,
Do pleasaunce to the commen profite
Of noble storyes to make a rehearsall,
Shewig a myrror how al ỹ world shal fail
And how Fortune for all their hye renowne
Hath vpon Princes iurisdiction.

The whiche thyng in full sober wyse
He considered in his inwarde intent:
In his reason began to aduertyse,
Seyng of Princes the blynde entent,
With worldly worshyp how ỹ they be blent
As they shoulde euer their estates kepe,
And as Fortune were played to slepe.

And as they had of Fortune the maistry,
Her enchaunted wyth their potions
By some newe craft of sorcery,
Or by power of incantations:
To make stable their dominations
Wyth yron chaynes, for to last longe,
Locked to rockes wyth adamantes strong.

Supposyng in their surquedy,
Their estates should be durable.
But Fortune can frowardly deny,
And plainly preue that they be changeable,
And fro princes when they be most stable
Fortune full fast for all their great estate,
Unwarely chaūgeth & saith to thē checmate

For lordes some in their magnificence,
Of royal power, set of God tyght nought:
They

They not conceyue his long patience,
Neither peyse his power in their thought:
But in their hartes if it were well sought
How he is meke, and patient to abide,
They would of reason their pompe lay aside

But for their tarying and their negligence,
That they to him will not returne agayne,
Yet of his mercy and his benevolence
Without vengeaunce, rigour, or disdayne
Is a meke father, in all his workes playne
Assayeth his yarde of castigation,
So for to bring them to correction.

Some he can full fatherly chastice
Where he loueth, by punishynge of sickenes:
And of his mercy in many another wise,
By aduersitie of worldely distres.
And he not asketh for his kindenes
Of high ne lowe, who so can aduert,
None other treasure but a mans hart.

And as mine auctour list to comprehende,
This John Bochas by great auctoritie,
It is almesse to correct and amende
The vycious folke of euery comminaltie:
And by examples whiche that notable be
Of Princes olde that sumtime did fall,
The lower people from their erroure call.

By small whelpes as sume clarkes write,
Chastised is the mighty fierce Lyon:
And whan ꝑ sword of vengeaunce doth bite
Upon princes for their transgression,
The common people in their opinion
For very dread, tremble, adowne, & quake,
And by suche meanes their vyces forsake.

And suche also as haue ben defouled
In their vyces by longe continuaunce,
Or in their synnes lye ymouled,
By good exãples may cum good repentaũce
Who so repenteth the lord will him auaũce,
And him accept in lowe and high estate,
The meke preserue, & punyche the obstinate.

This sayd matter touchyng such thinges,
Mine auctor Bochas hereafter shal declare
By exãple of princes and of mighty kyngs,
What was their fine, & not the truth spare.
And though my style naked be, and bare
In Rethorike, myne auctour to ensue,
Yet fro the truth shall I not remewe.

But on the substaunce by good leiser abyde,
After mine auctor lyke as I may attaine:
And for a part set eloquence aside,
And in this boke betwepen and complayne
The assault of Fortune, froward & sodayn:
How she on princes hath kyd her vẽgeaũce,
And of her malice, the deadly mortal chaũce

But O, alas, who shalbe my muse:
Or vnto whom shall I for helpe calle:
Calliope my callyng wyll refuse,
And on Pernaso her worthy susters all:
They will their suger temper with no gall,
For their swetenes and lusty freshe singyng
Ful farre discordeth frõ matter cõplayning.

My master Chaucer w̃ his fresh cõmedies
Is deade alas, chiefe Poete of Brytayne,
That sumtime made ful piteous tragedies,
The fall of Princes he did also complayne,
As he that was of makyng souerayne:
Whõ al this lande of ryght ought prefarre,
Sith of our langage he was ꝑ lode starre.

Senec in Rome through his hye prudence,
Wrote Tragedies of great moralitie:
And Tullius chiefe well of eloquence,
Made in his tyme many a fresh ditty:
Fraunces Petrarcke of Florence that citye
Made a boke (as I can aduert)
Of two Fortunes, wilfull and peruert.

And agaynst bothe wrote the remedies:
In bokes twayne made a diuision,
Among rehearsyng many freshe stories.
The first boke is thus conueyed doun:
A dialoge betwene gladnes and reason,
The second by me well to witnes,
Made betwene reason & worldly heauines.

The matter is wonders delectable,
Though wo with ioye haue an entresse:
And John Bochas wrot maters lamẽtable
The fall of princes where he dothe expresse,
How for their ioye they fyl in great distresse
All these writers through their hye renown
Great worshyp did vnto their nation.

And semblably as I haue tolde tofore,
My master Chaucer did his bulines:
And in his daies hath him so well bore,
Out of our tonge to auoyde al rudenes:
And to refourme it w̃ colours of swetenes.
Wherfore let vs geue him laude and glory,
And put his name w̃ Poetes in memory.

Of whose labour to make mencion,
Where of right he shoulde commended be,
In youthe he made a translation
Of a boke whiche called is Trophe
In Lumbard tonge, as men may read & se:
And in our bulgare long or that he dyed,
Gaue it to name of Troylus & Creseyde.

Whiche for to reade louers them delite,
They haue therin so great deuocion:
And this Poete also him selfe to quite,
Of Boecius boke the consolation
Made in his tyme an olde translation:
And to his sonne that called was Lowys
He made a treatise ful noble & of great prise.

Upon that labour in full notable forme,
Set them in order with their diuisions,
Wens wittes to accomplyshe and conforme
To understande by full expert reasons,
By domifying of sundry mancions:
The rote out sought at the ascendent,
To forne or he gaue any iudgement.

He wrote also full many a day agone,
Dant in English, him selfe so doth expresse:
The piteous story of Ceix and Alcion:
And the death also of Blaunche the duches:
And notably did his busines
By great auise his wittes to dispose,
To translate the Romaynt of the Rose.

Thus in vertue he set all his entent,
Idlenes and vyces for to flie:
Of fowles also he wrote the parliament,
Therin remembring of royall Eagles thre,
Howe in their choyse they felt aduersitye,
To fore nature profered the battayle,
Ech for his partye if it woulde auayle.

He did also his diligence and payne
In our bulgare to translate, and endite
Origene vpon the Maudelayn:
And of the Lyona boke he did write.
Of Annelida and of false Arcite,
He made a complaynt dolefull and piteous,
And of the broche which that Vulcanus

At Thebes wrought, full diuers of nature.
Ouide writeth: who so therof had a syght,
For high delire he shoulde not endure
But he it had, neuer be glad ne light:
And if he had it once in his myght,
Like as my master sayth & writeth in dede,
It to conserue he shoulde euer line in dred

This poet wrote at the request of the quene
A legende of perfite holines,
Of good women to fynde out nyntene,
That did excell in bountie and fayrenesse:
But for his labour and his businesse
Was importable his wyttes to encomber,
In all this world to finde so great a nũber

He made the boke of Caunterbury tales
When the pylgryms rode on pilgrymage,
Through out Kent by hylles and by vales,
And the stories all tolde in their passage,
Endityng them full well in our language:
Some of knyghthode, & some of gentlenes,
And some of loue, and some of perfitenes,

And some also of great mortalitie,
Some of disport, cõcludyng great sentence:
In prose he wrote the tale of Melibe,
And of his wife, that called was Prudence:
And of Grisildes perfite patience:
And howe the monke of stories new & olde
Pyteous tragedies by the way tolde.

This sayd Poete my master in his dayes,
Made and compiled many a freshe dittie,
Complaynts, ballades, roũdels, vyrelayes
Full delectable to heare and to se:
For whiche men should of ryght and equitie
Syth he in englysh in making was the best
Pray vnto god, to geue his soule good rest.

And these Poetes that I make of mencion,
Were by olde tyme had in great deyntye:
With kynges and princes in euery regyon
Greatly preferred, after their degre.
For lordes had pleasaunce for to se,
To study among, and cast their lokes
At good leasure vpon wyse bokes.

For in the tyme of Cesar Julius,
When the triumphe he wan in Rome towne
He enter woulde the schole of Tullius,
And heare his lecture of great affection:
And notwithstãding his cõquest & renowne
Unto bokes he gaue great attendaunce,
And in stories had great ioye & pleasaunce.

Also in this lande I dare affyrme a thinge:
There is a prynce full mighty of puissaunce,
A kynges sonne, and vncle to the kynge
Henry the syxt whiche nowe is in Fraunce,

And

And is lieutenaunt, & hath the gouernaunce
Of our Brytayne, through whose discrecion
He hath conserued vs in this region:

Duryng his time of full high prudence
Peace and quiet han susteined ryght:
That notwithstãdyng his noble prouidẽce,
He is in dede proued a good knyght,
Eyed as Argus with reason and forsight,
Of high lecture: I dare of him tell,
And truely deme that he dothe excell

In vnderstandyng, all other of his age.
And hath ioye with clarkes to commune,
And no man is more expert in langage,
Stable in study, alway he dothe contune,
Settyng aside all chaunces of fortune:
And where he loueth (if I shall not tary)
withouten cause, full lothe he is to vary.

Duke of Gloceſter men this prynce call.
And not withstãdyng his estate & dignitie,
His courage neuer dothe appall
To study in bokes of antiquitie:
Therin he hath so great felicitie,
Vertuously him selfe to occuppe,
Of vycious slouthe, he hath the maistry.

And with his prudence and his manhede
Truthe to susteyne, he fauour setteth aside:
And holy churche mainteynyng in dede,
That in this lande no herityke dare abide.
A very suppost, vpholde, and also gyde:
Spareth none, but maketh him selfe stronge
To punish all tho that do the church wrong.

Thus is he manly and also wise,
Chosen of God to be his owne knyght,
And of one thinge, he hath a singuler prise,
That heritike dare none come in his sight:
In Christes faith he stãdeth so hole vpright
Of holy churche defence and champion,
To chastice all tho that do therto treason.

And to do pleasaunce to our Lorde Jesu,
He studieth euer to haue intelligence.
Readyng of bokes, bringeth in vertue,
Vyces excludyng, w̃ slouth and negligence,
Maketh a Prince to haue experience
To knowe him selfe in many soundry wise,
Where he trespaceth his errour to chastice.

And among bokes, playnely this is the case,
This sayed prynce considered of reason
The noble boke of this John Bochas
Was accordyng in hys opinion
Of great noblesse and reputacion:
And vnto princes greatly necessary
To geue exãple how this worlde doth vary.

And for these causes as in his entent
To shew the vntrust of all worldly thinge,
He gaue to me in commaundement
(As him semed it was ryght well sittyng)
That I shoulde after my small cunnyng
This boke translate, him to do pleasaunce:
To shew the chaung of worldly variaunce.

And with suppost of his magnificence,
Under the wynges of his correction,
Though that I lacke of eloquence,
I shall procede in this translation:
Fro me auoydyng all presumption,
Lowly submittyng euery houre and space,
My rude language to my lordes grace.

And as I haue one thing well in minde,
He bade I shoulde in especiall
Folow myne aucthour, written as I synde
And for no fauoure be not partiall.
Thus I meane, to speake in generall:
And none estate singulerly depraue,
But the sentence of mine aucthour saue.

All this conceiued, I gan my style dresse,
Thought I would in my matter procede:
And for the matter obeyed beauinesse,
Of freshe colours I toke no maner hede.
But my processe playnely for to lede:
As me semed it was to me most mete,
To set apart Rethorykes swete.

Ditties of mournyng and complaynyng
Do not pertayne vnto Caliope,
Neither to the muses that on Pernaso syng,
Whiche be remẽbred in numbers thrise thre:
And vnto matters of aduersitie
With their sugred aureat lycoure,
They be not willyng to do fauoure.

But of disdayne me settyng farre a backe,
To hinder me of that I woulde endite,
Hauyng no colours but only whyte & blake
To the tragedies whiche I shall write:
And for I can my selfe no better aquyte,
Under the suppost of all that shall it reade
Upon Bochas ryght thus I will procede.

Finis.

¶Hovve Adam and Eue for their Inobedience were put out of Paradiſe, and lined in ſorowe and wo, they and their offſpringe: And howe they ſtandynge naked before Bochas, deſired hym to put their wofull fall fyrſte in remembraunce.



¶The fyrſte Chapiter.

WHan John Bocas conſidered had & ſought
The woful fal of mighty conquerours,
A remembrance entred in his thought,
Rekenyng the numbre, of our predeceſſours:
And fyrſte to mynde came the progenitours
Of all mankynde, farre ynn in age,
And toward hym holdyng their paſſage.

And as hym thought in his inwarde ſyght,
In theyr cõming full pitiouſly trembiynge,
Quaking for age, and for lacke of myght,
Their febleneſſe by ſignes out ſhewing:
And one of them firſt at his commyng,
Our father Adam ſodenly abrayde,
And to myne auctour euen thus he ſaide:

Colyn Bochas I wol well that thou lere
That art ſo buſy to ſerche ouer all,
Of infortune the maner to enquere,
Her ſodayne chaunge turning as a ball
Of erthly princes from their eſtate rial,
It is moſt fytyng or we a londre twyn,
It vs twayne the proceſſe to begyn.

Conſider firſt the lorde in his auyſe,
Whan he vs made vnto his likeneſſe:
He put vs both in to paradiſe,

There

There to haue lyued in parfite stablenelle:
Till the Serpent dyd his bulinelle,
Of falle enuy, to make vs lele our grace,
Perpetually to exyle vs fro that place.

And whā Jhon Bochas naked thē beheldc,
Without the hand, fourmed of nature,
Of slime of the erth in Damascene the felde
God made them aboue eche creature.
And for they should perpetually endure,
By discrecion for a prerogatike,
He endued them wyth a soule of lyfe.

Parfite of age as men of .xxx. yere:
Put them after in possellion
Of Paradile, a place most entere,
And of delites a chosen mansion:
Where Adam made an impolion
To fysh and to foule, and to these beastes al,
Of very reason what men should them call.

Out of a rybbe whyle that Adam dyd slepe,
Eue was drawe ful fayre of her visage,
Al sodenly, or that he toke kepe:
After to hym ioyned in mariage
For his disport, and his auantage,
So as the lorde first wynes dyd ordeyne
Eyther for helpe, or encreale of peyne.

God vnto them gaue the souerayntie
Of Paradyle, and domination,
A place fulfilled of all felicitye,
The frutes be all in their subiection,
Saue that of one was made excepcion:
Whyche god forbad (the Byble can deuyse)
That they should it touche in no wyse.

All delices in that heuenly place
God gaue to them, and put in their kepyng,
To vse them euery houre and space
To theyr most ease, as was to them lyking:
Blomes, blossomes theyr fayrnes ay keping
And the frutes alwaye of one freshnelle,
For witer stormes myght do thē no durelle.

The soyle enbrouded full of lomer floures,
There wedes wycke had none interelle:
For god & kynde wyth freshnelle of colours
And w their sapites & mories of gladnelle,
Had made ỳ place habūdant w al swetnes.
And fresh Flora whych is of floures quene,
Her lynerey made of a perpetual grene.

The trees raught almost to the heuen,
Whyche cast about a ful pleasaunt shade,
That storme, ne rayne, thūder, wynde, ne le-
No power had their leues for to fade: (uine,
For euer they were lyke freshe and glade:
And whan they lyst they might se
In middes of ỳ garden of life ỳ holesume tre

Whyche vertue had ayenst all malady,
Folke to preserue in youth in their freshnes:
Who eate thereof should neuer dye,
But lyue euer in ioy and gladnes:
And neyther sele trouble nor sickenelle,
But in that place haue alwaye hertes ease,
And suffisaunce of all ỳ myght them please.

Euer endure and neuer fal in age:
For whyche it was called the tre of lyfe.
But whan Adam was fallen in dotage,
And ayenst god began to holde stryfe,
Through excitynge of her that was his wyfe,
And wylfully yaue her to assent
To breke the precepte & the cōmaundement

Of god the lord, through wylful negligence
To approche the tre that bare the name
The tre of connyng and also of science:
For of the frute who that dyd attame
He sothly should (the Byble sayth the same)
Of good & euyll haue cōnyng in his thought,
wher as tofore of euyl he knew right nought

Thus had they first of euyll, experience:
Which as tofore they knew no wickednes.
Presumpcion and inobedience
Brought thē out of ioye into wretchednelle.
For afore time (mine author bereth witnes)
Helth & goodnes were called very lyfe,
Euyl named sicknes, first rote of our strife.

In Paradyse myne auctour sayth certeyne,
The ryuers were so Orient and so fyne,
Lyke quicksiluer boylyng vp they pleyen:
And in their ronnyng very chrystallyne:
Whych from a wel heauenly and deuyne
In their vplyrynging & auelyng downe,
Of al pleasaunce gaue so swete a sowne
That it wouldc rauysh a mans corage,
Whose baumy colour endewed al the place:
And w the freshnes & cours of hys passage,
The holesome ayre hertes dyd embrace:
There was such plēty of plesaūce & of grace,
That euery spice, herbe, grayne, and rote,
Were fonden growyng in that gardein sote,

And

And there was a delectable soun
Of songe of brydes in their ermony:
The aire was clene from all corrupcion,
For therin ingendred was no malady.
There was all mirth, there was al melody,
Of ioy and blysse soverayne sufficiaunce,
With al that may to hertes do pleasaunce.

And of clerkes lyke as it is tolde,
In their bokes as they determine,
Thoe in his sphere the sunne manifolde,
Was of more vertue & more clere dyd shyne
Than it doth nowe in his mighty lyne.
The mone whyter with her beames clere,
And euery sterre bryghter dyd appere.

Euery thynge was there more vertuous
Than they be nowe, who can behold and se,
For in ẏ place there was nothing noyous,
But perfit gladnes knit vnto surete,
Perpetuell peace ioy and prosperite:
And in that blisse to make more strong,
To their comfort god spake to them among

Of his goodnesse he bare them companye:
Shewed vnto them hys gracious presence,
Angels also their state to magnifye,
Amonge, to serue them, dyd their dilygence,
In diuers offices with humble reuerence:
And nature wrought for the nones
Of ryall purpill and ryche stones,

Tissues of gold and other ornamentes
For to enuiron their bodily beaute:
Shaping to them suche maner garnimētes
As angels vse in their felicite.
Naked they were fayrest on to se,
For whyle they stode in state of innocence,
They had of clothynge none experience.

And of their blysse to make mencion,
And of their ioyes that were celestiall,
There may be made no comparison
Of no ioy which is temporal,
Which should haue be lasting and immortal
Euer to haue lyued in mirth and gladnesse,
Saue ageyn reason of very wilfulnesse

They banished thē self out of that blissful life
Whan Adam gaue credence to a snake,
And wretche dy gan trust on his wife,
Whiche gan the apple of the serpent take,
And plesantly did a present make
Unto Adam, as she that fyrst began
Deth to deuyse, and poyson vnto man.

But as their ioy was incomparable,
Greattest their lordship of all erthly thinge,
So their fall was to them importable.
For he that was all other surmountyng,
In Paradise reignynge as a kinge,
Was it not a dedelye mortall payne,
Fro thilke place to haue a fall sodayne?

For thilke sorow surmounteth al sorowe
Which next foloweth felicite:
No wo more greuous at euen ne at morow,
As is in dede sodeyne aduersite,
Which commeth vnwarely after prosperite.
Ne nothinge may more hertes disauaunce,
Than of old ioy newe remembraunce.

Taketh ensample of Adam and of Eue,
Maketh of them a myrroure in your mynd,
Whether of reason it dyd thē greatly greue
For to be put, alas, so ferre behynde?
Out of that blysse they and all their kynde,
Chaungyng the state of immortalite
And became subget to deth and pouerte.

Their sodeyn change & vnware mischefe,
And their vnhappy transmutacion
It was to them full vncouth and vnlefe
For to depart fro thilke mansion,
That was so ful of delectacion:
Fro such delites sodenly to go
Into this worlde whych is so ful of wo.

There is delite, and here sorowe and care,
There is ioy, and here is heuinesse,
There is plenty, and here is euyll fare,
There is helth, and here is great sickenes:
Here trouble ay mēged with vnsure gladnes,
There is ay blysse and eternall glory,
And here is mirth, but false and transitory.

Alas, howe they were blinded in their sight
Through vayngiory and false ambicion.
They went wronge they loked not a right:
False couetyse was theyr confucion,
Wherthrough they lost the dominacion
Of Paradise, and was both poore & thrall,
Their fredome lost and became mortal.

Unto god they wold haue be semblable,
Lyke vnto hym good and yuell to know:
And in their trust for they were not stable,
Frō their estate they were brought ful low.

And

And thus the sede was fyrst sowe,
The rote planted of disobeysaūce, (chaūce.
Which brought our linage to sorowe & mis-

Thus came in fyrst through inobedience,
Is by a gate, pouertye and nede:
And at their backe foloweth indigence,
Sorowe, sickues, malady, and drede,
Exile, banyshynge, and seruitude in dede:
Whych causeth man longe to contune
Under the lordshyp and daūger of fortune.

Thus came in also malady, and deth,
To dispoyle mankynde of hys beautye:
Long syckenesse, and pestilence that slethe
By sodeu stroke, whych ꝑ no man may flye.
For vnto Adam and hys posteritie
Deth was annexed by succession,
For hys offence, and so conueyed doun

For man to man in euery maner age.
For who so list know, sin brought in chame,
Man to be feble and faynt in hys passage.
And by processe to were halte and lame:
Unto Adam thys was an vncouth game,
To be constrayned in sych apparayle
In bareyne erth to seke hys vitayle.

In hungre and thurst here he had hys lyfe,
Wyth swete and labour and tribulacions:
Endured also many a mortal styfe
Of hote and colde, ryght stronge passyons
Of elementes sodayne mutacions,
Wynde, hayle and rayne, fearful fallyng
And vnware strokes of thūder & lyghtning.

Thei stode also in domage and in drede
Of cruel beastes, Tygres, and lyons,
And of wylde beres who so taketh hede,
And in great feare of these fel dragons:
The assaut of dragons and of Scorpions.
For thilke beastes, that tosorne were milde,
After their sinnyng ful ragy were & wylde.

And where thei stode first in sikernes
Of ioye and blisse, euer in one lastinge:
Out of their rest thei fil in vnsurenesse,
In sorowe, & sighing, & dolours cōplaining.
And fro their yen continually weping,
The bitter teares day by day distil,
In this delert, for wanting of their wil.

And wheder were thei sorowful or faine,
Long tyme after their desolacion,
Whan they fould Abell their owu son slayne
By cruel Cayne to his confusione
The same Cayne as made is mencyon,
After that time wilde was & vagabound,
Til blind Lameth yafe hi his dethes woūd.

Adam nor Eue afore that ylke time
Had neuer sene no feest funeral.
It was of chaunge to them a new pryme,
For to behold a thyng disnatural:
Brethern of one wombe by hatered eternal,
The one of hate so far hym selfe deuide,
Of falle malice to be an homicyde.

And it was routh whan that they stode
For to behold their son al deed,
Layd on the grond, and bathed in his blod,
And al the soile where he lay was rede:
That whan Adam and Eue toke hede
It was to them ful great aduersite,
The newe slaughter to behold and se.

And euer among their sighes harde & sore,
The bitter weping and sorowes to auaūce,
Or they were ware their heeres wore hore,
And age began theyr beautie disauaunce.
Their youth also by ful great displesaunce,
Began to appal or they it could aspye,
By cruel constreynt and force of malady.

And of youth fallen was their flour,
By the processe of many hundred yeres:
And by the duresse of great labour,
They were vnlusty, & vgly of their cheres.
Of age and deth these ben the daungers,
To say checkmate in nature it is couth,
Unto beautie and grene lusty youth.

For whan the yeres fully passed be
Of flouring age, lastynge a season,
By processe (at eye men may se)
Beaute declineth, his blossoms fal adoune,
And littel and littel by succession
Cōmeth croked elde, vnwarely in creppynge,
With his potent ful pozely manassing.

Thus to our father that called was Adam
Of creatures fayrest of al feire,
After great trauaile by processe in he came,
And began vnwarely ascend vpō the steyre
With his potent, and cast him to repeyre
With Atropose which afore shal gone,
For to attwin his liues threde anone.

And

And in Ebron was made his sepulture:
Ther after was bilded a mighty great cyte,
By whose story and recorde of nature
I may conclude who list to se,
That neuer man had liberte
Sithen that Adam our lord gan disobey,
Ayenst deth, but that he must obey.

In cõplaining mine autor Jhon Bochas
Ful pitiously, in hys aduertence,
Bewepeth, wayleth, and oft sayeth alas,
In apple there was so great offence,
That for a taste of inobedience
Adam, alas, should haue so great a fal,
So sodainely to die and be mortal.

Which example ought inough suffise,
In al this world though there were no mo:
To exemplify to folkes that ben wise,
How this world is a thorowfare ful of wo.
Lyke false Fortune ỹ turneth to and fro,
To make folkes whã they most clerely shine
In their estates, vnwarely to decline.

For though that thei their hedes lift a lofte,
Highe as Phebus shineth in his sphere,
Thinke them selfe (as it falleth oft)
Their renown recheth aboue ỹ starres clere
And howe they surmount euery sphere,
Their trust corrupt hath a sodayne fal,
For to declare you they ben mortal.

O worldly folke aduert and pene entent,
What vengeaũce and what punicion
God shal take in his iugement
For your trespas and your transgression,
Which breke his preceptes ayen al reason:
Ye haue forgotten how ỹ his precious blod
You for to saue he died vpon the Roode.

For if Adam for his disobeisaunce
Was by the lorde as him list ordaine,
Made first, & formed with euery circũstãce,
Of creatures to be most souereine,
If that he was enbraced in the chaine
Of seruitude, with childzen ouersene,
what shal I than of other folkes seine

That liue here in this deserte of sorowe:
In this exile, of plesance desolate:
And in this worlde both euin and morowe
Of hertely ioye stonte disconsolate:
All destitute and also infortunate,
And forpolled with wo and worldly troble,
Euer variable and ful of chaunges double.

Ye not entende but to false couetise,
To fraude, berret, and extorcion:
Agayne god in many dyuers wise,
Againe your neighbour by false collusion,
To do hym wronge and oppression:
And worst of al, ye retche not by syn
To slee your soule, worldly good to wyn.

And if it fal your power to be but smal
To accomplyche your auarice in dede,
Your sinful wyl assenteth ouer al,
Thing to desire of which ye maye not spede:
And thus false lust doth your bridel lede,
Trust in hauing so sore you doth assayle,
Falsly afered the world should you fayle.

And if god benigne and debonayre
With his yarde of castigacion
Chastiseth you but easely and faire,
Ye grudge against his correction:
Nothing auerting in your discrecion,
Howe god not bad vs (who can take hede)
For to striue ne wrastel in dede.

Neither our strength, ne our might to appli
Upon the beast monstruous and sauage,
which called is the Chimere of Licy,
Specially whan he is in hys rage:
which monstre had to his auantage
Heed of a lion as bokes determine,
Wombe of a gote, and taile serpentyne,

Which was outrayed of Bellyferon,
As olde poetes make mencion:
Neither god bad not that men should gon
In to Colchos to conquere with Jason
The Flees of gold, which in that region
With firie bulles of mettal made of bras,
And by a dragon ful straitly kept was.

God bad vs not our contreys for to lete,
To vnderfonge things that ben impossible:
The Mynotaur for to slee in Crete,
Halfe man halfe bul if it be credible:
Which was a monster hateful and odible.
Sũtime brought forth in bokes ye may se
By Mynos wife, called Pasyphae.

Whose storie techeth, if thou list to here,
This vgly beast and monstruous
Through Ariadne the kings doughter dere
Was sumtime slayne by duke Theseus,

Wyth-

Within a caue made by Dedalus.
God biddeth vs plainely for his sake,
So great empryse for to vndertake.

He byddeth vs not to be so recheles
In perilous dedes that bene marciall,
Us to ieoparde,as dyd Hercules,
Which by the bidding in especiall
Of Euristeus the mighty kyng royall:
Lordes of Athēs to make their honor shine,
Learned of armes the famous discipline.

Of these preceptes if we haue a sight,
And remembred of his highe bounte,
He vs cōmaundeth thinges that be lyght,
For to accomplishe with all humilite:
From our corage to auoyde all vanite,
And from our hertes to exclude ydelnesse
And this false chāge of al worldly gladnes.

For vnto a man that perfite is and stable
(By good reasō mine auctor doth wel preue)
There is nothing more faire ne agreable,
Than finally his vicious lyfe to leue.
On verye god rightfully to beleue:
Him loue & worship aboue al erthly thyngs
This passeth victory of Emperours & kin-
ges.
The Lord biddeth also who so can discerne,
Of entere loue to do our labour
In this life here,so our life shal gouerne,
To father & mother that we do due honor,
And in their nede to do them socour:
And in all vertue our frendes to comfort,
And to our power in grace them supporte.

For in this world is nothing more perfite
Neither taccōplish thinge of more plesance,
Than a man for to haue delyte
In ytell good to haue sufficiaunce:
And to be content in his gouernance,
Auoyde auarice,and thinke euer among
To his neighbour that he do no wronge.

Not to couet his goodes in no wise:
Him selfe gouerne like to his estate,
Not to excede,but flye and also dispise
All maner loue whych is disordinate:
Him selfe preserue from contecke & debate.
And specially to eschewe it is good
Slaughter,& murdre,& shedyng of bloude.

Flye from his syn,and hate for to lye:
Of olde offences among haue repentaunce.
And to eschewe all scorne and malory:
Ayenst vyces do almesse and penance.
And to haue most souerainly pleasaunce
To sewe the pathes of oure Lorde Jesu,
True examplayre of grace and vertue.

Which for our sake,and our redemption,
And for our loue,was nayled on a tre:
Suffered payne and cruell passion,
And nothing asketh of high & lowe degre,
Recompensed ayenwarde for to be,
But that we set all holy our ententes
For to fulfil his commaundementes.

And of his grace here in this mortal lyfe,
As we preceli of wysdome and reason,
And of his gift haue a prerogatife
To fore all beastes by discrection,
Therefore let vs of hole intencion
As we of reason,beastes ferre excede
Let vs be before thē in word,exāple,& dede.

Grounde our selfe first vpon humilite,
Our pompous eyen meekly to vnclose:
Enclyne our hartes & so conceiue and se,
All worldly welth shall fade as a rose:
And of meke hert let vs our selfe dispose
By this tragedy to haue knowledgynge
Of our mischefe howe rote and beginninge

Was the vice of inobedience,
Surquidy,and false disobeisaunce,
As myne auctour hath shewed in sentence.
Emprynteth it well in your remembraunce,
Be ware the serpent wyth disceiuance,
The flesh,the world,your enemies all thre,
Through their traynes ye nat disceiued be.

Your best shilde to make resistence
Ayenst their power,sothly is meknes:
Your haburion most mighty of defence
The fendes power to venquish & oppresse,
It is to remembre deuoutly with lowne
Howe meekely Christe to pay our raunsum,
Suffred on crosse deth and passion.

Therby men may that prudent ben & wyse,
The ioyes clayme whych bene eternal:
And entre ayen into Paradise
Fro whens Adam by pryde had a fall.
To whych place aboue celestiall,
O Christ Jesu so bryng vs to that glory
Whyche by thy deth haddest the victory.

Lenuoy.

Lenuoye.

SOdeine departinge out of this felicitie,
Into miſerie and mortal heuineſſe,
Unware depriuynge out of proſperitye,
Chaunge of gladnes into wretchednes,
Longe languiſhynge in wo and bitternes,
Continuell ſorow, dred, dole, & peſtilence,
Were fyrſt brought in by inobedience.

Adam and Eue loſt their libertye,
Their fraunchiſe, and their bleſſednes:
Put in exyle and captiuitye
To lyue in wo, labour, and penſifnes,
Through falſe deſire and pompous wilfulnes
To the ſerpent whan they gaue credence,
The lord miſtruſtyng thzough inobedience.

But O alas, wher as they were free,
Of ioy eternall ſtode in ſekernes,
They were to blynde alas it was pitie
To leue their reſt, and liue in werines,
All their oſſpryngе to bryngе in dyſtreſſe,
Drawynge fro God hys due reuerence
Through falſe conſentynge to inobedience.

Wherefore ye pryncеs auyſely doth ſe
(As thys tragedye in maner bereth wytneſſe)
Where as wanteth in any comonalte
Subiection, for lackynge of mekenes,
And wyth pooze, pryde hath an intereſſe:
There foloweth after thzough froward inſolence,
Among the people falſe inobediēce.

And noble prynces whych haue the ſouereinte
To gouerne the people in ryght wyſeneſſe,
Lyke as ye cheriſhe them in peace & vnite,
Or frowardly diſtroy them or oppreſſe:
So ayenwarde their corages well dreſſe
Lowly to obeye to your magnificence,
Or diſobey by inobedience.

Che. ii. Chapiter.

Chowe Nembroth bylt the tower of Babylon to ſaue him fro Noyes flode, whyche for his pryde was put fro his magnificence, and hys tower with lightnyng ſmytten downe.

Myne auctour Bochas lightly ouerrode
The vengeaunces, & myſcheues huge
Which ỹ God toke with Noyes flode
Whan he ſent an vniuerſal deluge:
Ayenſt whych there was no refuge,
Saue. viii. perſons in that mortal wo
Whiche in a chyp were ſaued, and no mo.

Wherefore myn auctour lightly ouergoth,
Maketh of that age no ſpecial mencion,
But paſſeth ouer from Adam to Nembroth,
Conſiderryng howe in that deedly chaunce,
The lorde for ſyn toke ſo greate vengeaunce,
That by wryttynge of ſtoryes, no victorye
Of highe ne lowe was left to memorye.

For there was laſt cronicle none ne boke,
After, that made mencion
Of none auctour, who ſo lyſt to loke:
For all was brought to deſtruction
By a deluge, wythout any exrepcion.
For whych myne auctour trāſported his ſtile,
And of that tyme lyſt nothynge compyle.

He founde no mater wheron he myght found,
Nor ſet his fote by none auctorite,
Neyther no truth his purpoſe on to grounde,
Of olde wrytynge that he coude ſe:
For whych him thought of neceſſitie
The ſurpluſage of all that tyme lete,
And after Adam with Nembroth for to mete.

And certes lyke as Bochas in hys boke
Remembreth firſt of Adam the ſtory,
So next in order he the ſtory toke
To ſpeke of Nembroth, and his ſurquedye:
Whych here firſt (as bokes ſpecifye)
After the flode his waues gan aſwage,
Was made a lorde, to gouerne in that age.

For whan the flode began to decrece,
And God his vengeaunce gan to molifye,
Withdrawe his hand, the water tho gan ceſe:
Upon the mounteynes high of Ermonye,
The chyp gan reſt, the Byble can not lye.
And in that age called the ſeconde,
Lynage of man gan firſt to habounde.

To encreaſe ayen and to multiplye,
And by diſcent in bokes ye maye ſe
Specified the genelogye:
Howe that one Chus coſyn to Noe,
A man that tyme of greate auctorite,

Unto this Nembroth, the storye dothe assure
The father was as by ingendrure.

This Nembroth was mighty, large, & long,
Excelling other as of his stature,
Surquedous, hardy, and right stronge,
And in his time great labour might endure:
And in his force to much he dyd assure,
And yet was none on water ne on lande
Which durst his power presume to withstand.

And his noblesse more to magnify,
In worldly worship by report of his glorye,
He was called chefe prince of venery,
Desirous euer to haue the victorye
Of beastes wilde: to be put in memory,
And haue a price amonge these champions,
Tigres to daunt, eke boores and Lions,

There was no beast in wodes so sauage,
That durst ayenst him make resistence:
His furious yre so mortall was on rage:
The erth quoke for feare of his presence:
Tyll at the last in his aduertence,
As a prince deuoyed of all grace,
Ayenst god he began to compace.

He made a maner coniuracion
This frowarde Gyaunt, and a conspiracy,
Toke his counseyl by false collusion,
His might, his power, for to multiply:
And his estate for to glorifye,
Thought he woulde of his entent not fayle,
God, and heuen, proudly to assaile.

That namely God whiche gouerneth al,
He thought he woulde proudely take on hād,
Ayenst deluges if any come shall,
Of prouidence, plainely them withstande:
Him selfe to assure, & make a place on lande
That should him kepe, and be to a defence
Both ayenst god and waters violence.

And that they might accomplishe their intent,
Lyke their delire they did their labour:
Toke their counseil al by one assent,
Chose Nembroth their duke & gouernour
Them to conuey, and do them socour:
To be their gyde tofore, as they were ware,
Towarde a countre called Sinear,

In compasse wise rounde about yclosed
With a great flode, named Eufrates:
Their strong folye whych they haue purposed,
For to fulfil they were not rethelesse,
This is to saye, they put them selfe in prese
So high a toure for to edifye,
whiche shoulde surmoūt aboue the sterry skie.

That they shoulde greued be nomore,
With no deluge brought to distruction:
Neither that no waters may thē greue sore,
This was the fine of their intencion.
And of that tower a mightie stronge dongion
Ayenst God and flodes themselfe to assure,
The hight and largenesse both of a measure.

Thus in Nembroth encrese began the name,
And in the peoples reputacion
Of golde, and richesse, he had so great a fame,
They called him God in their opinion:
Most eurous, most mighty of renowne.
The worlde also hole vnder his obeisaunce.
As God and lord he toke the gouernance.

Under whose might the people gan procede,
He as a lord hauinge inspection,
Percinge the bowelles of the earth in dede,
To make mighty their foundacion:
And of false glorye and vaine false ambicion,
This proude Nembroth in his appetite,
To se them worche hath ful great delite.

His ioy was and his inwarde gladnesse,
To beholde so great a company
Persen the erth by so great depenesse,
To make the ground stronge by malonry,
The worke bywarde for to fortifye
With many a stone, huge & large of weight,
They haue it reysed vp into ꝑ ayre on height.

And finally, by mediacion
Of this great werke, Nēbroth was famous,
Takinge in hert great consolacion
That by report he was so glorious:
Of so great might, and port so pompous,
That he was so myghty, ryche and stronge,
To reale a towre so high, so large, and longe.

For to this daye touchynge the great myghte
Of this towre whych Babell men it cal,
Men fro ferre may haue thereof a sight,
It surmounteth other toures all:
Of whych werke, thus it is befal,
Of serpentes and many a great dragon,
It is nowe called chefe habitacion.

That no man dare as they it se

For wycked eyre, and for corrupcion,
By a great space and in a great countre,
Approche no nere ỹ meruaylous dongion:
So venemous was that mansion
And so horrible, that no man dare approche,
Lyke to a mountayne builded on a roche.

And as men say that had thereto repaire,
This tower attaineth vnto the sterres clere,
And transcendeth the region of the eire,
The stones and the liment were made of such
And the ioyninge so stedfast & entier, (mater
Though fyre and water both dyd it assaile,
Litle or nought their power shoulde auayle.

It was made so mighty to endure,
So well assured by disposicion,
That in this worlde no liuynge creature
Sawe neuer none like in comparison,
Whose reryng vp was chefe occasion,
And the ryches of the masonrye
Were through Nębroth of pride & surquedy.

Demed proudely as in his auise,
He transcended all other in noblesse:
Thought him selfe most myghty and wyse,
Felowe to God as in lykenes.
But God that can all worldly pryde oppresse
And make princes eclypsen in their glory,
Suche as trust in thinges transitory,

The same lorde of his eternall myghte,
Thys tower whyche Nembroth list to edifye,
He made wyth thunder and leuyn lighte,
Thereof to fall a full greate partie:
The boystous wyndes and the ragy skye,
And goddes power on that other syde,
Began thus abate a percell of his pryde.

And in discent, and fallynge of the stones,
Of the werkemen ful many a man was deed,
And oppressed, their backe broken and bones,
The masonry wyth their bloude was reed:
Yet proude Nębroth that of all this was hed,
With al these signes his lorde list not knowe,
For whiche his pomp was after broughte ful= (lowe
But in hys errour procedeth furth of newe,
Thought he would get him selfe a name.
Of melancoly can chaunge loke and hewe,
And began also to attempte and atame
For to encrease and magnify hys fame,
A newe tower to edify ayen,
Lyke as God had ben blynde & nothing seen.

He would haue raught vp to the sterres seuen
By thassēt of them that can him first counsail,
Robbed god, and from him raught the heuen:
But who presumeth the lorde aboue assayle,
It were no reason that he shoulde auayle.
Princes may well ayenst hym cry loude,
But his power may cliple wyth no cloude.

For in the myddes of his great empryses
This proude Nembroth makynge his masōs
For to compas and cast their deuises,
Geometries in their diuisions,
But God that hath his aspections
Seynge thententes of euery erthly man,
As he that is most mighty, and best can

Ayenst their malice make resistence,
Their worldly power, their domination,
Of his vengeable and most magnificence,
He can chastice, and ouer whelme downe
The pride of princes in euery region:
By ensample of Nembroth as ye shal here,
Whose pompe raught aboue the sterres clere.

For whan his workemen stode at auantage,
And most were busy to hys intencion,
And before that time spake al on langage,
All sodenly by transmutacion,
There was of tounges made a diuision:
That in their worknynge as they can obrayde,
No man wyst what that other sayde.

And it is lyke accordynge wyth reason,
So as chaunge was made of their langages,
So of their hertes was made diuision,
Both of their wyll, and of their corrages:
And in ascendynge of their worknynge stages,
Ther was such chaūge of broder vnto broder
Like straungers none knew thentēt of other.

Wyne auctour troweth that this aduersitie
Was for their gilt caused by vēgaunce,
Or els God of tryght and equitie
Disposed hath in his ordinaunce,
To be amonge them so great a variaunce,
That through ỹ world they shuld thē selfe de= (uide
And fro Nembroth disceuer, & not abide.

They gan anone among thē selfe disdeyne
To accept this Nembroth for their kynge,
And amonge forsoth there was not twayne,
One of another that had clere knowynge,
Ne of their speche knewe the plaine meanyng:

For whyche ỹ cõtre of Senaar they forsoke,
And eche of them a sondry countrey toke.

They departed and made no lenger space,
Folowyng the fortune of their diuision:
And begã to chese thẽ a newe dwellinge place
In the parties of many a region.
And thus Nembroth was prined & put doun,
And of Babel the mighty famous toure,
He was called no lenger possessour.

For ayenst the pryde of this Nembroth
Froward fortune gan her cours to vary,
And God also was in maner wroth,
Of surquedie that he was so contrary:
And for the place was wilde and solitarye
Of thys Senaar, and furious sauage.
Nembroth gan to feble & fal in great age.

And yet some bokes of him specifye,
He waxte froward of hys condicion,
And was fyrst grounde of ydolatrie,
And fynder vp of false religion:
Causynge people to haue an opinion
Goddes to worchyp in Panimes wyse,
Founder of rightes, and of false sacrifyce.

Towarde Perce chese hys dwellynge place,
The whych countre is in the Orient,
That hys lordshyp shuld stretch a great space
He bounded hym into the Occident:
For Perce lande hath hys extent
Toward the parties of the Reed see.
And thys lande Perce who so lyst to se

As bokes olde remembre & put in mynde,
How that Perce costeth inuiron
Septemtrion, and the great Inde,
And many another myghtye region:
Where Nembroth had first dominacion.
Whyche extendeth as bokes specifye,
Out of Mede into Germanye.

But in lordeshippes as myne auctour sayeth,
Without that vertue be their true guyde,
In them there is suraũce none ne saye th.
Thynge that passeth may no whyle abyde.
Wherefore Bochas in a spyte of pryde,
And in rebukynge of al folkes proude,
Makyng his cõplaynt cryeth to thé ful loude.

The. iii. Chapiter.

An exclamacio of Bochas ayenst al proude men, shewynge howe God maye them and their pryde abate whan hym best lyste, by manye dyuers meanes and wayes punysche and chastyce.

Ye al proud, most ryal in your floures,
Whych that most trust to reygne long,
Dresseth vp youre roches and youre towres,
And ayenst God make youre selfe stronge:
And let your power proudly buderfonge,
Your selfe wyth pryde for to magnifye,
Ayenst the heuin to holde the champartye:

Buyld vp your castles, reyse them vp tyghte,
Of Adamantes wyth yron stronge ybounde,
With square stones, large and huge of hyght,
Reyse vp your walles most mighty & profoũd
And chit your dũgeõs wt mighty chenes roũd.
Lette men of armes (who euer wake or slepe)
Nyght and daye your watche so straitly kepe

As god ne man in your opinions
Your fortresses myghte not assayle,
Your Castels, ne your stronge dungeons,
Stuffed wyth men & plenty of vytayle,
Lyke to stande euer and neuer for to fayle:
As god not might ayenst your false puissaũce.
Whã euer hym lyst of right to do vengeaunce.

Set afore youre eyen that ben blynd
The monstruous werke of greate Babilone:
The pride of Nebroth that was put behinde,
Maugre his mighte, & his towre smyt doun:
For al the craft of werkemen and mason
Distroied was with a sodayne leuin,
To auenge hys pryde sent a downe fro heuin.

For though your strengthes so assured be
That none engyne may thereto attayne,
Gunne ne Rumberdes by no subtilte,
Shot of arowblast, ne touche of dundayne,
Yet god that is lord and souerayne
Which lyche deuertes can both spyl & saue,
May confounde it with an erth quaue.

Myne auctour asketh what castel or towre
May be so stroge made in any wyse,
But that by meane of some false traytoure,
Or by some way that he can deuyse,
It may be lost, or solde for couetise:
And deliuered for al the stronge bondes,

In-

Into the power of their enemies handes,

Or by some other sodayne aduenture.
Castels & cities and many a riche towne,
Haue be lost, they might not them assure
For to resist ayenst false traysion:
Some haue be lost also by rebellion
And all these meanes the truth to begyn,
Is but punishynge whyche god sent for syn.

God hath a thousande handes to chastyse,
A thousande dartes of punicion,
A thousande bowes made in diuers wyse,
A thousande arowblastes bent in hys dõgeõ,
Ordeyned echeon for castigacion:
But where he findeth mekenes & repentaũce,
Mercy is maistresse of his ordinaunce.

Ye that bene wyse considereth howe the rote
Of vices al is pryde, ye may well se:
Pulleth him downe, and putteth vnderfote,
And taketh your counceyl of humilitie:
And if ye list to stande in surete,
Bydeth in hert for moze sekernesse
A towze of vertues, grounded on mekenesse.

Whose masonry is of no costage,
Of vertues grounde and soueraine:
Blastes of wyndes and of weders rage,
Neyther no tempest hasty ne sodayne,
Pompe ne blast, though they do their payne,
This vertue mekenesse for to vndermyne,
They be to feble to make her to enclyne.

For where mekenesse is grounded verily,
Though he somtime fele aduersite,
He passeth ouer, and suffreth paciently,
And venquisheth all maner enmytie.
The assaute also and the contrariosite
Of infortune and of worldly trouble,
And of victory conquereth a Palme double.

And tho mekenes amidde the flodes flowe
Of worldly mischefe and persecucion,
Whyle pacience in her bote doth rowe
Tho froward waues tosse her vp and downe,
A calme shall folowe of consolacion: (lowe
Whan sterne windes their blastes haue laid
The name of mekenesse shal shewe & be well knowe:
She may be troubled, but ouercome neuer:
And for a tyme she may suffre werre,
But at the ende she vanquisheth euer,
On land and see whether she be nere or ferre,
To the hauyn of life she was the lode sterre,
I take recorde of the humilite,
Of Mary so blessed mote she be.

The rote of mekenes floureth vp so faire
Whose beaute dredeth no tribulacions,
In somer ne wynter her floures mot apayre,
And her frute lasteth in all maner seasons:
Pryde may assayle with his bostful sownes,
And finally for her encrease of glory,
With humblenes she wynneth the victorye.

Lenuoye.

O folkes al that this tragedies rede,
Haueth to mekenes amonge youre aduertence
Of proude Nembroth also taketh hede,
How that he fel from his magnificence,
Onely for he by sturdy violence,
List of malice the mighty lorde assayle.
But in such case what myght his pryde auayle

Noble princes which this worlde do possede,
Ye that be famous of wysdome and science,
And haue so many subiectes that you drede,
In gouernaunce vnder your excellence:
Let your power with mekenes so dispence,
That false pryde oppresse not the poeple,
Which to your nobles so muche may auayle.

Pryde of Nembroth dyd the bydel lede,
Which him conuayed with great insolence:
Pryde apertayneth nothynge to manhede,
Saue in armes to shewe his presence:
Wherfore honour, laude, and reuerence
Be to mekenes, that hath the gouernaile
Of al vertues, which man may most auayle.

The. iiii. Chapter.

How many yeres was betwixt Adam and Nembroth, and betwixte Nembroth and Cadmus, & of other kinges.

These olde poetes wt their sawes swete,
Ful couertly in their verses do fayne
How old Saturne was sometme king of Crete,
And of custome dyd hys busy payne,
And of his goodnes list to ordayne
That he shoulde as of his nature
Echon deuoure, as by his ingendrure.

In this mater shortly to soiorne,

To vnderstande of poetes the processe,
They meane plainly that this word Saturne
Doth in it selfe nothinge but Time expresse:
And Philosophers bere also wytnes,
That as in time forth euery thing is brought,
So time ayenward bryngeth al to nought.

Clerkes also recorde in their wrytinge
Under suppost as I dare reherse,
How that fyre wasteth euery thynge:
And yron herd doth neche thynges perce.
I ought abideth ỹ they may not transuerce,
Yet cõmeth time and by continuaunce,
It al consumeth with his sharpe launce.

His sharpe toth of consumpcion
In stil wise doth his busy cure
For to aneantise in conclusion
Al thynge that is brought forth by nature.
By long abydyng ye may thẽ not assure:
For olde thynges deuoured men may se,
Ferre out of mynde, as they neuer had be.

Who can or maye remembre in any wise,
The glorious prowesse of these princes olde:
Or the noblesse of Philosophers wyse:
Or of poetes their feyning to vnfolde:
Processe of yeres, alas (as I you tolde)
Deuoured hath their name & their noblesse,
Derked their renoune by forgetfulnesse.

Thus of their names is left no memory,
Tyme wt his rasour hath done so greate ben-
Shauen away the honor & glory (geaunce,
Of many noble, ful mighty of puissaunce:
That there is left nowe no remembraunce
Of princes, poetes, ne Philosophers.
For whan ỹ deth nailed them in their cofers

Cam time vpon, and by processe of yeres,
Their memory hath dusked & their minde:
And reuolucion of the heuenly spheres,
By oft turnyng, their glory hath left behind.
Thus euery thinge whiche subget is to kind,
Is in this life without more auauntage,
wasted with time and processe of long age.

In the first time from Adam to Noe
Prudent listers which list in bokes to rede,
Founde of fortune no mutabilite:
Neither of her chaũge they toke tho no hede.
But from Adam there rekened ben in dede
Unto Nembroth by turnynge of the heuen
A thousand yeres, vii. hundred and eleuen.

In which space who that considereth wel,
There ben no thinges wryten in especial
Digne of memory, ne spoken of neuer a del,
which that ben notable ne historial:
But fro the time Nembroth had a fal,
Unto Cadmus the yeres to conteine,
They were a. M. iiii. hundred and fourtene.

Touchinge this Cadmus as Bochas list en-
It is rehersed by Rethoriens (dite,
Howe one Uerores in bokes as they write,
was made first a kinge of the Egipciens,
whan Philosophers and nigromanciens
Began first taboũde their renoune tauaũce,
Nachor ỹ time hauyng ỹ gouernaũce

Of the Ebrues, as made is mencion.
After Nembroth by true rehersayle,
Thre hundred yere by computacion,
Foure score & xii. which time it is no fayle
That Uerores begã warres & great batayle
Of volunt ayenst straunge nacions,
And to conquere Cityes, borowes, & townes

By force only, without title of ryght:
He wan al Egipt to encrease his name,
But for al that who lyst to haue a sight,
There is nowe left no reporte of his fame,
Saue Bochas wryteth howe he first dyd at-
Hys mighty conquest of intencion, (tame
That the glory and the high renoune

Ascribed were vnto his worthynes:
And the residue and surplusage
Of golde & treasure of good and of richesse,
Turne should to common auauntage
Of al hys people, that euery maner age
Repost mighte it was to him more nerre
Aboue singularite, his cõmon to prefer.

Also Tanais of Cithie first kynge,
Whan Sarneke was duke and souerayne
Ouer the Jewes, by recorde of wrytynge
Two hundred yere. xl. also and twaine
After Nẽbroth, this Tanais gan ordayne
A mighty power & a stronge battaile,
Them of Cithye proudly to assayle.

Conqueryng from thens vnto the yle
Called Ponte, in a ful cruel wyse:
And though his lordship lasted but a whyle
All that he wan was for couetise.
And as Bochas doth of thys folke deuise,
Proces of yeres for al their great puissaunce,

Hath

Hath put their names out of remembrauunce.

Zoroastes also for all his great myght
Of Bactrians kyng and possessoure,
Lorde of Trace, and a full myghty knyght,
Of all his dedes and his great laboure,
Of his conquest, ne of his great honoure,
Is nothing left of writyng vs before,
Saue ỹ he lough the houre ỹ he was borne.

He began full sone for to be mery
With sodaine laughter at his natiuitie:
And worthy Ninus, that was kyng of Illiry
Exponed his laughter to great felicitie.
The which Ninus wan many a fayre cõtry,
And day by day his power gan encreale,
For which he would not of his cõquest ceale.

For this is the maner of these conquerours,
Whan they haue had in armes victory,
Do their might, their paine, & their labours
With newe empryses to be put in memory:
For their courage surpryled w̃ vayne glory,
Can not be styll content in their estate,
Till their Parady say to them checkmate.

Fortune of armes (in bokes ye may read)
With a false laughter on folkes dothe smyle:
She frowarde euer ere they can take hede,
Of nature will falsely them begyle:
Conquest by warre lasteth but a while,
For who by death dothe sturdy vyolence,
God will by death his vengeaunce recõpence.

This worthy Ninus gan mightely preuayle,
Ayenst zoroastes of whom I spake tofore:
For he with hym fought last in battayle,
In whiche Ninus hath him so well ybore
That zoroastes hath the felde ylore.
And he was aucthour as bokes specify
Of falle Magyke, and Nygromancy.

He fonde the nature of euery element,
Their kindely workyng, & their mutacions:
The course of starres, and of the firmamente,
Their influences, their dispositions,
Their aspectes and their coniunctions:
Wrote in pillers deuised of metall,
The seuen sciences called liberall.

Also in pillers of Bryche full harde ybake,
There were vp set, longe, large and huge,
He began also write them and vndertake,
To make them sure as for their refuge:
That they shoulde by floude, ne deluge
Defaced ben as of their scripture,
But in their grauyng perpetuall endure.

But though zoroastes these craftes out fond,
Full little oz nought it myght to him auayle:
And though he were a good knight of his hõd,
He was of Ninus slayne in battayle,
Lost his realme, and royal apparayl:
And Ninus dyed within a litle throw,
But in what wise, the story is not knowe.

Also Moydes kyng of Sodome,
I fynde of him no memory by writyng,
Saue in a story as men may reade and se,
He and his people were freell in liuynge:
But he that was of Assiriens kyng,
Through falle Fortune that can so oft vary
To Babylon made them tributary.

We haue sene and redde also,
The vengeaunce and the pestilence
Done in Egypt to kyng Pharao:
For that he made a maner resistence
Ayenst God, of wilfull insolence.
Therfore his people vpon a day and he,
Were drent echone in middes of the see.

The people of God ledde by Moyses,
Without trouble of any maner wawe,
Went echone in quiet and in peas:
And Pharao as he gan after drawe
Them to pursue, by a full mortall lawe,
In his pursuite forward was atteynt,
Among the waues with his host and dreynt.

In Exodi ben these mencions,
Cerionslye put in remembrauunce.
The .xii. plages and persecutions
In Egypt done, by full great vengeaunce,
And of their treasour & their great substaũce
They were dispoyled by Ebrues (it is tolde)
Of their vessels, of siluer, and of golde.

Out of Egypt full great treasure they ladde,
Such as thẽ thought might most thẽ auaile:
And Pharao I fynde that he hadde
Two hundred chares enarmed for battayle,
Them to pursue and proudly to assayle:
And fifty thousande in whom was no lacke
Of men of armes, folowyng on horsebacke.

Two. C. thousande of fotemen him aboute,
And of Egypt all his chyualrye:

And Pharao with all his great route,
Began Israel pursue of enuye.
But for his pryde and false surquedy,
He and his people were drowned euerychone.
Of all his number was left not one.

His froward hart ayenst God indurate,
Fulfilled of malyce and obstinacy,
And in his purpose proude and obstinate:
These foule vyces or he coulde them espye
From his glory and his regally,
He was doun(though he tofore was crouned)
Amidde the sea among his people drowned.

Of Ogiges kyng of Thebes.

ANother Prynce called Ogygus,
Kyng of Thebes as bokes determine:
And founder was,thus Bochas telleth vs
Of a cityе called Eleusyne.
Which stont in Greece,whose power to decline
There fyll a floude in that regyoun
Whiche ouerflowed many a royall towne.

And in Cithia that did most dammage,
Tyme of Jacob patriarke notable:
And this deluge with his waues rage
Slewe lordes many, & prynces honourable.
For dame Fortune is so deceiuable,
That che sumtime when she list disdayne,
Can folke assayle with a floude sodaine.

This floude also where it did assayle,
Wasted cornes bothe croppe and rote:
Caused also scarcitie of vytayle,
That many a man felt full vnlote.
The poze not wyst where to finde bote,
For their prynces suppriled were with drede,
Through lacke of vitayle in that great nede.

Of a great floude in Tessaly.

ANother floude there was in Tessaly,
In the time when kyng Amphyon
Held the ceptre and the regaly
Upon Thebes,the mighty stronge towne,
Beside the kyngdome of Babilon:
The same time this floude fell doubtles,
When Gods people was ledde by Moses.

With this floude the land had ben deuoured
Of Tessaly,and of all that region,
But on Pernaso the people were succored,
And on the Roches that stode enuyron,
Founde there refuge to their saluation
And great succour, til the floudes rage
Began to decrease,withdrawe and asswage.

In olde stories also ye may se,
Whan Cecrops had first possession
Of Athens,the myghty stronge citye,
In heate there fell in that region,
By influence that descendeth downe
From the bodies aboue celestiall,
Whiche likely was for to deuoure all.

And this heate engendred with the sonne,
In diuers countreys both in length & breade
Hath his course so mightely begone,
That many folke fell in great dreade:
Ryuers,welles,who so list take hede
Consumed were and dryed vp echone,
The heat called the enbrasyng of Pheton.

The.v.Chapter.

Of goodly Isis wife to Apys kyng of Argyue,slayne by his brother Dyrreus.

WE haue read in stories here tofore,
How that Isis to Egypt toke her flyght
Out of Crete,the true daughter borne,
Of Promotheus,a full manly knyght:
And Isis in euery mans syght
So freshe,so goodly,wedded by her lyue,
To worthy Apys that was king of Argyue.

The whiche Isis excellent of beauty,
After tyme her father was ygraue,
She was put for more suretye
With her vncle that shoulde kepe and saue
This sayd maide ẏ no man should her haue:
And her vncle(in Ouide ye may se)
Like as he wrote,was called Epymethe.

And flourynge vp in her tender age
This sayd Isis so pleasaunt was and mete,
Of semelines,ofloke,and vysage,
That Jupiter the mighty kynge of Crete,
Was enuyronned with her for to mete:
And she excited of feminitie,
Enclined her hart vnto his deitie,

And

And for the was of her entent so clene,
Obeiyng him in most lowly wise,
Of Argiuois he made her to be quene
Because that she was knit in courtise,
Ayenst Argus a warre she gan deuise,
And for he was vnweldy of his age,
Her to wstand he found none aduauntage.

But yet Fortune gan vpon her frowne,
And kyng Argus through his subtiltye,
With his counsaile so prudently gan rowne,
That she was take by full great crueltie:
And her souldiours were also made to flye,
And by Argus, there gayned no raunsome,
She fettred was and put in strong pryson.

But her sonne God Mercurius,
Right fresche, ryght lusty, & full of hardines,
And of his earthly ioye so glorious,
Ayenst Argus gan his power dresse:
And so intirely did his busines,
That Argus was slaine in conclusion,
And after Isis deliuered fro pryson.

Of her sleyghtes afterwarde not feynt,
She toke a shyp and to Egypt went:
In which shyp there was a cowe depeynt.
And Theores whom Iupiter also sent,
Is gone with her bothe of one entent,
To ioyne a mariage after anone ryght
Betwene her & Apys, a prynce full of myght.

She was ryght wise aboue other creatures,
Secrete of cunnyng, well expert in science.
She taught first letters and fygures
To Egyptians, by playne experience:
Gaue them cunnyng and intelligence
To tyll the lande, taught the labourers
To sowe their graine, & multiply by peres.

And in Egypt her fame and her renowne
Began day by day, wext her worthines,
Holde of cunnyng and of reputation
By signe shewed not onely in princesse.
But she was holde among them a Goddesse:
And with worshyps whiche were diuyne,
And sacrifices to her they did enclyne.

But to declare playnly at a worde,
In middes of all her great prosperitie,
Mighty Apis her husband and her lorde,
Prince of Egypt and lorde of that country,
Sonne of Iupiter and of Niobe,
Whiche Niobe by long discendyng
The daughter was of Phoroneus ỹ kyng.

And Phoroneus first the lawe founde
To whiche all Crete stande vnder obeysaũce
And the statutes of that myghty londe
Were ystablished by his ordinaunce.
But for to write the vnhappy chaunce
Of kynge Apys that is remembred,
He slayne was: and pyteously dismembred.

By his brother called Tyfeus,
Sumwhat of hatred, but more for couetise:
For Tyfeus was onely desirous
To reioyce in full mortall wise,
The mighty kingdom as ye haue herd deuise,
Of Argiuois to haue possession,
Preferred by murder and false succession.

And when that Isis soũde her lorde so deade,
Of entent that he were magnified:
First of wisdome she gan take hede,
Ordeyned a meane that he were deified
High among Goddes to be stellified:
In Egypt temples made to be stalled,
And God Serapis, after he was called.

The. vi. Chapter.

Of Gryliton that his membres eate for honger.

What shall I write of case horrible
Of Griliton, w̃ hõger so cõstrayned
That his life was to him self odible
In Thessaly w̃ indigence payned,
And pyteously his fame was disteyned
When he solde his daughter in seruage,
Liriope whiche was but yong of age.

By exchaunge of God to puruey thẽ bytayle,
Of very nede, he was so wo begon:
He had nothing ỹ might his thirst auayle,
Ne staũch his hõger, but gnawyng on a bone
Wherfore he ate his membres one by one,
A prynce, alas, was it not great pitie,
To se him dye in suche aduersitie.

We had also read full many a day tofore,
The great banishment and persecution
Of Argiuois: how kyng Gelanore
Was cruelly put from his region,
And his lieges of indignacion
In his place they set one Danaus,
Sonne and also heyre to the God Belus.

The

The people of malyce did him so encomber,
To encreale his sorow and his aduersitie:
And fyfty daughters he had also in number,
And Edippus his brother also pardy
Had fiftye sonnes (the stories ye may se)
Atwene the whiche in surety of honde
In mariage there was made a bonde.

Under the which compassed was treason,
Couertly, though they did it hide.
But if ye list haue cleare inspection
Of this story vpon euery side,
Reade the legende of Cupide
Which that Chaucer in order as they stode,
Compyled of women that were called good.

Touchyng the story of kinge Pandion
And of his goodly fayre daughters twayne,
How Thereus false of condicion
Them to deceiue did his busy payne:
They bothe named of beauty soueraine,
Goodly Progne, and yonge Philomene,
Bothe innocentes of intent full cleane.

Their piteous fall in open to expresse,
It were to me but a presumption,
Syth that Chaucer did his bulines
In his legende as made is mencion,
Their martyrdome and their passion
For to rehearse them, did his busy payne
Is chiefe Poete called of Brytayne.

Of good women a boke he did write,
The number vncomplete fully of ninetene:
And there the story plainely he did endite,
Of Thereus, of Progne, and Philomene,
Where ye may se their legende, thus I mene:
Do them worshyp & forth their life shew
For a clere myrror because there be but fewe.

I will passe ouer, and speake of thē no more,
And vnto Cadmus forthe my style dresse:
In my writynge, yet it greueth me sore.
Touchynge women of fayeth or stablenes
Blessed be God I fynde none excesse,
And for there be so fewe as thinketh me.
The good shoulde be had in more deyntie.

¶ Lenuoye.

THis tragedy beareth to you wytnesse,
How Saturnus by disposition
Maliciously of his frowardnes,
Causeth of Juno full great infection:
She of nature conueyeth the nature doun:
The ayre infect whiche no man may succour
Cōmeth death anone, & al thing doth deuour

Time frō Adam mine auctour dothe expresse
Downe to Nemrothe by computation,
His stile conueyed by great auisenes,
From zoroastes to kyng Pharaon:
Of two deluges he maketh mencion.
In Tessaly the vengeaunce gan laboure,
And in Achaia Thebes to deuoure.

Ye haue of heates heard the excesse:
Of princes, princesses, full great destruction,
Of Egistus the great wretchednes,
The fury of Thereus the wo of Pandion,
Of the two sisters the confusion,
And how their fate gan vpon them loure,
Their felicitie vnwarely to deuoure.

Princes princesses your eyen do vp dresse,
I meane the eyen of your discresion,
Se of this worlde ȳ chaunge the doublenes,
The great vnsurenes, the variacion,
And auert for all your great renowne
Fortunes dewes whā they most swetely shour
Than is she fallest, your glory to deuoure.

The. vii. Chapter.

¶ How Jupiter rauished Europa, & how Cadmus was sent to seke her in diuers regions.

THe rehersal of many an olde poete,
By discent the line conueyed downe:
Next Saturnus the mighty kyng of Crete,
Joue was crowned by succession:
As next his heyre by procreacion
After his father the lande to enherite,
Raygning in Crete, as poetes list to wryte.

One of the linage as I you tolde before
Of the Gods, most soueraine and entere:
And though he were of bloude so high yborne
He chose Europe for to be his fere.
And downe discended frō his heauenly spere,
As he that was for all his deitie,
Surprysed in hart with her great beauty.

And she was daughter to a mighty kyng,
Called Agenor by lineall discent,
Whole mighty kingdom & ryal faire dwellyng
Was in Phenice toward the orient.
And to Araby his lande was adiacent:
Farre by south as ye may read and se,
Toward the parties of the redde sea.

But Jupiter whan he did auert
Of Europa the great semelinesse,
He thought he was wounded to the hart,
Vnto the death, beholdyng her fayrenes.
And for his cōstraynt & his mortall distresse

Seyng she was so fayre in his syght,
He rauished her of very force and might.

But Agenor her owne father dere,
Began on this case, full piteously complayne,
When she, alas, most goodly and entere,
Was him birakt whiche doubled al his paine.
Recure was none, though he did pleyne,
Tyll he remembryng on his regalty,
Thought he woulde sende to aspy

His sonne Cadmus her to recure ayene,
For to searche her in many a region:
Where so his labour wer fructuous or vaine,
His father set him a fell condicion,
Not to returne by none occasion,
And therupon made him to be bounde,
Tyll ỹ he had the kinges daughter founde.

He toke his shyps by great auisenes,
And began to sayle in many a straunge see:
Did his labour and his busines:
With many a worthy that were w̄ him preue:
But when that he of reason did se
There was no meane for which that he was
For to accõplishe the fine of his entent, (lent

With glad hart deuoyde of grutchyng,
Seyng the case frowarde and contrary,
Humble of his cheare toke his exilinge:
And of manhode list not him selfe dispayre,
But with his meyne knightly gan repayre
Towarde Grece, & piteously there to lande,
Of Appollo for to vnderstande

To what party that he might drawe,
He prayed God to wysche him or rede,
Some token shewe or some maner sawe,
Into what Ile that he myght him spede:
Or that he woulde graciously him leade
Where as he myght builde a citye
That were accordyng to him & to his meynie

And to Appollo he did sacrifice,
And made to him his oblation:
The God requiryng goodly to deuise,
To what lande or to what region,
For his dwellyng and habitacion
He should drawe withouten more obstacle,
For him and his to make his habitacle.

And Cadmus thus before Appollo stode,
Knelyng among with full great reuerence:
And in the temple of Delphos styll abode
With hũble entendaunce & deuout diligence,
Mekely beseechyng by word or by sum sentẽce
That Appollo woulde to him vnclose
To what party he should him selfe dispose.

This was his aunswere in conclusion,
As the statue to him did expresse:
To go and serche countreys enuyron,
And tyll he found, do his businesse
A bulle, that were excellent of fayrenes:
Whiche by precept of Appollos lawe,
Had neuer afore in yoke ydrawe.

And where that euer seekyng that he fonde,
A bull stande styll in his pasture,
Appollo bade vpon that same londe
Where as he seeth this syght of auenture,
That he shoulde do his busy cure
To builde a citye, he and his folkes all,
And Boecia after the Bulle it call.

And whã that Cadmus ỹ precept vnderstode
And in searchyng did his businesse,
He founde a place where a bulle stode
Feadyng hym selfe, whiche as by likenes
Was a place full pleasaunt of largesse:
Where as he stynt, he gan a citye rayse,
Which the poetes greatly cõmend and praise.

And ỹ his buildyng myght the more auayle,
All the foreyns that did about him dwell,
Full like a knyght, by force and by battayle
Out of that countrey he did them expell:
Raysynge a citie whiche that did excell.
And as Ouide also recordeth the same,
Unto thys day of Thebes beareth the name.

And he was not onely glorified
For rearyng vp of this great citye,
But he was also magnified
For his manhode, & his magnanimitie:
And most commended if ye list to se,
For the surmountyng & famous excellence,
Whiche that he had in wysdome and science.

For as myne aucthour, of him list indite,
Through his noble prudent purueyaunce,
He taught fygures, & letters for to write:
And made lawes of full great ordinaunce,
Among the Grekes, and set a gouernaunce
Their vycious life by vertue to restrayne,
And who outraied, was punished w̄ the pain

And of entent to encrease hys lynage,

And his citye also for to multiply,
He toke a wife that was but yong of age,
And she was called as bokes specify,
Hermyone: and touching her alye,
Though that she were borne of royall bloud,
She was also bothe holy, fayre, and good.

And this was done as writeth mine auctour,
After the death of worthy Josue:
Sothonyell beyng successour,
Hauyng the leadyng and the soueraintie
Of Israell, whan Thebes the citye
Was founded first in the dayes olde,
By kyng Cadmus, tofore as I you tolde.

Foure daughters he had by his lyue,
Full fayre echone and goodly on to se:
And their names to reherse blyue,
Semele was the eldest, and next Acthonie
The thirde in order was called Inoe
And Agane was yongest of them all,
Of the whiche daughters thus it is befall.

They were echone of port and of manere,
Full well fauoured in euery mans syght,
Right womanly, and heauenly of their chere,
And for their beauty their father anone right
As it was sittyng, wyth all his full myght
Like their estates, birthe, and also their age,
Made thē be wedded, and ioyned in mariage,

To worthy princes, his linage to auaunce.
And they encreased by procreation,
Wherof the kynge had full great pleasaunce:
And great reioysyng in his opinion,
To saue his lyne by generation,
With his neuewes and cosyns of alye,
Fro day to day, to waxe and multiply.

And this encreased his felicitie,
Whan he considered verely in dede
The riche buildynge of his royall citye,
And Fortune did his bryde leade
To great riches, in bokes as I reade,
To great nobles, hauyng great residence,
In his citye of moste magnificence.

His daughter Semele record of mine auctor,
Though she discended were of the bloud ryal,
To Jupiter she was paramoure:
And by his power supercelestiall,
She conceined in especiall
(As poetes of her list to endite)
Him that is god of grapes redde and white,
Called Bachus: whiche hath the gouernaūce
Of wynes all and the regaly:
Wherof after was take full great vengeaūce,
For when Juno did first espye
Of Jupiter the great auoutrye,
Of great hatred and enuyous desire,
She made Semele to be brent wt sodayn fire

By discendyng of a sodayne leuine:
And on Semele the vengeaunce downe wēt,
Fro Juno ielous, cleped quene of heauen,
To wreke her wrath purposely ylent.
And fore the flame consumed was and spent
There was of her left no remembraunce,
But of the ende the wofull mortall chaunce.

Also Actheon the sonne of Acthonie,
To great mischefes and infortunes borne
Whose father called was Eriste,
Come of the kinred that I you tolde tofore
With cruell houndes alas he was to torne:
For that he sawe, as bokes of him tell
Dyana naked, bath her in a well.

And as Poetes remember at the lest,
Whan the ladyes of Thebes the citye,
Helde of Bachus solemnely the feaste,
The yonger sister called Agane,
Daughter to Cadmus, alas it was pitie
Ayenst her owne sonne deare,
She was so wode and mortall of her cheare

Murderyng hym in full cruell wise
In her rage: she was so furious
For he lough at the sacrifyce
In Thebes done by women to Bachus.
The whiche sonne was called Pantheus,
Whom that she slewe wt a sharpe dart,
In her wodenes, as she him founde apart.

These great mischeues fell in the lyne
Of kyng Cadmus through his vnhappy chāce
Fortune his noblesse gan vndermyne,
And thought she would his glory disauaunce
All worldly gladnes is medled wt greuaunce.
Experience in Cadmus ye may se,
So importable was his aduersitie.

For while he sate most highest in his glory,
No part clipsed of his prosperitie,
His bryght renowne and his royall memory,
In realmes spredde, & many a farre cōtrey,
He moste wealfull in his high see,
Set wt his linage most high in noblesse,

Then

Than came Foztune the falle enchaunteresse.

Of wilfulnesse and founde occasion
Ayenst Cadmus, and made his renowne dul:
Of his kynred by falle collusion,
She gan away the bzyghtest fethers pull.
And whan his shining was waxt vp to ꝑ full
After the chaunge of foztunes lawe,
His glozy gan discrece and withdzawe.

It was mozе greuous to his dignitie,
A sodayne fall from his high noblesse,
Than if that he had neuer be
Set in the state of his great wozthines:
Foz the furious mozтall heauines
Of his kinred without any moze,
Would haue greued a poze man full sore.

And amonge his sozowes euerychone,
To rehearse playnly as it was,
I dare affirme how that there was one
Most hozrible & dzeadfull in such a caas:
Foz Cadmus sonne called Athamas,
His sonne in lawe, thzough falle melancoly,
Fell sodaynely into a frenely.

Of whom the wife was called Inoe,
Cadmus daughter as ye haue heard expzesse
Which thzough the cõstraynt of his infirmitie
In his rage and furious wodenes,
Thought that his wyfe was a lyonesse,
And in his wylde ymaginations
That his two childzen were also two lyons.

And vpon them full loude he gan to crye,
Towarde his wife in haste he came anone:
And from her armes there was no remedy,
The childe he rent, and on a craggy stone
He gan to bzast it and bzeake it euery bone.
The whiche childe Bochas wziteth thus
Full tender and yong called was Learchus.

And all this wofull and sodaine aduenture,
Of this rage whan that she toke hede,
As most sozowfull of any creature
Her other childe she hent anone foz dzede,
Foz of succour she knewe no better spede,
So as she might gan haste out of his sight.
But welaway, as she toke her to flyght

Her husbande came after pursuyng
Like a woode Lyon in his crueltie,
Downe from a hill whiche was dependyng
She and her childe fell into the see,

Was it not ruthe, was it not pitye,
A kings daughter, her lozd i Thebes crouned
He to be woode, and she foz feare dzowned:

Lo here the fine of Cadmus euery deale:
His childzen slayne, and his allies all,
And he hym selfe from foztunes whele
Whan he wened leste, full sodaynly is fall.
His little suger tempzed with moche gall:
Foz among all his mozтall peynes,
His liege men of Thebes citezynes

Made ayenst him conspiration,
Put him in exile, and his wife also:
His sons & daughters bzought to destruction
And to the encrease of his mozтall wo,
He and his wife compelled bothe two
Foz very pouerte and very indigence
In their last age to purchace their dispence.

Thus of Cadmus the sozowes to discriue,
And his mischiefe to put in remembzaunce:
He banished was twise by his lyue,
First by his fathers cruell ozdinaunce.
Of his sister to make enquiraunce:
And alder last in his vnweldy age
He was compelled to holde his passage

Out of Thebes, his wife and he alone,
In sozow wepyng to accomplishe their daies
Into Illery togither they be gone:
Their pacience put at fell assayes,
Whose bitternes felt none alaies,
Also of their ende, and vnhappy fate,
Ne of their death, I finde none other date.

Saue that Ouide maketh mencion,
And John Bochas the poete excellent
Say that two bzethzen, zethus and Amphion
Out of Thebes by one assent,
Haue this Cadmus into exile sent,
His wyfe also: after their high noblesse,
To ende their life in sozow and wzetchednes.

But the Gods of mercy and pitye,
Whã they thẽ saw by foztune thus cast doun,
From their estates into great pouertie,
Hauyng of them full great compassion,
They made of them a transfozmacion,
Of bothe twayne, them peuyng a likenesse
Of serpentes, to liue in wyldernes.

Lenuoye.

O What estate may him selfe assure,
For to conserue his life in sikernes:
What worldly toy may here long endure:
Or where shall men finde now stablenes,
Sithe kinges & princes frō their high nobles
(Record of Cadmus) ben sodēly brought low
And from the whele of fortune ouerthrow:

Who may susteyne the pyteous aduenture
Of this tragedy, by writyng to expresse:
It is like to the chaunteplure
Beginnyng with ioy, endyng in wretchednes.
All worldly blisse is meinte with bitternes.
The sodayn chaūg therof may no man know
For who sytteth highest is sonest ouerthrow.

Was in this world yet neuer creature,
(Reken vp princes for all their hygh noblesse)
But fortune coulde enclyne them to her lure:
And them enperishe through her frowardnes.
Wherfore ye lordes, wt all your great riches,
Beware afore or ye daunce in the rowe,
Of such as fortune hath frō her whele throw.

The.viii. Chapter.

¶ A processe of Oetes kyng of Colchos, Jason, Medea, Theleus, Scilla, Nilus, and other mo.

WHan John Bochas was most dili-
To consider the successions (gent
Of lynages, with all his entent
In his writyng and discriptions,
To compyle the generations
Of many noble famous of estate,
I meane of suche as were infortunate,

In his serchyng he founde not out a fewe
That were vnhappy founde in their liuynge:
To his prefēce anone there gan hym shewe
A multitude, full piteously weppynge:
Among whiche full dolefully playnyng,
Came forthe Oetes, & hath cōplaynt begūne,
Kyng of Colchos, and sonne vnto the sunne.

For of Phebus which is bryght and clere,
Poetes write that he was sonne and heyre,
Because he was so myghty of power,
So fresche, so lusty, so manly and tyght fayre:
But of fortune he fell in great dispayre,
Cursyng his fate, and his destayne
When Jason first entred his countrey againe

By Pelleus sent from Tessaly,
There to accomplishe by diligent labour
The great empryses through his chiualry,
(If God and fortune list do to him fauoure)
That they might winne the excellent treasour
This is to meane, that he were so bolde,
The ram to assail which bare ꝑ fleece of gold.

This Jason through counsaile of Medee,
By sorcery and incantacion,
The bulle slough horrible for to se,
And vainquished the venimous dragon,
The kyng dispoyled of his possession,
Accomplished with carectis and figures
Of Colchos the dreadful aduentures.

And afterwarde when he his purpose had,
He left Oetes in full great dispayre:
And Medea forth with him he lad,
And her brother, which was the kyngs heyre.
But as I finde howe in his repayre
Out of Colchos whan they gan remue
Kinge Oetes after them gan sue,

Upon Jason auenged for to be,
Without taryng he folowed proudly:
The whiche thing when Jason did se,
This Medea gan shape a remedy:
She toke her brother and slewe him cruelly,
And him dismēbred as bokes make minde,
And piecemele in a felde behinde

She gan him cast all bespreint with bloude.
Wherof his father when he had a syght,
Full pale of chere still in the felde he stode,
While she and Jason toke them vnto flyght,
I trowe that tyme the most wofull wyght
That was on liue, whan he did know
His childe dismembred and abrode ylowe.

Whiche cause was, alas, and welaway
That he so stont as man disconsolate,
While that Jason fro Colchos went away:
And Medea most infortunate,
Was rote and ground of this mortall debate,
For who saw euer, or redde of suche another,
To saue a straunger list to slea her brother:

Forsoke her father, her countrey and kinred,
The lande emperished through her robbery,
Of her worshyp toke none other hede,
Loue hath her brought in suche a fantasy.
And while that she abode in Tessaly,
And with Jason did there soiourne,
She made Eson to youth returne.

A yarde she toke that was dzie and olde,
And with her herbes and commixtions,
She made it boyle, in Ouide it is tolde:
And by charectes and incantations,
And with the craft of her conjurations,
The yarde began to bud and blossome newe,
And to beare frute and leaues freshe of hewe.

And semblably with her confections,
His olde humours she hath depured cleane:
And with her lusty freshe pocions,
His empty skynne trembling and right leane
Pale and wanne that no bloude was sene,
But as it were a deadly creature,
All this hath she transformed by nature.

Made him lusty, and fresh of his courage,
Glad of hart, liuely of cheare and syght,
Right well chered, and clere of his vysage,
Wonders deliuer both of force and myght:
In all his members as weldy and as syght
As euer he was, in the same estate
By craft of Medee he was so alterate.

After all this, ayenst kyng Pelleus
She began to maligne, vncle vnto Jason,
And of enuy she proceadeth thus:
The kings daughters she draweth to her anō
Them counsayling that they should gone
Unto their father, & playnly vnto hun sayne,
If he desired to be yong agayne,

Full restored his force to recure,
And therwithall in lusty age floure,
She behight to do her busy cure,
Lyke his desire to helpe and socoure:
And in this matter so crafty laboure
Fynally stande in the same case,
To be made yonge as his brother was.

Touchyng whiche thing for more euidence,
This Medea hath to the daughters tolde
Of entent to yeue the more credence,
She bade thē take a ramme ỹ was right old
And wyth a knyfe for to be so bolde
To slea the beast before them there he stode,
And in a vessell drawe out the olde bloude.

Fullye affirmyng like as it were true,
That he should be a lambe agayne.
For she by craft would his bloude remue
In such wise by euidens playne,
That of elde no token shoulde be seyne,
In all his members as lusty and entere
As was a lambe eyned of one yere.

And here vpon in suche sleyghty wise,
She began a proceſſe of full false treason:
The sisters made vpon the lambe to practise,
Drawe out his bloude, like her entencion:
And she by craft of false illusion,
Blent their eyen by apparaunce in vayne,
The olde Ram to seme a lambe agayne.

Thus Medea by her sleyght compassyng
Of enuy, and venemous hatred,
Excited hath the sisters in worbynge,
Ayenst their father mortally to procede:
W sharpe knues thei made their father blede
Amiddes the hart, throughout euery vayne,
Supposyng the sely sisters twayne

That Pelleus renued shoulde be
To youth ayen, of force and of substaunce,
But finally by treason of Medee,
He lost his life, suche was his wofull chaūce:
She this wrought onely for vengeaunce,
As rote and grounde of this cruell dede,
Ayenst the nature of all womanhede.

Supposyng in her opinion,
That the death greatly shoulde please
Of Pellius, vnto her lorde Jason,
Through great encrease set his hart at ease:
But it rebounded vnto his disease,
That finally Jason her forsoke,
For her offence, and he his way toke

Into Corynth to the kynge Creon,
Whose daughter Creusa for her great beauty
Was afterwarde wedded to Jason:
But whā this wedding was knowē to Mede
Cast she woulde theron auenged be:
Began to conspyre of malice and enuy,
And through her magyke and her sorcery

In full great haste gan to ordayne
A little coffer, onely of entent:
And by her yonge fayre sonnes twayne,
With other iewels she hath it sent
Unto Creusa makyng a present,
Whiche of malyce she list to dispose:
That whan Creusa the coffer did vnclose

The fyre brast out a full large space,
Brent Creusa by full great vyolence:
Set a fyre playnely all the place,
By enchauntment there was no resistence.

All went a fire that was in her presence,
By vengeaunce did full great domage.
But whan Jason this fire sawe in his rage,

And considered the malice of Medee,
Thought he woulde do execution,
For to punische the great iniquitie,
Ayenst him compassed of treason:
For she of vengeaunce ayenst all reason
After that Creusa consumed was and brent,
Her owne sonnes whylom that she sent

Without ruth or womanly pitye
She fally murdred:the childzen that she bare
(Like a stepmother auenged for to be)
Cut their throtes,or that they were ware,
Ayenst nature,there was none other spare:
But for hatred she had vnto Jason,
After this murder she fled away anone,

So escapyng his indignation.
By craft of magike she went at libertie
To Athens, and in that region
She wedded was vnto the kyng Ege:
Not longe after a sonne by him had she,
The which child, mine auctour telleth thus,
After Medea,called was Medus.

After whose name the famous region
Ynamed was, which called is Mede.
But folowyng euer her olde condicion,
This Medea voyde of shame and dread,
Compassed hath of wilfull false hatred
That Theseus the sonne of kyng Ege,
With newe poyson shall deuoured be.

But Theseus full like a manly knyght
In repayrzyng home to his countrey,
Of high prudence aspied anone ryght
The mortall vengeaunce,the great crueltie,
Of this stepmother,whiche of enmitie
Concluded hath in her entencion
Him to destroy vnwarely,with poyson.

Her hart of malice,cruell,and horrible
As she that was with treason euer alied,
Whan that she sawe her purpose moste odible,
By king Egeus fully was aspied,
She hath her hart and wittes newe applied
As in their bokes poetes haue compiled,
Ayen to Jason to be reconciled.

She fled away for feare of Theseus.
Lest he would done on her vengeaunce:

And finally as writeth Ouidius,
And morall Seneke concludeth in sentaunce
In his tragedies makyng remembraunce
Howe Medea,like as poetes sayne,
Unto Jason restored was agayne.

Touchyng the ende of their furious discorde
Poetes make therof no mencion,
Neither tell no meane how they fyll accord,
But if it were by incantation:
Whiche so well coulde turne vp so down
Sondry thinges of loue and of hatred,
And in Bochas of her no more I read.

Saue whan she had fulfilled her purpose,
Mine auctour telleth that Jason & Mede
Restored haue ayen vnto Colchos
Her father Oetes,and from his pouertie
Brought him ayen into his royall see:
And to his crowne by force they him restore,
Touching his ende,of him find I no more.

Thus his fortune hath turned to and fro,
First like a kyng hauyng ful great riches:
After liuyng in pouertie and wo,
Sythen restored to his worthines.
Thus euer sorow is meint with gladnes,
(Who can aduert)in all worldly thing,
Record of Mynos the noble worthy kyng,

To whom I must now my style dresse,
Folowyng the traces of Bochasius.
The wiche Mynos,as Ouid doth expresse,
Touchyng his byrth he writeth playnly thus
That he was manly,wise,and vertuous:
Sonne by discent of Jupiter the great,
And of Europa,borne to be heyre of Crete.

And of his person wonders delitable,
Full renowmed of wisdome,and science,
By diuers titles of laude commendable,
Of byrth,of bloud,of knighthode & prudence,
For by his study and entyre diligence,
He founde first lawes grounded on reason,
Wherby of Crete the famous region

Gouerned was,and set in stablenes,
All iniuries and wronges to reforme
Made statutes,extorcions to represse:
Of right wisenes they toke the first forme.
And that eche man shoulde him conforme
Like their degrees,subiect and souerayne:
That no man had a matter to complayne.

He made his lieges to liue in quiete,
Cleare shinyng in his royall noblesse,
With sword and sceptre, sittyng in his sete:
And while he floured in his worthines,
He toke a wife of excellent fayrenes,
Doughter to Phebus, in Bochas ye may se,
And she was called faire Paliphae.

And her father by record of writyng,
In his time was holden full famous:
Of the yle of Rhodes he was lorde and kyng,
And in his dayes of port full glorious,
Right proude in armes and victorious,
Takyng witnes of Methamorpholeos,
His daughter had thre children by Mynos.

The first a sonne called Androge,
And afterward full faire daughters twayne,
Rycht goodly and womanly on to se:
But like as fortune did for them ordayne,
They felt them selues in trouble and in payn,
The one called Iriadne, & Phedra the other,
Folowyng their fate it might be none other.

Androgeus by kyng Mynos was sent
For he should profite in cleargy,
To Athens, of vertuous entent
There to study in philosophy:
And for he began to encrease and multiply,
And passe all other by study in learnyng,
And to excell his felowes in cunnyng,

They of enuy and false malice, alas,
Made ayenst him a conspiration:
And from a pinacle sacred to Pallas.
Of ful great heigth thei made him tũble doun
For which iniury, Bochas maketh mencion,
His father Mynos auenged for to be,
Layed a great power about the citie.

He cast him fully ỹ no man should him let,
But that he woulde do cruelly vengeaunce:
And rounde about so sore he them beset,
With men of armes and with his ordinaunce,
That finallye he brought them to vttraunce.
And them constrayned within a little space,
Their life, their death, submitten to his grace.

But while they made ayenst him resistence,
Supposyng his power to withstande,
Nisus that was kyng of Megarence,
Ayenst Mynos their party toke on hande:
And oft times as ye shall vnderstande,
Whan kyng Mynos did the citye assayle,
Nisus within with myghty apparayle

Upon the walles stode in his defence,
Whan that Mynos full like a manly knyght,
Fought without, with sturdy violence:
Like Mars him selfe in stele armed bryght.
Wherof whan Scilla once had a syght,
Daughter to Nysus aduertyng his prowes,
Anone for loue she fell in great distresse.

She was suppriled with his high noblesse:
His manly force expert manyfolde,
Set Scilla in great heauines,
For loue of Mynos in Poetes it is tolde,
Made her hart presume and be bolde,
First her life to put in ieopardy
Her fathers life, the citye, the cleargy.

From her hart loue hath set aside.
Ayenst nature, her bloude and her kynred,
And all frendshyp from her gan deuide:
And of her worshyp she toke no maner hede.
Loue made her cruell ayenst all womanhede.
First her hart so sore set a fire,
Her fathers death falsely to conspyre.

For kyng Mynos beyng a straungere
Was so emprynted in her opinion,
Of creatures there stode none so nere,
And for his sake by full false treason,
She compassed the destruction
First of her father, and than of the citye.
So straunge a thing alas how myght it be,

That a woman of yeres yong and tender,
Coulde ymagen so marueylous a thinge:
But it falleth that creatures slender,
Under face of angelike lokynge,
Ben very wolues outwarde in worknge,
Also vnder coloure of their port feminine,
Some ben found very serpentyne.

Lambes in shewyng, shadowed vnder mekenes,
Cruel as Tygres, who doth to them offence:
Of humble chere pretendyng a likenesse,
But wo, alas what harme doth apparence:
What damage doth counterfaite innocence:
Under a mantell shroude of womanhede,
Whan fayned fallenes doth the bryde lede:

For this Scilla the kynges daughter dere,
In whom he set his whole affection,
His hartes ioy, his pleasaunce most entere,
His worldly blisse, his consolation,

But ſhe all turned to his confuſion.
Not like a daughter, but like a ſorcereſſe,
His death cõpaſſed the ſtory beareth witnes.

Her father had a fatall heer that ſhone
Bryghter then golde, in which he did aſſure,
Manly to fight ayenſt his mortall fone:
For in his head whyle it did endure,
He ſhould vainquiſhe and recure,
And through his knighthode to his encreſe of
In euery quarel wyn the victory. (glory

But whã kyng Nyſus her father lay a ſlepe,
Upon a night parcell afore day,
Full ſecretely or that he toke kepe,
The heere of golde this Scilla cut away:
And vnto Mynos armed where he lay,
She him preſented through her ordinaunce,
Of falſe entent him for to do pleaſaunce.

But in this matter like as writeth Ouyde
Methamorpholeos, who ſo taketh hede,
Her father ſleping, ſhe knelyng by his ſide
Toke a ſharpe knife without feare or dreade,
While he lay naked, ſhe carft atwo his head:
And ſtale away of full falſe entent,
And to kyng Mynos ỹ head ſhe doth preſent.

And in her commyng to his preſence,
Her fathers head when ſhe afore him layed,
Nothing aſhamed of her great offence,
Unto Mynos thus ſhe did obrayed,
And with bolde there euen thus ſhe ſaied:
My lorde (quod ſhe) w̃ ſupport of your grace,
Yeueth to my tale, leaſure, time and ſpace.

Certes my lorde, loue hath enpryſed me
And conſtrayned to this cruell dede,
To flee my father, deſtroye my citie,
To forget my worſhyp, forſake womanhead:
And made me hardy to make my father blede
Thinges horrible thus haue I vndertake,
For to accomplyſhe, onely for your ſake.

My ſelfe diſherited for loue of your perſone,
Called in my countrey a falſe traytreſſe:
Diſconſolate, ſtale away alone,
Of new diffamed, and named a maiſtreſſe
Of falſe murder: I bryng a great witnes,
My fathers head and his deadly vylage,
Ayenſt nature to further your voyage.

Wherfore I pray that ye liſt aduertiſe,
And conſider like a gentle knyght,
How I for loue to warde your great enpryſe
And to great furtheryng alſo of your right
Haue firſt my father depryued of his myght,
Raft him his life, diſpoyled his richeſs,
To do pleaſaunce to your high nobleſs.

And nothing aſke I vnto my guerdon,
Neither to my rewarde that may auayle,
But that I might haue full poſſeſſion
Of your perſon moſt worthy in battayle:
For there is no treaſure ỹ might counteruayle
To my deſire, as that you woulde in dede
Goodly accept me and my womanhede.

Ye may me laue and ſpyll with a worde,
Make moſt glad, and moſt dolorous:
I not require of you my louerayne lorde
But that ye would be to me gracious.
For blond, and kinne, and my fathers houſe,
All left behinde, if ye liſt aduert,
And vndeparted yeue to you my hert.

Which to your highnes ought ynough ſuffiſe,
All thing conſidered in your royall eſtate:
Conceiued alſo how in vncouth wiſe
For your loue I ſtande deſolate,
Saue of your mercy full diſconſolate:
Here is all and ſome, your loue I bye ſo ſore
But ye do grace, I can ſay you no more.

And whan ſhe had her tale tolde knelyng,
With a maner of pretence of womanhede,
Of all her treaſon a poynt not cõceiuyng:
The king aſtonied of her horrible dede,
By great aduiſe peyſed and toke hede,
It was not littyng to prynce nor to kyng
To do fauour to ſo frowarde a thing.

With troubled hart and with a face pale,
His loke vp caſt, ſayed: God forbede
That euer in Cronicle, in ſtory, or in tale,
That any man ſhould of Mynos reade
How he ſupported ſo venemous a dede:
Fauour a woman, alas, and well away,
Whiche ſlough her father, whan he in bed lay.

But for your hatefull and vnkynde rage,
I praye the gods echone, and Saturne,
For to take vengeaunce on your falſe outrage
Euery where, whither ye do returne:
And euery place where as ye ſoiourne.
Lande and ſea ſhortly to expreſſe,
They ben enfect with your curſedneſſe.

Your

your owne mouth your outrage doth accuse,
And your actes ben so abhominable
That your giftes fully I do refuse:
They ben so frowarde, and so reprouable,
That your persone disnaturell and vnstable,
Within my courte it were a thinge not faire,
That ye shoulde abyde, or haue repaire.

Ye be so hateful on euery side
And contrarious of condition,
I praye Tellus which o ferth is gide,
And to Neptunus I make this oryson,
As ferre as stretcheth their domination,
Under the bound of their regaly,
A dwellinge place that they to you deny.

Whan Minos had his answere thus deuised,
On reason grounded and equite:
And Scilla sawe howe she was dispised,
Knewe no partie, passage, ne countre,
To finde socour whether she might flye.
But dispeired lyke a traitouresse,
Towarde the see anone she gan her dresse

To entre the water plainly if she mighte,
For very shame her selfe for to shroude:
And whan the goddes thereof had a sight,
They turned her, as they ỹ might ꝛ coude
In to a quaile, for to sing loude.
Her father Nisus they dyd also transmewe
In to a sparhauke the quaile to pursue,

This was the ende of Nisus ꝛ Scille.
And afterwarde of Athenes the toune,
Was yelded vp to stande at the will
Of kinge Minos: with this condicion
Euery yere, by reuolucion,
They of the citie should not delay
Nyne of theyr chyldren for a tribute paye.

This was by Minos the impolicion
Upon Athenes, and of very drede
They obeyed, as made is mencion,
And their childzen yere by yere they lede
In to Crete, the Minotaur to fede:
Unto this monstre ordeyned for repast,
Which at their cõming deuoured were in hast.

But or that I forther do procede
In this mater, I wyl do my cure
To declare if ye lyst to take hede,
Of this monstre to tell the engendrure,
Uncouth to heare and ayenst nature:
For by the writynge of Ouidius,

Thys

Thys vgly beaste was engendred thus.

In Methamorpheseos the maner ye may se.
Minos had a bulle of greate fayrenes,
White as milke, and the quene Paliphae
Loued him so hote, the story bereth witnes:
And Dedalus dyd his busines,
By subtell craft, and made his gynnes so
That ayenst kinde with her he had to do,

And conceyued a beast monstruous,
That was departed, halfe bull, halfe man:
And as the poete by writinge techeth vs,
Of al Minotaures thus the name began.
And Dedalus not longe after, whan
This mõstre was by the quene forth brought,
This subtle workmã hath an house ywrought

Called Laberinthus, diuers and vncouth,
Full of wrynkels and of straungenes,
Ugly to knowe which is north or south,
Or to what parte a man should hym dresse:
Folkes were there blent ỹ furious derknes.
Who that entred, his retourne was in veyn,
Wythout a clewe for to resort ageyn.

Of Minotaurus thys was the habitacle,
Lyke a prison made for turmentry:
For dampned folke a paynefull tabernacle,
For all that lay there in ieoperdy,
The monstre must deuoure them, and dey.
And specially was ordayned thys turment,
For all that were doun from Athenes sent.

But in this mater some folke vary,
And afferme how that quene Paliphae
Of kyng Minos loued a secretarye,
Called Taurus, in Bochas ye may se:
And thus the kinge for all his ryalte
Disceiued was: for who may any whyle
Him selfe preserue, where women lyst begile?

For by this Taurus, Bochas bereth witnes,
Quene Paliphae had a childe full faire.
Minos not knowing by no likenes,
But the childe was borne to be his heire.
His trust was good, he fell in no dispaire:
For some husbandes, as poetes haue cõpiled,
Whych most assure, rathest ben begiled.

Innocentes can not deme amys,
Namely of wiues that ben founde true:
Clerkes may write, but doutles thus it is,
Of their nature they loue nothynges newe,

Stedfast of hert, they chaunge not their hew.
Haukes best preued lütime a chek can make,
Yet for a faute, the foule is not forsake.

Of this mater wryte I wyll nomore:
But aye the tribute and seruage of the toun
Proceded forth, they cõstreyned were so sore,
Lyke as their lot turned vp and doun:
For there was made none exception
Of high ne lowe, neyther soure ne swete,
But as it fell, they were sent into Crete.

The statute was so inly rigorous,
They toke their sort as it came aboute:
Tyll at the last it fell on Theseus,
That he mought go forth amonge the route,
Kyng Egeus son, beynge in great dout
Touchig his life, which might not be socored,
But that he must wyth other be deuoured.

Which Theseus for hys worthynesse,
And of his knighthode for hys great encrese,
Thzough manly force and for his prowes,
Somtyme was called the seconde Hercules:
Among Amasones he put hym selfe in prese,
Wedded Ipolita, as bokes specifye,
The hardy quene called of Feminye.

And afterwarde to Thebes he is gone,
Holpe the ladyes in especiall,
Which that cõpleined vpon the king Creon,
Which thē distroubled, lyke their estate rial
To holde and halowe the festes funerall
Of their lordes, quenes, and princesses,
Of wifely truth to shewe their kyndnesses.

For whan thys duke the maner had sene,
And of Creon the great iniquite,
To the ladyes he made deliuer ayene
The lordes bones, of ruth and of pyte:
Yet in his youth out of this cite,
He was deliuered by statute ful odible
To be deuoured of this beast horrible.

He gothe to prison for all his semelynesse,
As the statute felly dyd ordeyne:
But of ruth and tender gentylnes
Hym to preserue from that deedly payne
Of kyng Minos ỹ goodly doughters twaine
Ariadne shope a remedie,
And feire Phedra, that he shoulde not dye.

Thzough their helpe he hath ỹ mõstre slaine,
That was dzedful and vgly for to se:
By them he scaped, whereof he was ful faine,
Led them wyth hym towarde his countre:
And by the waye deuoyde of all pyte,
Ariadne ful falsely he hath forsake,
Ayenst his sauraunce, & Phedra he hath take.

In myddes the sea he left her in an yle,
Towardes no partye she knewe no declyne:
She wepeth, she crieth, alas the hard while,
For of her fate thys was the mortall fyne:
That for pite, Bachus the god of wyne
Toke her to wife, whose croune of stones fine
Doth nowe in heauen with .ix. sterres shyne.

Thus of Theseus ye may beholde and se
To Ariadne the great vnstedfastnes.
The great vntruth, the mutabilite,
The broke assuraunce, & the newe fangleness:
But sely women kepe their stedfastnes.
Euer vnfouned, saue sumtyme of theyr kinde,
They must thē puruey whan men be vnkind.

Of Theseus I can no more nowe sayne,
In this matter to make of hym memory:
But to kynge Minos I wyll resort againe,
To tell howe fortune euer false & transitory,
In what poyntes defaced hath his glory,
Fyrst of eche one, Bochas doth specifye,
Of Pasiphae the foule aduoutry,

Which was his wyfe, & stode well his grace.
To his plealaunce she was most soueraine,
But a cloude of a small trespare
Made her lorde at her disdayne:
But he of wysdome bare previly his paine.
For in suche case, this is my sentence,
Let prudent husbandes take them to pacīce.

On other thynges Mynos gan also cõplaine,
Haupnge in hert thereof full great greuaūce:
That he so lost his fayre doughters twayne,
And Minotaurus slayne wyth mischaunce.
Also to hym it was a great greuaunce
That Theseus was gone at liberte,
And from all tribute deliuered hys cite.

It greued him also in countinaunce & chere
That Theseus Ariadne forsoke:
It liked him also not the manere
Unto his wyfe that he Phedra toke.
And yet thys Phedra, lyke as sayth my boke,
Had two sonnes by this Theseus,
First Demophoon and next Antiochus.

Also

Also Theseus after gan hym drawe,
Towarde Cecile, in stele armed clene:
With Peritheus, in armes his felawe
For to rauyshe Proserpina the quene:
But of entent Phedra ful vnclene,
Loued her stepsonn, called Ipolitus,
But for he was to her daungerous

And to her lust froward and contrary,
In his apport not goodly ne benigne,
Of her false entent anon she gan to vary,
Ayenst hym full felly to maligne:
And to her prince of many token and signe
Of womanhede, she gan hym accuse,
Her auoutry falsly to excuse.

Who sayth that women can not ymagyne
In their deffence tales vntrue,
To their desire if men list not enclyne,
Neither on their feyned false wo to rue:
Anon they can compasse thynges new,
Fyche and finde out of their entencion,
A couert cloude to shadowe their traison.

She hath accused yonge Ipolitus
Of false auoutrye in hys tendre age:
Tolde and affirmed to duke Theseus,
With ful bolde chere, and ful playne visage,
Howe he purposed for to do outrage,
Only by force her beaute to oppresse,
Her lorde besechyng, to reforme and dresse

The great iniquitie done to his wife
Whyle he was absēt, for thing ỹ bare charge.
Wyues of tales somtyme ben inuentife
To suffre their tonges falsly flyen at large,
But folkes ỹ list of domage thē discharge,
Of such accusyng ne take they none hede,
Tyll the truth be tried out in dede.

I meane nothynge of wyues that ben good,
Neyther of women ỹ flouren in innocence:
For god forbede and the holy roode,
But men should do due reuerence
To their noblesse and their excellence:
Declare their bounte, & their vertue shewe,
And thē cherishe, because there be but fewe.

Touchyng the accusing ayenst Ipolitus,
Though it so were that it was fals in dede,
Yet he for shame and fere of Theseus
As in the story ye may behold and rede,
In his hert he caught a maner drede
That he alas thys sely yonge knight,
Fled & withdrewe hi out of hys fathers sight.

Hys indignacion playnly for to eschewe
Though by desert, in him there was no lacke:
Of hasty drede as he gan remewe
Or in a chare, or on horse backe,
His horse afrayde, there fel a sodeine wracke:
Doun frō a roch pendaunt as ye shall lere,
He and his chare were drowned both in fere.

Thus vngilty in his most lusty youth,
He was conueied to his distruction:
The sclander conspired as it is wele couth
By false Phedra: but in conclusion,
The sclander turnēd to her confusion.
For whan she wyst Ipolitus was dede
Through her defaut, anon for shame & drede

She toke a swerde full charpe ygrounde,
And therewithall she raft her hert atweine.
Lo howe ỹ vēgeaūce woll euer ayen reboūde,
On them that falsely do their busy peine
To sclaunder folke: for like as they ordeine
With their diffames other folkes to wyte,
God at last their malice can aquite.

But some bokes of Phedra do recorde
That she ashamed and confuse of this dede,
Hyng her selfe vp full high with a corde:
Lo how false sclaunder can quite folkes mede.
Wherefore I counsayle euery man take hede
In such maters as stande vncertaine,
From hasty langage his tonge to refraine.

Amonge these stories woful for to rede,
All besprent with teares in his face,
Full sodenly Jhon Bochas gan take hede
In middes the preasse Zilara came to place:
And howe that fortune gan also to manace
This proud duke, full myghty and notable,
Of kyng Jabyn called the great constable,

Of his host, leder and gouernour:
To Israell very mortall fo.
With people he rode lyke a conquerour,
And where that euer his meyny dyd go,
The earth quoke, people dredde him so:
Fled fro hys face where as he came a ferre,
Nyne hundred waynes he had for the wer,

Strōgly inarmed wt hokes made like sithes,
Who ỹ approched to mayme & to wounde:
For this tirant of custome oftetithes
Had great delite the Jewes to confound,

And

And all tho that his swerde hath found,
Kynge Jabyn bad, prince of Canaan,
In Jsrael to spare childe ne man.

This sisara was sent to be their scourge
By goddes suffraunce their sinnes to chastise,
Their olde offences to punishe & to purge,
As a flagell many sondry wyse,
But whan of reason they gan better deuise,
And for their trespaces to fall in repentaūce,
God gan wdrawe the hand of his vengeaūce.

For in their mischefe they gan their lorde to knowe
Felynge the pricke of his punicion:
And mercy than hath vnbent the bowe
Of hys fell yre and castigacion,
To God they made their inuocacion,
And he them herde in their mortal drede,
In Judicum the storye ye may rede.

Howe in the whyle that this sisara
Shope hym of newe the Jewes to oppresse,
In their defence god sent them Delbora,
A prophetesse, the story bereth witnes,
To yeue thē counseil, their armeis to dresse:
And by the spirite of her prophesie,
For to withstande the great tyrannye

Of sisara, whych was discended doun
With a great host into the felde repeired:
But Delbora of high discretion,
Whan that she sawe the Jewes dispeired,
And for to fight their cowrages sore apeired,
She made them first deuoutly in that drede
To crye to god to helpe them in their nede.

She was their iudge & their gouernes
Chefe of their counsaill, and of custome she
Causes dependinge of great auysenes,
That stode in dout, by dome of equitie,
She tried them out vnder a palme tre:
And was not hasty no mater to determyne,
Tyll she the parties afore dyd examyne.

And whan that she herd of the cōminge
Of sisara wyth full great puissaunce,
That was constable of that mighty king,
Called Jabyn, wyth al his ordinaunce,
Upon Jewes for to do vengeaunce:
This Delbora gan prudently entende,
The Jewes party, by wysdome to defende.

She bad Barach, her husbande, anon ryght,
Of Nemptalym. x. M. with him take,
Ayenst sisara to fyght for their ryghte,
And that he shoulde a great enarme take.
But he for drede thys iourney gan forsake,
And durst not ayenst him tho werrey
But she were present, and lyst hym to conuey.

Wel wel quod she, syth it standeth so
That of wantrust ye haue a maner drede,
I wyl my selfe gladly wyth you go,
You to suppost in this great nede:
But trusteth fully as ye shall fynde in dede,
That a woman, with laude, honour, & glorye
Shal fro you wyn the price of this victory.

It folowed after sothly as she sayd:
Iuisely she made her ordinaunce.
And the chefe charge on her selfe she layde,
As princesse of Jewes gouernaunce.
And prudently gan her selfe auaunce,
With god conueyed & suppost of his grace,
With sisara to mete in the face.

And specially touchyng this viage,
God toke away the spirite and the myght
Fro sisara, his force and his corage,
That he was feareful to entre into fyght:
Kepte his chare, and toke hym to flyght.
Knowyng no place in suertie to abyde,
Tyll that Jaell a woman dyd hym hide

Within her tente, and al most dede for drede,
Under a mantell, desirous for to drynke,
She gaue hym mylke: the slepe fyl in his heed.
And whyle that he for heuines gan wynke,
And sadly slept, she gan her to bethynke:
Thought she woulde for sisara so shape,
That with his lyfe, he should not escape.

She toke a nayle that was sharpe & long,
And couertly gan her selfe auaunce:
With a myghty hamer round and stronge.
She droue ꝑ naile, lo this was her vēgeaūce,
Through his heed: se here the soden chaunce
On tirantes that trust on Fortune,
Which wil not suffer them long to contune

In their falfe vsurped tiranny,
To holde people in long subiection.
She can them blandyche wyth her flatery,
Under a colour of falfe colluspon:
And wyth a sodaine transmutacion,
Fortune them can that poore folke trouble,
Reuerse their pride, wyth her face double.

What

What should I lengre in thys mater tary:
Though that lordshyp be myghty & famous,
Let zisara be your examplary,
It not endureth but it be vertuous.
Conquest, victory, though they be glorious
Unto the world, if vertue be behinde
Men not reioyse to haue theyr name in mide.

For Fortune through her frowardnes,
Hath kynges put out of their regions:
And she hath also throughe her doublenes,
Dystroyed lynages wyth their successions.
Made not she sometyme her translacions
Of the kyngdome called Argiuois,
To be transported to Lacidemonois:

The same tyme whan zisara the proude
Gan goddes people to put vnder fote,
Fames trumpe blewe his name vp loude,
Wyth sacred sownes sempyne wondre sote:
But al his pride was rent vp by the rote,
Whan hys glory was outward most shyning.
But who may trust in any worldly thynge:

Folke haue afore sene the valuacion
By remembraunce of antiquitie,
Of myghty Troy, and of Ilion,
After distroyed by Grekes that eyte:
To vs declarynge the mutabilite
Of falle fortune, whose fauor lasteth no while
Shewyng euer truest, whan she wol begile.

So variable she is in her delites,
Her whele vntrusty and frowardly meuyng,
Record I take of the Madianites,
Their vnware fal ful dolefully pleynynge.
Whiche shewed them selfe pitiously weppynge
To Jhon Bochas, as he in writynge sought,
How ỹ fortune ayenst their princes wrought,

Which that gouerned the lande of Madian:
Trustinge of pride in their greate puissaunce,
Ayenst Jewes a warre they began,
Purposinge to bringe them to vtterance.
But god that holdeth of warre the balaunce,
And can of princes oppresse the vein glory,
Yeueth where him list conquest and victory:

Not to great nõbre, nor to great multitude,
But to that party where he seeth the right.
Hys dredful hand, shortly to conclude,
So holdeth vp by grace, and yeueth lyght
The higher hand where he cast his sight,
Lyst his power and his fauour shewe,
Be it to many, or be it vnto fewe.

The wronge party gladly hath a fall,
Though ther be Millions, many mo therain:
I take witnesse of Jerobaall,
Whych is also called Gedian,
That wyth thre. C. fought ayenst the fan
Of Israel, the Byble can deuyse,
Whan he to God had done hys sacrifice,

Shewyng to hym a thynge meruaylous:
Whan the fleece wyth siluer dewe ful shene
Was speint and wet, the storye telleth thus,
And rounde about the soyle & all the grene
Was founde drye, and no drop sene:
In token onely, this duke, this knightly man,
Shulde haue the victory of all Madian.

This Gedeon toke with hym but a fewe,
Thre hundred chose, whych lapped the riuer,
God vnto hym such tokens dyd shewe,
And euidences afore that were full clere,
That he shoulde be of right good chere:
And on no party hys aduersaries drede,
For nother prowes, neyther manhede.

Where god aboue holdeth champerty,
Their may ayenst hym be made no defence.
Force, strength, wysdome, nor cheualry,
Ayenst hys might, are feble of resistence:
Thys was well proued in experience,
Whan thre. C. wyth Gedeon in nombre,
So many thousandes by grace dyd encõbre.

Thys sayd people deuided in to thre,
With their trumpettes vpon ỹ derke nyght,
By Gedeon that had the soueraynte,
Wyth voyde pottes & laumpes therin lyght,
And thus arayed they entred in to fyght:
But vnto them thys token was first knowe,
Whan Gedeon his trumpe dyd blowe.

They blewe echon and loud gan to crye:
Brake their pottes, and shewted anon ryght,
As the story doth playnly specifye,
Their laumpes shewed w̃ a full soden lyght:
Wherof their enemies astonied in their sight,
Were so troubled vpon euery side,
That in the felde they durst not abyde.

The crie was this of them euerychon:
Thanke to ỹ lorde most noble and glorious,
Pryse to the swerde of myghty Gedeon,
Which vs hath caused to be victorious:

Made

Made our enemyes most malicious,
Through influence onely of his grace,
For very feare to flye afore our face.

Thus can the lorde of hys magnificence,
The mekе exalte, and the proude oppresse:
Lyke as he fyndeth in hertes difference
So of his power he can his domes dresse.
Mercy aye meint wyth his rightwysenes:
Hys iudgementes wyth long delay differred.
And or he punish pytie is aye preferred.

Lenuoye.

Myghty Princes, remembre that your power
Is translitory, and no while abiding:
As thys tragedy hath rehersed here,
By euidences notable enswynge.
And by example in substaunce wytnessyng,
That all tyrantes (playnly to termyne)
More from their state sodenly declyne.

Phebus the freshe in hys mydday sphere
His beames brighteſt & hotest out spredyng,
But cloudy skyes oft approch nere
To eclipse his lyght wt their vnware coming:
None erthly ioye is here longe abidynge,
Record of Tytã, whych stondmele doth shine,
Yet toward nyght his stremes doun decline.

Whan that fortune is fairest of her chere,
By apparence, and most blandishyng,
Than is she fallest eche season of the yere
Her sodein chaunge now vp, now down turnig:
The nightingale in May doth frechly sing,
But a backe wynter can somer vndermyne,
And all his freshnes sodenly declyne.

All erthly blisse dependeth in a were,
In a balaunce vneuynly hanging.
Of princes & princesses most soueravne & entere
In this tragedy concepueth by redynge,
Howe that estates by vnware chaungynge,
Somtime full worthy, their lives dyd fine,
Whã frõ their noblesse they were made to declyne.

¶Of mighty Jabyn kinge of Canaan of quene Jocasta, and how Thebes was distroyed.

The .ix. Chapter.

Nowe muste I wryte the greate sodeyn fall
Of mighty Jabyn, for his iniquite:
Whyche vnto Jewes was ennye full mortal,
With scepter & crowne reigning in Canane,
And vpon Affrike had the soueraunte,
Rebell to god, and lyst not hym obey,
But euer redy hys people to werrey,

The lorde aboue seynge his tiranny,
Forbare his hand wyth full longe suffraūce:
And was not hasty of his obstinacy,
Lyke his desert for to do vengeaunce.
But euer thys Jabyn by continuance
Endured forth in his curstidnesse,
Tyll the swerde of goddes righwisenes

Was whet apenst this tiraūt, to chastise
And to represse his rebellion:
From his kyngdome (the story doth deuise)
In myddes of his pride he was pulled doun
To exemplify that such domination
As is found wilful truth to ouer cast,
God wyll not suffer in power long to last.

For this Jabyn was found alway frowarde,
Of high disdaine list not the lorde knowe:
Therfore his power dyewe alway backward,
And his empire was after ybrought full low.
His riall fame fortune hath ouerthrow,
His name eclipsed þ sumtime shone ful clere,
Of great Cison, besyde the ryuere.

Of quene Jocasta Bochas doth also endite,
Princesse of Thebes, a mighty great citie:
Of her vnhappes he dolefully doth write,
Imagining howe he did her se
To him appere in great aduersite.
Lyke a woman that would in teares reine,
For that fortune gan at her so disdeine.

And though she were defaced of figure,
There shewed in her a maner maieste
Of quenely honour, plainly to discure
Her infortuns, and her infelicite,
And to declare plainly how that she
Of all princesses which stode in estate
Was her selfe the most infortunate.

Which gaue to Bochas full great occasion
Whan he sawe her pitous appatayle,
For to make a lamentacion
Of vncouth sorowes, whych dyd her assaile

Wyth

With a tragedy to wepe and to wayle
Her impoztable and straunge dedely strife,
Which that she had duryng all her lyfe.

He wrote of her a story large and playne.
And of her byrth fyrst he doth diffyne:
And affyrmeth in hys boke certayne,
She was discended of a noble lyne.
In flouryng age also when she dyd chyne,
She wedded was for her great beauty,
Unto the kyng of Thebes the citye,

Which in his tyme was called Layus.
And whan her wombe by proceffe dyd aryfe,
The kyng was glad and also desirous,
The childes fate to know in some wise:
And thought he would go do sacrifice
Unto Appollo, to haue knowlegynge tofore
Touching his child, whan that it was borne.

What should folow in conclusion
He was desirous and hasty for to se,
Fyrst by heauenly disposicion,
And by the fauour if it woulde be
Of Appollos myghty deite:
To haue aunswere among his wyttes al,
Of his child what fate should befall.

His answere though it were contrary
To his desire, yet was it thus in dede:
Appollo tolde hym, and lyst no lenger tary,
That this childe should verily in dede
Slee his father, and make his sides blede:
And w̄ his hands, there was none other wey
But on his swerde he must nedes deye.

The kyng was heuy & trist on this sentence,
Sorouful of hert, god wote, & nothyng faine:
And cast afore through his prouidence,
That his son should in al hast be slayne:
And that he would not an houre delayne
After his byrth, but bad his men to gone
Into a forest, and slee the chylde anone.

Lyke his byddyng the ministers dyd in dede,
Takyng the chylde, tendre, & yong of age,
And into a forest wyth them they gan it lede,
To be deuoured of beastes most sauage:
The mother, alas, almost fell into rage
Seyng her child so inly fayre of face
Shal thus be deed, and dyd no trespace.

Lytel wondre though she felt smert:
To al women I repoyt me,
And vnto mothers that ben tendre of hert,
In this mater iuges for to be:
Was it not ruth, was it not pite,
That a princesse, a quene, alas,
Should know her child deuoured in such taas?

After thys byrth Layus toke good kepe,
Without mercy, respite, or delay,
That vnto one whych kept his shepe
This yong child vpon a certayne day,
Shal be deliuered, in al the hast he may:
To thys entent it myght not be socoured,
But that it should of beastes be deuoured.

This sayd sheperde goth forth anon tyght,
The child beholdyng benigne of loke & face,
Thought in hert and in his inwarde sight,
He shoulde do to god a great trespace
To slee this child, wherfore he did hym grace:
Toke fyrst a knife and dyd his busy payne,
Throughout his fete to make holes twayne.

Toke a smal rodde of a yonge olier,
Perced the fete, alas it was pite,
Bonde hym fast, and by good leiser
The yong childe he henge vpon a tree,
Of entent that he ne should not be
Through wylde beastes cruel and sauage,
All sodenly deuoured in their rage.

Upon the tre whyle he henge thus bound,
Of auenture by some occasion,
A straunge sheperd hath the child yfound,
Whych of ruth and pyte toke hym doun:
Bare wyth hym home in to hys toun,
Made hys wyfe for to do her payne,
To foster the chylde wyth her breftes twaine.

And whan he was brought forth & recured,
And full made hole of hys woundes sore,
Thys yong chyld whych al this hath endured
Whan he in age began to wexe more.
And that nature began hym to restore,
The saide sheperde that loued hym best of all,
After his hurtes, Edippus dyd hym cal.

For Edippus is no more to saine,
Who that conceyueth the expolicion,
But fete yperced throughout both twayne,
In that langage, as made is mencion.
And to Meropa wife of king Polibion
The shepeherde of ful humble entent,
Began the child ful lowly to present.

And for she was barreyne of nature,
She and the kyng of one affection,
Toke Edippus both in to their cure,
As sonne and heire by adopcion,
To reigne in Corinth by succession:
The kyng, the quene, & of Corinth the coũtre,
Had the chylde in so great cheerte.

Let men consydre in their discrecion,
Sodayne chaunge of euery maner thyng.
This childe sent out for his distruction,
And now prouided for to be a kynge:
And through fortune, aye double in worthing.
He that was refuse to beastes most sauage,
Is now receyued to knyghtly heritage.

Destitute he was of his kynrede,
Forsake, and abiect of bloud, and of alie,
In tendre youth his fete were made to blede,
Henge on a tre, and began for helpe crie:
But god that can in mischefe magnifye,
And reconfort folke disconsolate,
Hath made thys childe nowe thus fortunate.

And hath prouided to be a kynges heire,
Him that stode of deth in auenture.
Fortune can shew herselfe both foule & fayre,
Folkes brought lowe, ful wel ayen recure:
And such as pacientlp can endure,
And lyst not grudge ayenst their chastisyng,
God out of mischefe can sodenly them bryng.

But whan Edippus was growe vp to age,
Lyke a yong prince encresynge in noblesse,
Lusty and strong, and freshe of his corage,
Of auenture it fel so in sothnesse,
Outher by strife, or by some frowardnes,
Or by sume conteke he had knowledgynge,
Howe he was not sonne vnto the kynge

As by disceit, but a ferre forraine.
Whereupon full sore he began to muse,
And for to knowe, and be put in certaine,
Thought he would som maner practike vse:
And to the kyng he gan hym selfe excuse,
For a tyme to withdrawe his presence,
Tyll he myght knewe by some experience,

Or by sume signe, howe the matter stode.
Thought he would do his diligence
To knowe his father, & also of what bloude,
He was discended, and haue some euidence
Touching troth howe it stode in sentence:
And her vpon to be certified,
Towarde Appollo fast he hath hym hyed.

Whiche in Cirra worshypped was that time,
And gaue answere through his deite,
To folke that came at euen and at prime,
Of euery doute and ambiguyte:
And there Edippus fallyng vpon his kne,
After hys offring, had answere anone,
That towarde Grece he should gone

Unto a mountaine, that Phocis bare ỹ name:
And there he shoulde of his kynred here.
Also lyke his fate, the answere was the same,
He shoulde slee hys owne father dere,
And after that to Thebes drawe hym nere,
Wedde his mother of very ignorraunce,
Called Jocasta, through hys vnhappy chaũce.

He list no lenger tary ne abyde,
Thys sayd Edippus, but forth goeth he:
And on hys way he began anone to ryde,
Tyl he the mount of Phocis did se,
Under the which stode a great countre,
Called Cetoyens, whiche that time certayne
Werreyed them that were on the moũtaine.

His father Layus through his chiualry,
With Citoyens is entred into battaile:
And Edippus came wyth the partie
Of the hyll, armed in plate and mayle.
And as they began eche other to assaile,
Among the prese at the encountrynge,
Of auenture, Edippus slewe the kyng,

Unknowen to hym that he his father was,
Hauyng thereof no suspection:
Passed his way platly thys is the case,
And also vnknowen he came to the toun
Of mighty Thebes, wher for his hie renoun,
He was receyued wyth ful great reuerence,
Bycause that he slough in their defence

Sphinx the serpent horrible for to se,
Sometyme ordained by incantacions
For to distroy the towne and the countre,
By his compassed sleightly questions
Sloughe man and chylde in all the regions,
Such as not coude by wysdome or reason,
Make of his probleme playne exposicion.

Who so passed by, he coude hym not excuse,
But the serpent wouide hym felly assaile:
With a problem make hym for to muse,
Called of some men an vncouth deuinayle.

Whyche

Whych for to expowne who that did assaile,
Ther was none helpe neither other remedy,
By the statute, but that he must dye.

And for all folke haue not knowledgyng
Of this demaunde, what it was in dede,
I wyll reherce it here in my wrytyng
Compendiously, that men may it rede.
First this serpent (who that list take hede)
Was monstruous, and spake ayenst nature:
And if it fyll that any creature

Man or woman, should forth by passe,
Highe or lowe of all that region,
As I sayde erst there was none other grace,
But if he made an exposicion
Of this serpentes frowarde question,
He must dye, and make no defence:
The whych demaunde was thus in sentence.

The serpent asked: what thyng may that be,
Beast or foule whan it is forth brought,
That hath no power to stand, go, nor flee:
And afterwarde, if it be well ysought,
Goth fyrst on foure, or els gothe he nought,
After by proces se, on thre, & than on twayne,
And eft agayne, as nature doth ordayne,

He goth on thre, and efte on four agayne,
Also kyndly right nature disposeth it so,
And in a whyle it foloweth in certaine,
To the matter which that he came fro,
He must of kynde resort ayen therto:
And who can not the meanynge clerely se,
He of this serpent shall deuoured be.

Which Edippus ful sobre in his entent,
Not to rekeil, or to hasty of langage,
But in his hert wyth great auysement,
And full demure of loke and of vysage,
Considred fyrst thys perilous fel passage:
Sawe wel tofore that it was no iape,
And ful prouided ỹ no worde should escape.

At good leysar, wyth hole mynde & memorye,
Seyng the ernest of this mortal empryse,
Hys life depending bitwixe dethe & victory,
Thys (quod he) plainly to deuyse,
Is fyrst a child whych may not suffyce
Whan it is borne (the truth is al day sene)
Wythout helpe him selfe to sustene.

After on four he naturally doth crepe,
For impotence and grene tenderneſſe,
Norices can tell that do them kepe:
But afterwarde vp he doth hym dresse,
With his two fete: the thirde to expresse,
Is hand, or benche, or suppost of some wal,
To holde hym vp, lest he catche a fall.

And afterward, encresyng of his myght,
To great age whan he doth attayne,
Of his nature than he goth vpryght,
Wightily vpon his legges twayne:
Than cometh age his power to restrayne,
Croked & lame lyke as men may se, (thre,
With a staffe, or potent, to make vp his legges

But whan febleneſſe or syckenes do assayle,
On handes and fete he must bow and lout:
For croche, or potentes, may not than auayle,
Whan lusty youth is banished and shet out.
Than eft agayne, hereof maye be no dout,
With four fete to erth he doth retourne,
Fro whens he came, there styl to sojourne.

All came fro erth, and all to the erth shal,
Agaynst nature may be no protection,
Worldly estates echone they be mortal,
There may no treasour make redemption.
Who clymeth hiest, his fal is lowest doun.
A meane estate is best, who coude it knowe,
Betwene hye presumynge, & bowing to lowe.

For who sit hyest, stand in ieopardye,
Under daunger of fortune, lyke for to fall:
Wilchefe and pouerte as for their party,
Ben lowest brought among these people al.
Some folke tast sugre, and sum tast gall.
Salomon therfore myrrour of sapience,
Bytwene great riches and great indigence,

Asked a meane, called sufficyance:
To hold hym content of cõpetent dispence,
Not to reioyce of to great haboundaunce,
And euer in pouerte to send him pacience,
Sobre vb his plenty, in scarſneſſe non offence,
As of grutching: but bitwene ioye and smart.
Thanke god of all, and euer be glad of hert.

Erth is the ende of euery maner man,
For the rich wyth great possession,
Dyeth as soone (as I reherce can)
As doth the poore in tribulacion.
For deth ne maketh no diuision,
By tyngler fauour, but bitwene both ylich,
Of the poorest, & of hym that is most rich.

This said problem concluded in this cale,

Whych ỹ serpent began sleighly to propose,
That whan a childe is fyrst borne, alas,
Kynde to his dethwarde anon doth hi dispose.
Eche day a iourney, there is none other glose,
Experience can tech in euery age
Howe thys worldeis here but a pilgrimage.

Thys sayde Edippus fyrste in Thebes borne,
Sent to a forest deuoured for to be, (forne,
Founde & brought forth as ye haue herde to-
And after drawynge home to his countre,
Slough hys father, so infortunate was he:
Of frowarde happes followynge al hys lyue,
As this tragedy hys fortune shal discriue.

But for that he through his hye prudence,
Unto the serpent declared euery deie,
He slough hym after, by knightly violence,
More by wysdome, than by armure or steie:
Stace of Thebes can tell you thys ful weie.
Whych was one cause if ye list to sene,
Wherthrough Edippus, wedded hath ỹ quene

Called Iocasta, princesse of that countre:
Hys owne mother, vnknowen to them bothe.
And though she were ryghte fayre vpon to se,
With this mariage ỹ goddes were ful wroth,
For their aliaunce nature gan to loth:
That a mother as ye shal vnderstande,
Shoulde her son take to be her husbande.

There was therin no conuenience
To be supported by kynde, ne by reason,
But if it so be the heuenly influence
Disposed it by the inclinacion
Of some false froward constellacion, (star,
Caused by Saturne, or Mars the frowarde
To engendre debate, or some mortal war.

In thys matter playnly thus I deme,
Of no connyng. but of opinion: (deme
Though he were crowned w sceptre and dia-
To reigne in Thebes the strog myghty toun,
That some aspect came fro heuen adoun,
Infortunate, frowarde, and full of rage,
Which agayne kynde ioyned the mariage.

He crowned was by assent of all the towne,
Flouryng a season by souerayne of peece:
And whyle he helde the possession,
Sonnes and doughters he had doubtles.
The fyrst sonne called Ethiocles,
Polynices called was that other,
(As sayth Bochas) the seconde brother.

Also he had goodly doughters twayne,
The eldest called was Antigone,
The seconde named was Imeyne:
And both they were ryght fayre vnto se,
The quene Iocasta might no gladder be
Than to remembre whan they were in age,
Her goddes had encresed their linage.

It was her ioye and her felicitie,
To se her children, that were so inly fayre:
But after ioye ther cometh aduersite,
And hope assured wanhope doth oft appayre.
Cõtrarious trust wyll gladly their repaire
Wher false wenyng in hert is cõceyued,
Through ignorãce, which hath many deceiued

What thynge in earth is more deceyuable,
Than whan a man supposeth verily
In prosperite for to stand stable,
And from his ioye is remeued sodaynly:
For where fortune is found to hasty,
To trise folke, she is greuous to endure:
For sodayne chaunges be hatefull to natures.

Unware wo that cometh on gladnes,
Is vnto hertes ryght passinge encombreous:
And who hath felt his parte of wealfulnesse
Sorowe synge on, is to hym odious.
And worst of al, and most contrarious
Is whan estates highest of renoun,
Ben fro their noblesse, sodenly brought doun.

There is no glory whych that shyneth here,
That false fortune can so magnifie,
But whan his laude brightest is & clere,
She can eclips it wyth some cloudy skie
Of vnware sorowe, onely of enuy:
Seeth of Edippus an open euidence,
Which by his life had experience

Of highe noblesse: and therwyth also,
Parte importable of great aduersite:
Hys ioye euer meynt wyth ful mortal wo.
For while he reigned in Thebes the citie,
And Iocasta with ful great roialte,
Within the countre there fyl a pestilence,
The people infectyng with his violence.

Through all the land, and al the region,
In euery age, but most greuously
On them echone that were of that towne,
The infection spred most spetially:
And of vengeaũce the sword most rigorously,
Day by day began to byte and carue,

Of

Of ech estate causyng folke to sterue.

Thus began to encrease the mortalite:
That euery man stode in ieopardy
Of their lyues throughout the countre,
So importable was their malady,
That ye might heare the people clepe and cry,
Dispeyred so were they of theyr liues,
Voyde of all socour, & of their preseruatiues.

They sought herbes, & spices in their cofers,
And began to seke for helpe & other socours:
The cause enquiringe of prudent philosofers,
And of their most experte diuinours,
Why that the goddes wyth so charpe shours
Of pestilence, and in so cruel wyse
Lyst them, alas, so mortally chastyse.

But among all, in soth this is the case,
There was founde one ful prudent and wyse,
A prophet, called Tiresias,
Of prophecy hauyng a souerayne prise:
Which affirmed, and sayd in thys wyse,
As vnto him was shewed by myracle,
Phebus him selfe declarynge the oracle:

Cause of this sykenes and these maladies,
As the goddes plainly haue disposed,
(And Senecke writeth also in hys tragedies)
Though the cause be secrete and yclosed:
Unto the tyme there be a kyng deposed,
Which slew his father & raft him his life,
And hath also take his mother to his wyfe,

Tyll thys be done, and execute in dede,
Ther may be made no redempcion:
But pestilence shall multiply and spredе
Euer more and more, through that region.
Tyl vnto the tyme that he be put a doun
Fro his crowne, whych not long agone
His father slough, among his mortall fone,

And hath his mother wedded also,
Agaynst lawe and agaynst al ryght:
Tyll vengeaunce vpon that crime be do,
There shalbe war, pestylence, and fighte,
Sorowe, & strife, & euery maner wight
Of vengeaunce hys neighbour shal hate,
Brother vp brother, & bloud vp bloud debate.

This is al and some, there may be no socour.
Whych brought the people in great heauynes,
For Tiresias the great diuinour,
By prophecy told them thus expresse:
And at the last by tokens and witnes,
Men vnderstode, by signes out shewyng,
This pestilence was brought in by the kyng.

And though the people gaue no credence
To Tiresias ne to his prophecy,
The quene Iocasta caught an euidence,
And in her hert a full great fantasy,
Specially whan she dyde espie
Of Edippus the fete that were wounded,
How this rumour was on trouth ygrounded.

Because also there was a diuinour
Which tolde tofore, that Edippus shoulde be
To Layus of Thebes successour
Wherby the kyng, the quene, and the tyte,
Fyl in great trouble and great aduersite,
Well more than I by writyng can report,
For there was nothing ỹ myght thẽ recõfort.

Ful oft in the day Iocasta gan to swoune,
And kyng Edippus to sobbe, crye and wepe,
In salte teares as they them would drown:
Deth crãpiching in to their hert gan crepe,
A day cõplainyng, a night they may not slepe,
Cursynge the houre of their natiuyte,
That they should lyue that day for to se.

Their mortall chaunce, their dedly auenture,
Their fortune also whych gan on thẽ froun,
Inpacient, and doleful to endure,
Their froward fate, wyth their lokes broun:
The kynge for yre caste away his crowne,
And began to race, for cõstraint of his payne,
Out of his heed his wofull eyen twayne.

Day and night he cried after deth,
Hatefull to come in any mannes sight:
Most desirous to pelde vp the breth,
Woful in hert to come in any light,
Coorbed for sorow, feble to stande vpright,
And specially in hys deedly distres,
For drede and shame he dared in derkenes.

The cruel constreint of his most greuance
Was, that his sonnes had hym in dispyte:
Which gan his sorowe greatly to auance,
For him to scorne was set all their delite,
Was neuer none that stode in worse plyte,
For thus lyeng and destitute of chere,
Unto the goddes he made his prayere:

Beseching thẽ with a ful doleful herte,
Upon his wo to haue sum compassion:
And that they would for to auenge his smert,

Bitwene his sonnes make a diuision,
Eche to bryngе other to distruction.
Thys was his prayer in substaunce,
That eche on other may take vengeaunce.

In yeres fewe, for their vnkyndnesse,
They herd his prayer as ye haue herd deuise:
The bretherne two through their curlidnes,
Eche gan other mortally dispise,
For lacke of grace, and for false couetyse:
Eche for his partie delirous in dede
To fore other to reigne and succede.

And thus these bretherne most infortunate,
Bitwene them selfe full at discencion:
And finally, this vnkindly debate
Brought al Thebes to distruccion.
Yet was there made fyrst a conuencion
By enterchangig ỹ eche should reigne a yere,
The tother absent to play, & come no nere.

This concluded by their both assent
And by accorde of that region,
Polynices rode forth and was absent,
Ethiocles toke fyrst possession:
But whan the yere by reuolucion
Was come about, he false of his entent,
Unto the accorde denied to assent.

Thys was a cause of theyr both striues:
Polynices was thus put out of his right,
Tyll Adrastus that kyng was of Argyues,
which thorow al Grece gretest was of might,
Sent vnto Thebes, Tideus a knyght,
Hys sonne in lawe, to treat of thys matter,
And the cause finally to lere:

Wher through the kyng called Ethiocles,
Would condiscende of truth and of reason,
To stynt warre, and to cherishe pece:
After the accorde and compolicion
Up to deliuer Thebes that mighty towne,
Unto his brother, whych absēt was without,
Now that his yere was fully come about.

But he was false, and frowardly gan vary,
Ethiocles from hys conuencion:
For whych Adrastus no lenger would tary
Whan Tideus had made relacion,
But called anone throughout his region
All the worthy, both nere and farre,
Ayenst Thebes for to begyn a warre.

For thys cause lyke as ye shal lere,
Polynices to forse hys partie
Ywedded had the kynges doughter dere
I meane of Adrastus, floure of chyualry,
Whan Tideus dyd him certifye
Touchinge the answere of Ethiocles,
And of his truth, how he was recheles,

False of hys promyse, & cursedly forsworne.
For to hys truth none aduertence had he,
Neyther to the accord ỹ was made before
Touchyng ỹ deliueraūce of Thebes the cytie:
But who that lyst the storye clerely se
Of these two bretherne, and their discencion,
And howe Adrastus lay to forse the toun,

And howe Tideus through his high prowes,
Fought by the way going on message:
And how of Grece all the worthines,
Wyth kyng Adrastus went in this viage,
And of the mischefe that fyll in that passage
For lacke of water, tyll that Isiphile
Norisshe of Ligurgus so fayre vpon to se,

Taught Tideus to fynde out a riuer,
She that dyd in fayrnesse so excell:
Ne howe the serpent most vgly of his chere,
Of kig Ligurgus ỹ childe slough at the well:
Neyther howe Amphiorax fyll doun to hel,
All to declare me semed was no nede,
For in the siege of Thebes ye may it rede

The storye hole: and made there is mencion
Of either parte, their puissaūce, & their might
And how Adrastus lay to forse the toun,
And how they mette euery daye in fyght.
And howe Tideus the famous knyght
So renomed in actes martial,
Was slayne, alas as he fought on the wal.

And howe the bretherne met among the prese,
Lyke two Tigres or lions that were wode,
With sharpe speres, this is doutlesse,
Euerych of them shed others hert bloud:
This was the fyne, & thus with thē it stode,
Saue at their feestes called funerall,
There fell a marueyle which I tel shal.

Whan they were brent in to asches dede,
Of their enuy there fyll a ful great wonder
Amonge the brondes and the coles rede,
Hyghe in the ayre the smokes went a sunder,
The one to one party, and that other ponder.
To declare the storye, me list not fayne,
The gret hatered ỹ was bitwixt hem twayn.

Thus for their yre, and false discention,
All the lordes and all the chiualrye,
Were slayne of Grece, and also of the towne,
And rote of all (myne auctour list not lye)
Was false alyaunce, and fraternall enuy:
And chefe grounde with all the surplusage,
Who serche aright, was vnkyndly maryage.

The quene Jocasta felt her part of payne,
To se her chylder eche of them slea other:
Her son, her lorde, blynde on his eyen twayne
Which to his sons was father & also brother,
Fortune would it shoulde be none other.
Also Parchas sisters which be in nũber thre,
Spanne so the threde at their natiuitie.

Also whan Jocasta stode thus disconsolate,
And sawe of Thebes the subuersion,
The countrey destroyed, and made desolate,
The gentle bloude shedde of that region:
Without comfort or consolacion,
Thought she myght be no more appeyred,
But of all hope fully loe dispayred.

Trist and heauy, pensyfe, and spake no word,
Her sorowes olde and newe she gan aduert,
Coke the sworde of hym that was her lorde,
Wt which Edippus smot Layus to the hart:
She to fynyshe all her paynes smarte
And fro the body her soule to deuide,
Rose her selfe throughout euery syde.

She wery was of her wofull life,
Seyng of Fortune the great frowardnes,
How her diffame and slaunder was so rife,
And of Edippus the great wretchednes.
Also of her sonnes the great vnkindnes,
All these thinges weyed on her so sore,
That for distresse she list to liue no more.

Bochas writeth concernyng her fayrenes,
Constraynt of sorow causeth it to fade:
The famous light also of her noblesse
And all the clearenes of her dayes glade,
With vnware harmes, she was so ouer lade,
Of very anguysshe that she her selfe did hate,
So inly contrary disposed was her fate.

Thus death deuoureth with his bitter gall
Joye and sorow, auoyde of all mercy:
And with his dart he maketh downe to fall
Riche and poore, them markyng sodaynly.
His vnware stroke smiteth indifferently,
From him refusyng fauour and all mede,
Of all estates he taketh so little hede.

Better is to dye than liue in wretchednes,
Better is to dye than euer lyue in payne,
Better is an ende than deadly heauines,
Better is to dye than euer in wo remayne:
And where ỹ mischefe doth folke to cõplaine
By wofull cõstraynt of long cõtinuaunce,
Better it is to dye thã liue in suche greuaũce.

Taketh ensample hereof and a prefe,
Of kyng Edyppus that was so long ago,
Of quene Jocasta that felt so great mischefe,
And of their chyldren remembre also,
Whiche euer liued, in enuy, sorow and wo.
Fortune, alas, duryng all their dayes,
Was so frowarde to them at all assayes.

Touching Edippus processe finde I none,
What ende he made in conclusion:
Saue Bochas wrt howe that kyng Creon,
Cosen and heyre by succession,
Exiled him chayned farre out of the towne.
Where he endured mischefe, sorow, and drede
Tyll Attropos vntwyned his liues threde.

☞ Lenuoy.

In this tragedy thre thinges ye may se:
The pryde of Jabin & false presumption
Of quene Jocasta the great aduerlitie,
Of kyng Edippus the inclination
To vyces all: and the diuision
Of the two brethren, playnly vs to assure
Kyngdomes deuided may no while endure.

☞ Omne regnum in se diuisum desolabitur.

For who sawe euer kyngdome or countrey
Stande in quiete of possession,
But if there were, ryght, peace, and equitie,
And iust accorde without discention,
Voyde of vntruth and false collusion:
Plainly declaryng by ensample and scripture
Kingdomes deuided may no while endure.

Seeth here example of Thebes the citye,
And how that noble myghty region
Through their frowarde false duplicitie,
With warre were brought to destruction,
Their promise broken, & their couert treason,
Shewed by their harmes impossible to recure,
Kingdomes deuided may no while endure.

Princes, princelles which haue the louerain-
Ouer the people, and domination, (tie
I kye lyst longe lyue in felicitie,
Cherishe your subiectes, do none extorcion.
And aduertise, of wysdome and reason,
Is this tragedy dothe to you discare,
Kyngdomes deuided may no while endure.

The.x. Chapter.

How Atreus kynge of Messene wrought ayenst his brother Thiestes, slew his thre children, dismembred them in pieces & made Thiestes to eat of their flesh, & drinke of their bloud.

BOchas the Poete auctour of this boke
Him purposyng to gather and compile
Diuers stories, anone his penne he toke:
Him remembryng within a little while,
In this chapitle began direct his style
To write the story, hye and compendious,
I forne all other, of duke Theseus

Lorde of Athens, a famous great citye,
Right strong and myghty on euery side.
But at his backe Bochas did one se,
Which cryed loude, and bade he shold abide:
Bochas (quod he) fro the me list not hide
My wofull case, ne in no wise spare,
My piteous complaynt to the to declare.

I am Thiestes besprent all with wepyng,
Drowned in teares as thou maiest well se:
Sometyme sonne of the mighty kyng
Pelops, and borne also parde
Of quene Hippodamea excellent of beautye.
And for thou art desirous to endite
Of people vnhappy and their wo to write,

My will is this anone that thou procede.
Turne thy style, and take thy penne bliue,
Leaue Theseus and take of hym none hede,
But first my tragedy that thou discrye:
For I suppose that in all thy lyne,
That thou saw neuer a thing more dolorous
More vnhappy, frowarde, ne more piteous

Than is, alas, my mortall aduenture:
Incomperable, the sorow surmounting
Of quene Iocasta, most wofull creature,
Or of Edippus his fate euer complaynyng
For my complaynt hath none endyng
But lasteth euer, and beareth me witnes,
No wo resembleth vnto my heauines.

And with ỳ worde Iohn Bochas styll stode,
Full soberly to geue him audience:
And in the place demurely abode,
To hear the substaunce of his mortal offence,
Whiche thus began to shewe the sentence.
O Iohn (quod he) I pray the take good hede
My wo to write, that men may it reade.

Alas, my brother rote of vnkyndenes,
Atreus called of reason, sours and well,
And finder out of treason and falsenes,
(For all other in fraude he doth precell)
Whose couert hate is more than I can tell,
I suppolyng of very innocence
In him no malice, disceite, nor none offence,

But as brother should a brother trust,
I trusted him, of hart, will, and thought:
By apparence none other cause I wyst,
For in his person I suppoled nought
That euer he culd so false a thig haue wrought
But who may soner another man deceyue,
Than he in whom no malice men conceyue?

I demed of him as of my true brother,
Weenyng he had faythfull ben to me:
I sawe no signe, ne I knew none other,
In him supolynge no duplicitie.
But wo alas, how might it euer be,
Or who did euer in any story finde,
Bloude vnto bloude to be so vnkynde?

I will passe ouer to tell the worthines,
Touching the estates of our progenitours,
Of our kynred, and the great nobleste,
I tell nothing nether of our predecessours,
Ne of my youth, howe passed ben the floures:
I leaue all this, and vnto mynde call
The wretchednes that I am in fall.

My brother founde a false occasion
Ayenst me, and began a cause feyne
To banish me out of our region:
And began at me of hatred to disdayne,
Upon me affirmyng in certayne
In our kingdome whiche called is Messene,
I should haue lien by his wyfe the quene.

This he compassed full falsely of malice,
Him selfe well knowyng that it was not so:
Euer founde vnkynde and misauise,
Not like my brother, but like my deadly fo.
And to encrease great percell of my wo,
By long procesle in his entencion,

He

He ymagined my destruction.

And his chefe cause was false couetise
Touchyng this thing which he did faine
And yet this kyngdome truely to deuise,
Should haue bē departed betwene vs twaine
But ayenst truth he did so ordayne,
Me to exyle out of that region,
Him selfe alone to haue possession.

Yet in his hart he cast an other wile,
To my vndoyng and desolation,
To the place whence he did me exile
Under a shadowe of false collusion,
To make a manet reuocation:
Of brotherhead shewyng a pretence,
Me to restore ayen to his presence.

To be accepted as a brother shoulde:
With full accorde styll with hym to abide,
All iniuries of whyche afore I tolde,
On either party forget and set alyde.
That nothing after should our loue deuide,
But of one will and one entencion,
Leade all our lyfe without deuision.

Wherof the people were full glad and lyght,
Throughout Missene that mighty region,
At my resortyng founde I euery wyght
Ready of hart and whole affection
Me to receyue into that noble towne.
And none so ready by lygnes out shewyng,
To make me chere in sothe as was the kyng.

There is no domage in comparison,
That may be lykened by no resemblaunce
To fayned truth and simulation,
Whan fraude is hyd w a fayre countenaunce,
Pretendyng truth outward by deceyuaunce,
And vndernethe of most false entent,
Of doublenesse dareth the serpent.

As vnder flowers is shrowded the dragon,
For to betray by sodayne vyolence,
Suche folke as haue no suspection,
But truely meane in their pure innocence,
Till they be caught dispurueyed of defence:
Or as a fiche with bayte of false pleasaunce,
The hoke not sene is brought to mischaunce:

Thus semblably at my home commyng,
I was receyued with euery circumstaunce:
Lyke as halfe heyre and brother to the kynge.
And he pretendyng as by countenaunce,
That he had so inly great pleasaunce
Of my repayre, of truth he tolde so
For reioysyng that he sayed he woulde go

Unto his gods to do some obseruaunce
For this accorde, and humble sacrifice:
Made his ministers w faythful attendaunce
To wayte on me in all their best wise.
It nedeth not to tell ne deuise
Neither by wrytyng in bokes for to set,
Halfe the ioye he made whan we mette.

First how frendly he did me embrace,
Of harty gladnes within his armes twaine,
And how for ioye the teares on his face
Full entirely gan distyll and rayne:
That for my party he could not me restraine,
But that I must of frendshyp fraternall,
Wepe as did he, in his estate royall.

The wily wolfe that cast him to deuour
The sely lambe whiche can no defence,
Ne none helpe him selfe to succour,
So feble he is to make resistence,
Whiche demeth truth of false apparence,
What wonder is it the fraude not conceiued
Though such lambes vnwarely be disceiued.

Though that roses at midsomer be full sote,
Yet vnderneth is hyd a full sharpe spyne:
Some freshe floures haue a full bitter rote,
And lothsom galle can suger vndermine,
In dredful stormes ꝑ sunne amōg doth shyne
And vnder a shadow of fayned frendlyheade
There is no frendshyp so perillous to dreade.

Thus remembryng the faythful wordes stable
Of my brother shewed vnto me
At our metyng the killyng amiable,
The assured couenauntes of our fraternitie,
But oft time men may beholde and se
That lilies growen amōg these nettles thicke
And floure delice in mids these wedes wicke.

Thus while I rested in the kynges house,
Nothing aduertyng his deadly cruelty,
His old hatred was so venemous,
And so odible to destroy me:
Him selfe to auenge he toke my children thre,
And sikerly is it not a wonder,
He cut their throtes with a knife a sunder.

For he thought that it did him good
Them to dismember into peces small:

And

And in a vessell for to gather their bloude
While they lay still and loked on him pale.
This was his dede in a desert vale
Within a caue that no man should espy,
Treason conspired of his falle tyranny.

This was the substaunce of his sacrifice,
To slee my childer, & make their harts blede.
I trowe the Gods therof did agrise,
Of his falle offrynge whan they toke hede.
He did their membres after rost and sede,
And with this byande most abhominable
He made me to be serued at the table.

In couert cruses (also thus it stode)
To staūch mi thirst through his cruel vēgeāce
He made me vnknowe dzynke their bloud.
Was not this thing to goddes displeasaunce?
Yes I dare saye, for by demonstraunce,
Upon this dede without more obstacle,
The sunne in heauen shewed a myracle:

Whiche sore agrysed might not beholde
With his beames theron to cast his syght,
For displeasaūce his clearenes gan wholde
And for vengeaunce to withdzaw his lyght,
The day turnyng for horrour into nyght,
Whan he shone bryghtest in his midday spere,
Shrowded his face and wouldе not appere.

But I alas vpon this cake horrible
That couldе not ymagyn ne thynke,
On any matter that was so odible,
Eat their flesche, their bloude also did dzynke:
Whiche so sore dothe to mine hart synke,
That I may not touchyng this aduenture
The circumstaunce for constraint discure.

It nedeth me not to make rehearsayle
Touchynge mine exyle, of all maner thinges,
Of diuers sorowes that me did assayle,
My wofull sighes, ne my grenous wepings:
Ne vpon nightes my dolorous wakinges.
My pouert, nether how I stode in dzede,
To lese my life, wherof Bochas take hede.

And remembze all the circumstaunces,
If euer thou sawest of high or low degre,
More contrary or more vnhappy chaunces,
Than thou hast heard remembzed here of me
Wey in balaunce my sorowes, let me se
If any sorowe or mischefe vnrecured,
May counterpayse to that I haue endured?

Mine infortunes I founde them aye so fell
Without fauour and succoure, dispurueyed.
My brother on me was euer so cruell,
That I full oft desiered to haue died:
For to this day my spirite hath ben conueyed
With sorow and wo deuoyde of all refuge,
Wherfore I pzay the, O Bochas be my iuge.

And in thy wzityng leaue me not behynde,
Nether in thy boke that thou not disdayne,
Among tho folke that thou haue me in mynd,
Which ỹ for sorow, wepe, wayle, and playne:
And thus Thiestes rehearsyng all his paine,
Like as he would him selfe in pieces rende,
Made vnto Bochas of his tale an ende.

The. xi. Chapter.

How Atreus excuseth him selfe of murder, and of his brothers aduoutry done with Europa quene.

Atreus came after with a full pale chere
And of enuy full dead in his vysage,
Unto Bochas gan to approche nere,
Like as he had be fallen in a rage,
And furiously abzayde in his langage,
How may this be that like a man were wode
Thiestes hath his venym sow abzode?

And like a rybaude falsly me accused?
Notwithstandyng that I full clearely se
Mine infortunes which may not be refused,
So sore alas they worke agaynst me.
And though Thiestes falle and vntrue be,
And vnto the Bochas with a face pale
Agaynst me hath forged here a tale.

Whiche in effect shalbe found vntrue,
If I haue time my complaynt to declare:
For I purpose to tell a tale newe
Fro poynt to poynt, and for no man spare,
How he was ground and rote of all my care,
And ouer, like as it is befall,
Reherce the beginnyng of my sorowes all.

Sometime whan I raigned in Millene,
Of age lusty flourying in my freshenes,
With my wife Europa that was quene,
Most renomed that time of fayrenes,
Thiestes than as grounde of all fallenes,
As a traytour his tyme did espye,
Through his falle fraude and flattery,

Compassed a meane within my cityе,

By sleighty wyles that were incomparable,
To corrupt my wiues chastitie,
My bedde defoulyng a thing intollerable,
And to the Gods very abhominable:
Vsyng the quene to his fleshely pleasaunce,
Tyll vnto the tyme that in continuaunce

She by him had sonnes two or three,
Echone brought forth in false aduoutry:
Demyng none other but they had be
Mine owne children, till that I did espye
How this swyne through his false lechery
This Thiestes, after Europa
Lay with his daughter called Pelopeia.

And by processe forthe a chylde she brought
Called Egistus whiche whan he came to age
As saith Bochas much treason wrought:
For by his malice and his great outrage,
Destroyed was all whole the lynage
Of Tantalus, whiche by his liuyng
In Frygia raygned as lorde and kyng.

But this Egistus of whom I spake tofore
Falsely begotten (mine auctour sayth ꝑ same)
Of Pelopeia, anone as he was borne,
To hyde the slaunder, and also the fame,
Of Thiestes, and also to saue his name,
Whan he was but a day of age,
He was out cast to beastes sauage

To be deuoured: the story is well couthe.
A melche gote God lyst for him prouide,
To foster him in his tender youthe.
He nyght and day liynge by her syde,
Within the forest thus he did abyde:
Unto the tyme he gan growe in age,
Than to the court he holdeth his passage.

Wherfore (O Bochas) of hart I pray the,
Whiche of these stories is most terrible
Of Edippus, Iocasta, or of me:
Tel on anone if it be possible,
Whiche of these sorowes is most penible:
Of the Thebane brethren ful of wo and tene,
Or of vs twayne brethren of Millene:

I am aknowe as for my party,
Of vengeaunce I did a cruell dede:
I slough his children of malyce and enuy,
And rosted them whan they were deade,
Onely bicause, if thou list take hede.
That he begate the, as rote of all this stryfe,
Upon Europa which that was my wife.

Such hatefull thinges ech man should lothe,
Which appartayneth to murder and treson:
Thus may I saye we be vnhappy both.
He first by trespace of fornication,
Done by the quene wythin my region:
And I slaundred on that other syde,
Of hasty vengeaunce to be an homicyde.

My bedde he defouled by his aduoutry,
To God and man a thing most detestable;
And I of malice and false melancholy,
Slough his childer, & serued the at the table.
Thus enterchaunging if it be commendable,
Eche was desyrous through our vnhappye
Upon other to do vengeaunce. (chaunce

Our great hatred most odious found of all,
Our cruell dedes wrought on eyther syde,
Senecke reherceth them in especiall
In his tragedies, and there he dothe deuide
Our complayntes, our malice, and our pryde
Our fatall ende in sorow and mischefe tyned,
Whan Attropos our liues threde vntwyned.

Whan John Bochas fully had espied
Of these two brethren the accusations,
And how they had maliciously replyed,
Eche agaynst other in their discentions,
He began duly to heare their motions:
Put vp his pen, & wrote not more a word,
Of their fury, ne of their false discorde.

Lenuoy.

This tragedy sheweth a figure,
A maner of ymage and also likenes.
How contrary it is vnto nature,
Blonde vnto blond to shew vnkyndnes:
This wofull story can well beare witnes,
All such debates ben as ye shall fynde,
Hatefull to God and contrary vnto kynde.

For there is no more dreadfull aduenture
Than in kynred to fynde frowardnes,
Neither no domage more perilous tendure,
Than in frendshyp whan there is straugeness:
A maner party by example I dare expresse.
To se the tree debate agaynst the rynde,
To God right hateful, and contrary to kynd.

Euery beast, and euery creature
Loueth his semblable of kynde right I gesse:
And whi in one truth doth tway harts assure
Undeparted of very perfitenes,

It were a vycious frowarde curlednes!
Their loue to vnknytte, to lose, or vnbinde,
Hatefull to God, and contrary vnto kynde.

Princes, pryncesses, do your busy cure,
Frō you to auoyd, strife, fraude, & doublenes:
Remember you vpon the vnhappy cure
Of these two brethrē, and their wretchednes,
And of their bothe malicious wilfulnes,
And of their strife, haue this well in mynde:
To God right hatefull, and contrary to kind.

¶ The. xii. Chapter.

☞ Of duke Theseus and Ariadne that saued his life in a caue, and how he like a forsworne man forsoke her, and wedded fayre Phedra, which after slewe her selfe.

Athenes whan it was in his floures,
Was called nourish of philosophers wise
Princesse of poetes and expert oratours,
Sūme of all sciences as clarkes can deuise,
Whence all cunnyng most clearely did aryse:
Named of Grece the lanterne and the light,
Which through al erth shed his bemes bright

With noble titles which ben out of number
In euery coast his renome did shyne:
The fame therof was clipsed w̄ none vmber,
All other scholes it did so enlumine,
For in that citye plainely to determine,
Of the. vii. artes, as frō one head did spring
As out of riuers, streames of all cunnyng.

These sciences were called liberall,
Onely of fredome, fraunchise, and libertie,
For of a stocke that were proued thrall,
There should no braunch study in that citye:
But the ilke bloude that were founde free,
Bothe by discent, and liniall high noblesse,
There to scholey should haue entresse.

This citye was sacred to Mynerue,
For their wildome and their sapience:
Of Mercury the feastes they obserue,
For rethorike and for eloquence.
And mighty Mars gaue them influence
With glad aspectes, their party to amende,
Nobles of knighthode, their cleargy to defend

This toune was nobled bi title of other thinges
And most glorious rekened in that age,
By succession of dukes and of kynges,
Among which, duke Theseus by lynage
Sonne of Egistus, full freshe in his courage,
Excellyng all of prudence and manhede
That euer did the crowne there possede.

For to that citye through his noblesse
In their defence, such trust, such assiaunce,
He gaue to them by his expert prowes,
Of his triumphes so great aboundaunce:
And specially their renome to auaunce,
He made them free their truage to lete,
Ayenst Mynos the mighty kyng of Crete.

For by his force (the story is well couthe)
Them to franchise and all that region,
The Mynotaur he slough in tender youth.
And afterwarde he of deuocion,
To acquite him selfe like a champion,
Therof made solemne sacrifice,
To Iupiter in most humble wise.

And of a Theatre called Maraton,
Duke Theseus had the victorye,
After he went to Colchos with Jason,
Chefe of counsayle, as made is memory.
And by processe to augment his glory,
With Hercules his brother to conuey,
Agaynst Amalones he went to warrey.

Conquered them, his manhode was wel sene,
His force, his noblesse, in that mortall stryfe:
And after that Ipolita the quene
This Theseus toke vnto his wife.
And for his brother he ieoparded his lyfe,
Duke Perithous, whan he did vndertake
The Centaures to outray for his sake.

This Centaures poetes specifye,
And Seruius maketh mencion,
How they were sumtyme engendred on a sky
Whan first their father called Irion
Was enamored full many a day agone,
Upon Juno, because she was so fayre,
Gouernesse, and goddesse of the ayre.

This Irion was her secretary.
And for her fayrenes and excellent beauty,
Loued her hote: albeit she was contrary
To his desire, Bochas read and ye may se:
Him to delude, he writeth how that she
Her selfe transformed, as she ꝑ might & could,
Into the likenes of an heauenly cloude.

This

This Ixion playnly supposyng
It was her selfe: and euen thus he wrought
The cloude embracyng wout more tarrynge,
Of his foly the goddesse there he sought.
And wt their medlyng forth they brought
The Centaures, these beastes maruelous,
Whiche of nature ben founde monstruous.

Halfe mã, halfe horse, departed thus in twain
And wonderfull by their discription,
Of false malyce did them selfe ordayne,
On Pirithous to make enuasion:
And hym to put out of possession
Of his wife called Ipodamen,
And her to rauisshe maugry all his men.

There were of thẽ an hundred in number,
Swift as the winde in their course runnyng
Whiche of malyce cast them to encumber,
Duke Pirithous the day of his weddyng:
And to rauysh his wyfe at their commyng,
If for his party there were no defence
Agaynst their power to make resistence.

But Theseus lyst not to delay,
Pirithous his brother to defende:
First the Centaures knyghtly he did outray,
So mortally, they durst not him offende,
After the conquest to hell they did descende,
Duke Pirithoe: and worthy Theseus,
Maugry the daunger of cruell Cerberus.

There they rauished in their mortall tene
Through their knyghthode, if ye list to here,
Despite of Pluto, Proserpina the quene
Whiche of Jupiter was the daughter dere.
And Pirithous founde first the manere
Of wilfull force through his high renoun,
Realmes to conquere, and hold in possession.

But by writyng sothly of Ouyde,
He playnly telleth how duke Theseus
Arested was in hell, and must abyde,
By the force of cruell Cerberus.
And Pluto was to hym contrarious,
Tyll Pirithous to fynde a release,
The case declared vnto Hercules.

Whiche of his knighthode a remedy founde:
To helpe his frende did his busy paine,
First by his prowes Cerberus he bounde
At hell gates wyth a treble chayne.
And of his manhode he did so ordayne,
Duke Theseus from daunger to discharge,
Maugry of Pluto for to go at large.

They were in armes brethren bothe twayne,
Loued as brethren bothe in warre and peas,
That neither couldе vnto other krayne:
Their life to ieopard, and put thẽ self in prees
And both as brethren were called Hercules,
To signify (Poetes can well tell)
This name in conquest all other doth excell.

By olde tyme they that were pereles
For their nobles in diuers regions,
All they for manhode were named Hercules.
Such as were noysed for famous champions
Tygres to daunt, eke boares, and lyons:
And renoumed among them euerychone,
Bochas affirmeth that Theseus was one.

First (as I sayd) by his knyghtly trauayle
Whan Athens stode in deuision,
Among them selues by warre and battayle,
By his wisdome and his discrecion,
To set accord within that noble towne
Them that were exiled & stode in no certeyne
He of his knyghthode made thẽ resort ayen.

He gaue thẽ lawes wherby thei shold thẽ gye
Noble statutes founded of reason:
Set amonge them so prudent policy
In their liuyng. that no discention
Shoulde aryse by none occasion,
Among them selues in hye or lowe estate,
Prouidyng euer that there were no debate.

Thus began the city encrease and multiplye,
To ware famous of wisdome and richesse:
There sprong the well fyrst of Philosophy,
There first of knyghthode rose the hye nobles
By Theseus, Bochas beareth wytnes,
Thus thinges two like as it is founde,
Clergy and lawe did there first abounde.

For to set the citye in quiete
He made peace through all that region:
And of knyghthode he manly did mete
The cruell tyrant that called was Creon.
Maugre him made restitucion
Of lordes bones that were at Thebes slayn,
To the ladyes, wherof they were full fayne.

Thus through Greece his renome spradde,
His knyghtly fame began to multiply:
And long in ioye thus his life he ladde,
While that Fortune list him magnify.

But aye her ioye is meynt with some enuy,
For the froward list no more soiourne
With Theseus, but began her to face tourne

Away fro him: were peruerce and froward,
Of his glory, vngoodly gan to doubul,
Downe frō her whele, she made go backward
Of his good name she gan the fethers pull,
Whan his noblesse was highest at full,
I meane the full of his felicitye,
There folowed an ebbe of great aduersitie.

And moreouer her frowardly to aquite,
His vnhaps rehearsyng one by one,
One the first, as Bochas list to endite,
Was when he lay in Crete among his sone:
And out of pylon should into Grece gone,
Repayrynge homeward ꝛ him selfe wdrawe,
The Mynotaur whan he had yslawe.

The first emprise that he vndertoke,
Was whan he escaped the improrable payne,
Of Mynotaurs, like as sayth my boke:
And w̄ him had the kings daughters twayne
That he of malice falsely list disdayne:
Ayenst Ariadne which did him saue
From the death, whan he lay in the caue,

Should haue ben slaine had not his socour be
In his repayre he toke therof no hede:
He left her alone in great aduersitye,
Within an yle, in mischefe, sorowe and drede.
And fayre Phedra with him he did lede,
Wedded her like a forsworne man,
Thus w̄ vntruth his mischefe first began.

How Phedra quit her, ꝑ story is well know:
In his absence, Bochas writeth thus,
Whan that she within a little throwe
Loued agaynst kynde, her sonne Ipolitus.
But he to her was contrarious,
Would not assent to so foule a dede,
For shame he fled, ꝛ percel also for drede.

To his father she him did accuse,
As ye toforne haue the story sene:
And for he did her company refuse,
He went away and came neuer agayne.
For ye haue heard how that he was slayne,
Within a chare through his vnhappy chaūce:
And how Phedra through vengeaunce,

Slough her selfe, agaynst all womanhede,
Here in this boke tofore as I you tolde.

Of which thing whan Theseus toke hede,
Thought it was vēgeaunce for his offence old:
For he not quit him like as he was beholde,
To Ariadne whiche should haue be his wyfe,
By whose succour he scaped with his lyfe.

This infortune and this vnhappy chaunce
Was to his nobles full contrarious,
The death also was to him a vengeaunce,
Of his sonne called Ipolitus:
For sorow of whom this duke Theseus
With salt teares sore began to playne,
And helde the exequies of the like twayne.

I trowe also it did him sore greue,
Duke Pirotheus whan he sawe deade.
Slayne with a beast, and myght not releue,
Of big Orchus hoūd which had a treble head
Whose teeth horrible of his bloud were redde:
Whiche infortune when he gan beholde,
Unto the death he felt his hart colde.

And for to reken the great wretchednes,
The vnhappy chaunces ꝑ fell him in his lyfe,
Among all his other great distresses,
Was none so mortall and so full of strife,
As was whan he gaue credence to his wyfe,
Phedra called, whiche of intencion
Compassed vntruely an accusation

Upon Ipolytus, of hatred and enuy,
Because he would not do so great offence,
As for to assent to her lechery:
Therfore of death he felt the violence.
And for his father to sone gaue credence,
Bochas forbade husbandes all their lyues,
Without preue, not leue to sone their wyues.

Neither be to hasty tales for to leue
Of flaterers, in chamber ne at the table:
Forgers of lesynges my auctor doth wel preue
To abide w̄ lordes that they be not able,
Hereon he maketh a chapitle notable,
And of his wrytyng this was the cause why,
That princes should examyne eche party.

Of wisdome also, and of discrecion,
Without a preue not be parciall,
For to a prynce it is confusion,
If betwene parties he be not found egall:
Causeth many one for to haue a fall.
God suffreth such not longe to contune
Withdraw their grace, ꝛ hindreth their fortune

Thus

Thus Theseus for his hastines
His happe, his grace, discreased day by day.
The fame appalled of his worthines,
And frowarde fortune also in a wayte lay
For his defautes, to hinder him if she may,
Cast she woulde his nobles disauaunce:
And than his kyngdome by disobeysaunce.

From him wdrawe honour and reuerence,
Full frowardlye through all his region
They of Athens by cruell byolence,
Fyll agaynst him in rebellion:
That he was fayne to flye out of that towne,
Thus hath fortune darked the bryghtnes
Of all his nobles, and cast hym in distresse.

Thus was the ende by great contrariousstie,
Of Theseus, after hys dayes glade,
Whan the freshe floure of olde felicitie
Fortune aduerse made them for to fade.
Eche thyng must bowe whan it is ouerlade,
Worschyp & honour whan they bryghtest shine
w vnware chaunges than rathest do declyne.

¶Lenuoy.

The vnsure gladnes, the ioye transitory,
The vnstable surenes, the transmutatiõs,
The clowdy bzightnes, the false eclipsed glory
Of earthly pzynces, whiche haue possessions,
Monarchies and dominacions,
Their sodayne chaunge declareth to vs all
Their swete suger is meynt with bitter gall.

This blynde goddesse in her consistory,
With her pleasaunce medleth discentions:
After triumphes, conquest, and victory,
Reueth from kynges their scepters & crowns
Troubleth the people with false rebellions,
Se these dukes which from the whele be fall
Al worldly suger is meynt with bytter gall.

This tragedy maketh memory
Of dukes twayne, and of their hye renounes,
And of their loue wzite a great history,
And how they conquered diuers regions:
Gouerned cities, countreyes, & also townes,
Tyll fortune their pzowes did appall,
To shew their suger was meint w bitter gal.

Pzynces, pzyncesses, se how deceptory,
Ben all these worldly reuolutions:
And how fortune in her reclinatory,
With her treacle tempzeth false poysons.
So marueilous ben her confections,
Of frowardnes she wyll what so befall,
Euer with her suger of custome temper gall.

¶The.xliii. Chapter.

Where Bochas wziteth agaynste them that geueth hastye credence to lyers and flatterers.

In this chapter Bochas in sentence,
Repzeueth & blameth not onely pzinces,
But all them that lyghtly geueth credẽce
To euery tale and fable whiche is
Repozted vnto them for sothfastnesse:
And list nothing do as it were due,
To pzoue the truth wzre it false oz true.

All though so be in euery maner age
Folkes ben diuers of condicions,
To turne, plye, and chaunge in their courage
To outher party with sodayne motions,
And for to bowe by transmutations
With euery wynde as the vnstable leaues,
Which hang on trees, in forestes & in greues.

But of al chaũges ỹ chaunge is most to dzede
And most fearfull is that variaunce,
Whã that pzinces whych may the people lede,
Ben founde vnstable in their gouernaunce:
For their nobles and their hye puissaunce
Assureth them by a maner of forme,
What euer thẽ list to accomplyche & performe

To cõmen profite they most may aueyle,
Whan they ben ruled by wisdome and reason
And to the people they may most disaueyle,
Whan they lacke wytte and discrecion.
Thus betwene twayne in euery region
The people dzaweth, who that can discerne,
To good oz badde as pzynces them gouerne.

They may not be to hasty, ne to sodayne,
But do all thyng by good aduisement:
Kepe thẽ fro tonges ỹ parted be in twayne,
Not be to hasty to geue no iudgement:
And of folkes whan they ben absent,
Lieue no tales, neither geue no credence,
Tyll that the party may come to euidence.

Sumtime hath happed that slowe credence
Hath in some be founde full noyous,
But hasty credence I dare say in sentence,
A thousande folde is more perillous:
For vnaduised all haste is odious.

For haste full oft for lacke of reason,
Of muche people hath ben destruction.

There is no domage that men can purpose
More to be dradde nor more lamentable
Than a prynce his eares to vnclose
To euery tale and euery fable:
It is a token their hartes be not stable,
Whan they to flatterers their eares do apply
Namely to suche that can well forge a lye.

Folke ben diuers, some false, some true,
In diuers studies done their busines:
Some can study, and finde out tales newe,
And some for lucre can maintayne falsenes,
And holde vp quarels ayenst ryghtwisenes.
Pretendyng truth vnder a false entent,
To hinder folkes whiche ben innocent.

Yen to suppose it were a great folye
That folkes shoulde in their opinion
Speake or pronounce all on one party,
Or holde one way in their intencion:
For semblably as there is a diuision
Of courages, of hye or lowe degre,
So is there truly a great diuerlitie

In rehearsall, or report of a thing.
For to his party eche man is fauourable,
Some man can say well in al his rehearsyng
Some man is double, and some distreanable:
Some men say true, and some be variable,
Wherfore a prynce of ryght as it doth seme,
Should well examen before that he deme.

For there is none more dreadfull pestilence,
Than a tonge that can flatter and fage:
For wyth his cursed crabbed byrulence,
He enfecteth folke of euery age.
Wo to tonges froward of their langage,
And wo to tonges, false, furious, and wode,
Which of no person neuer can say good.

Bochas rehearseth, it is right well sittyng
That euery man other do commende,
And say the best alway in reportyng:
For in well saiyng no man may offende,
Where men say well god will his grace send.
After as men be, mē must their praise byraise
Like their merites alowe them or dispraise.

But where a thing is vtterly vnknowe,
Let no man there be hasty of sentence:
For ryghtfull iudges sittyng on a rowe
Of their wisdome and of their hye prudence,
Will of trouth haue first some euidence.
(I meane such as gouerned be by grace)
Or any dome forthe of their lippes pace.

A prynce should assemble thinges twayne
Within him selfe, full prudently:
Shut vp the domes betwene lockes twayne,
One of the soule: to reason for that party
Prudence chosen, and right for the body.
And betwene them bothe or he geue sentence,
To counsayle call truth and good conscience.

First to consider wyth euery circumstaunce,
And diligently do theron his laboure,
Of discrecion to take the balaunce:
And first wey out who is the accusour,
And whether that he for falsenes or fauoure,
In his prosecusse list to procede,
Hereof a prynce must of ryght take hede.

He must also consider by and by
What he is, that to him is accused,
And whether the accusour, be frend or enemy
Or whether he shalbe accept or refused.
In his actes this must afore be mused.
And whether he be by report of his name,
A man well noysed, or slaundred by diffame.

If Theseus thus had ben auysed,
And considered of reason the manere:
He had not so hastely deuised
His sonnes death, like as ye shall leare.
For if there had assembled be in fere,
In his person, prudence and reason,
He shoulde haue sene in his discretion.

By knowlegyng of long experience,
Of his wyfe the great vnstedfastnes:
Which through her false compassed eloquence
Was ready euer to bryng folke to distresse.
And in his writyng Bochas beareth witnes,
Of their nature women can flatter and fage,
And be sumtyme to copious of their langage.

Also of wisdome, duke Theseus
Should haue considred afore in his entent,
How that his sonne called Ipolytus,
Of all vnclennes was founde euer innocent:
And how that he by custome made his went
Into forestes durynge his ponge age,
To hunt at beastes, which that were sauage.

Rennyng on fote, as ye shall vnderstande,

On

On hilles and baleys, to eschue idlenes
Mother of vices, with his bow in hand,
Diana to serue of huntyng chefe goddesse:
Sumtime to hauke he did his bulines,
Also vnto fischyng greatly he was applyed,
So that his youth was neuer vnoccupied.

Thus he liued in woodes solitary,
And of Uenus dispised the seruice:
Among women he would neuer tary,
Their felowschyp he did alway despise,
For he demed by sentence of the wise,
Who toucheth pytche by a laye men may se,
It fayleth not he shall defouled be.

Ipolitus sawe wel this thing before,
Kept him at large from such contagiositie
His grene youth he would not haue it lore,
To be defouled for lacke of chastitie.
For he liued euer in virginitie,
And neuer did(Bochas will not vary)
Nothing that was vnto God contrary.

Thus of entent he kept his body clene,
Duryng his life both in thought and dede:
Whose mother was Ipolita, the quene
Of Amasones, in Ouide ye may rede.
But wo alas that Theseus toke hede,
For a tale of Phedra full of gyle,
Without gilte his sonne so to exyle.

After whose death some Poetes sayne,
Howe that Dyana for his chastitie,
Restored him vnto life agayne
By Esculapius, and gaue him lybertye
In her forestes to hunt and to go fre:
For whiche restoryng(as write Ouidius)
Is twyse a man men call hym Uirbius.

But Bochas here I not what he doth mene,
Maketh in his boke an exclamation,
Agaynst women, that pity is to sene:
Sayth how their life, and their generation,
Ben of their nature double of condicion.
And calleth them also, diuers and vnstable,
Beastes resemblyng, that ben insaciable.

He meaneth of women borne in Crete,
And nothyng of them ỹ dwell in this coũtrey.
For women here all doublenes they lete,
And haue no tatche of mutabilitie:
They loue no chaunges, ne no duplicitie.
For their husbandes in caules small or great,
Whatsoeuer they say, they can not coũterplete
Blessed be god that them hath made so meke,
So humble and fearfull of their condicions:
For though men would cause and matter seke
Against their pacience, to finde occasions,
They haue refused all contradictions.
And thẽ submitted through their gouernaũce,
Onely to mekenes and womanly suffraunce.

I speake not of one, I speke of euerychone
That ben professed vnto lowlines, (none
Thei mai haue mouthes, but lãgage haue thei
All true husbandes can beare hereof witnesse.
For wedded men, I dare full well expresse,
That haue assayed, and had experience,
Best can recorde, of wifely pacience.

For as it longeth to men to be sturdy,
And sumwhat frowarde as of their nature:
Right so can women suffer pacientlỹ,
And all wronges womanly endure.
Men shoulde attempt no maner creature,
And namely women, their mekenes to preue,
Which may wel suffer, if no man them greue.

Euery thing resorteth to his kynde,
(As Bochas writeth) sumtyme of the yere:
And who sercheth by processe he shall fynde,
That truth & vertue may neuer fade of chere:
For rightwilenes will alway shyne clere.
Truth and falsnes in what they haue to done,
They may no while assemble in one persone.

Feare and flattery they ben contrary,
They may together hold no long soiour:
Neither simplesse whiche that can not vary,
May neuer accorde with a baratour.
Neyther innocence with a lesyngour,
Neither chastite can not her selfe apply,
Her to conforme vnto no rybaudry.

Eche thing hath a proper disposition,
By the ordinaunce set in their courage:
And ech man folowyth his condicion,
As of the stocke the frute hath the tarrage.
Pilgrymes may go full farre in their passage
But I dare say how farre that euer they go,
They beare some tarrage of ỹ they came fro.

Bochas maketh an introduction
In this chapiter, of hygh nobilesse
That princes haue in their possession:
And by a maner laughyng doth expresse,
How for to set them in great sykernesse
They haue seruauntes vpon them abidynge,

And men of armes day and nyght awaytyng

That no man may enter but he haue lycence.
The froward porters standyng at the gate,
Put men abacke by sturdy violence:
It were full harde agaynst them to debate.
Their watches kept early and also late,
Them to assure on nyghtes whan they slepe,
The chāberlains their doores straightly kepe.

Men assigned their meates to assay,
To taste their wynes lest there were treason,
Such mortall drede these lordes do affray,
So is their surenes meynt with suspection:
Who feadeth him gladly that feareth poysone
But pore folke franchised from such dreade,
Such as god doth sende, w̄ myrthe they fede.

But Poetes that write tragedies,
Their complaynyng is all of hye estates:
Rehearsyng euer their piteous ieopardyes,
Their sodayne chaūges, & their wofull fates,
Their deuisions, and their mortall debates.
And euer cōclude, their dities who so can rede,
High estates stande aye most in drede.

Ground and rote of all this mortall trouble,
As Bochas writeth and beareth witnes,
Ben these lyers with their tonges double,
Them selfe aye forsyng truth to oppresse:
With whom flattery is a chiefe maistresse,
And worst of all, to their dreadfull sentence,
Is whan princes be hasty of credence.

Hasty credence is roote of all errour,
A froward stepmother of all good counsayle:
Ground of great hindring, a dredefull discey-
Fayre of face with a perilous tayle. (uour,
Gladly concluding w̄ ful great disauayle.
Next neighbour vnto repentaunce,
To all that trust & haue in her pleasaunce.

Lenuoy.

PRynces, princesses cōsider how in euery age
Folkes ben diuers of their condicion:
To ply & turne and chaunge in their courage,
Yet is there none to mine opinion,
So dreadfull chaunge ne transmutation,
As chaunge of princes, to gene iugement,
Or hasty credence without auisement.

It is well founde a passyng great domage,
Knowen and expert in euery region,
Though a tale haue a fayre visage,
It may enclude full great deception,
Hide vnder suger galle and fell poyson,
With a freshe face of double entendement:
Yet geue no credence without auisement.

Let folkes beware of their langage,
Kepe their tonges from oblocution:
To hynder or hurte by no maner outrage,
Preserue their lyppes from all detraction,
From champarty, and contradiction,
Lest that fraude were found in their entent,
Ne geue no credence without auisement.

Princes princesses of noble and high parage,
Whiche haue lordshyp and do nination,
Voyde them alyde that can flatter and fage:
Fro tonges that haue a serrage of treason,
Stoppe your eares, from their bitter soun,
Be circumspect, not hastye but prudent,
And geue no credence without auisement.

The .xiiii. Chapter.

Of quene Althea, and how Hercules by women was brought to confusion.

WHā Bochas had shewed his sētence
And declared his opinion
Against thē ꝑ wer hasty of credēce,
He begā anone to make a digression
Fro that matter: and of entencion
To serche out mo his purpose to contune,
That were downe cast & hyndred by fortune.

And as him thought he sawe a company
Of many worthy whiche did appeare:
And among all first he did espye,
Quene Althea, as she gan nygh him nere,
Ill bewept her face, and also her chere,
With salt teares that pitye was to sene,
Whiche sometime was of Caledony quene.

She was the daughter of kynge Thestius,
Wedded to Oene of Calidony kynge,
Of cheare and face appearing full piteous,
Her heere to torne, and frowardly hyng:
And in token also of complaynynge,
As writeth Bochas, wherof he toke hede,
Blacke was her habite, & torne was her wede

Sonne she had Melliager he hyght,
In earth was there none fayrer to se:

With

Ryght wel fauoured in euery mans syght,
And as I fynde, at his natiuite
Present were the fatal susters thre,
With their rockes, and began to spyn fast,
And toke a brond, and in the fyre it cast:

And in that hour this was their langage:
Touchynge thys chylde we full accorded be,
And haue disposed also, the terme of his age
The space concluded of his destyne,
As long tyme who so lyst to se,
Tyll thys brond among the coles reed,
Be ful consumed into asches dead.

But whan Althea espied their entent,
And conceyued the fyne of their sentence:
She rose vp, and the brond she hent
Out of the fyre wyth ful great diligence.
Quenched anone the fyres violence,
The dome of Parche she gan thus disobey,
The brond reseruinge vnder locke & key.

Touchyng the father of this Melliager,
Oeneus, of hym thus I rede,
Howe that he sought nighe and ferre
Goddes & goddesses, whoso lyst take hede,
In hope onely for to haue great mede.
For to them al, poetes thus deuyse,
Saue to Diana he dyd sacrifyce.

Wherof she caught an indignacion:
Cast she woulde on hym auenged be.
Sent a Booze in to his region,
Full sauage and full of cruelte.
Which deuoured the frute of many a tree,
And distroyed his cornes and his vynes,
That such scarsnesse of vitayles & of wynes

Was in his land vpon euery syde,
That the people of necessite,
Compelled were among to prouyde
Some meane or way to saue their countre:
And at the last they condiscended be
That Melliager lusty of his corage, (age
Shoulde chose vi him folkes fresh & ponge of

This dredeful Booze mightely to enchace.
And forth they went echon deuoyde of drede,
With round speres they gan him to manace
But Melliager made fyrst his sydes blede,
And wyth a swerde than smote of his hede.
Wherof the countre was glad and fayne,
And in this wyse the tuskye boze was slaine.

Some bokes tell of this huntyng,
That a lady whych was borne in Arge,
Called Athalanta doughter to the kyng,
To slee this Booze toke on her the charge.
And wyth an arowe made his woundes large,
Also in Oude, lyke as it is founde,
Because that she gaue the fyrst wounde,

Melliager anone for a memorye,
As he that was her owne chosen knight,
Gaue her the heed in token of this victory.
But his two vncles ayenst al skyl and ryghte,
Raft her the head of very force and myght:
Hauyng dispite that she in her auyse,
Of this victory shoulde beare away the price.

With which iniury Melliager was wroth,
Agaynst them proudly gan disdayne:
Pulled out a swerde & vpon the goeth,
And throughe hys manhode slewe his vncles twaine:
And after ỹ dyd his busy payne
To take the heed, and wyth humble entent
To Athalanta agayne to be present.

One of his vncles was called Plexippus
A manly knyght but ponge of age,
That other brother named Theseus.
But whan their suster herde of that outrage,
Howe they were slayne, she gan in her visage
Wexe deed and pale, alas, for her bloud:
Whan she espyed the cause howe it stode.

She had no matter god wote to be fayne,
Quene Althea to stand and beholde,
Her bretherne twayne of her son slayne
At the huntyng, of whych tofore I tolde.
Fyrst thynges twayne she gan peise & vnfold,
Of her bretherne the loue and nigh kynred,
And of her sonne the hasty cruel dede.

And remembring she casteth in balaunce
Of hertely wo that she dyd endure,
Thought if she dyd vpõ their deth vengeaunce
To slee her son it were ayenst nature:
Thus in a warre longe tyme she dyd endure,
Her deedly sorowe peysyng euery dell,
Wheder she shalbe tender or cruel.

Thus tender I meane, her son for to spare,
Or punishe the dethe of her brether twayne.
Thus confortlesse al destitute and bare,
In languishing she endured forthe her payne:
And remedy can she none ordayne,
Saue faine she would auenge her if she may,

But than came forth nature and sayd nay.

It was her sonne, agaynst all kyndly ryghte
Of whom she cast auenged for to be:
To women al an vgly straunge syghte,
That a mother deuoyde of all pitie,
Shoulde slee her childe so merciles parde.
Naye not so, nature wyl not assent,
For if she dyd full sore she should repent.

But O, alas, al fatal purueyance
Repeth his course, as some clerkes sayne:
But the wrytyng of doctours in substaunce,
And these diuynes reply there agayne,
And affirme the opinion is in vayne,
Of them that trust in fate or desteny,
For God aboue hath the soueraintie.

And of fortune the power may restrayne,
To saue and spyl lyke as folke deserue:
Ayenst his wyl they may nothynge ordayne,
Of necessitie what course that they conserue.
But this matter al holy I reserue
Unto diuines, to determyne and conclude,
Whych nat partayneth vnto folkes rude.

But Althea of Calcidony quene,
Began sore muse and henge in balaunce:
Her bretherne deed whan she dyd them sene,
Than was she meued anon to do vengeaūce
Upon her son, by ful great displeasance.
But as poetes lyst for to compile,
Nature her made withdrawe her hand, a while.

Thus betwene yre and affection,
She held her long of euery partie stable:
Tyll that she caught in her opinion
A soden rancor which made her be vengeable.
And hasty worth, which is not cōmendable,
Ayenst her son made her with her hande
Out of her chest to take the fatall brande,

And sodaynly she cast it in the fyre,
And wexed cruell agaynst all womanhede,
To execute her venomous desyre.
The fatall bronde among the coles rede
Consumed was into asches dede,
And furiously in her melancoly,
The vengeaunce done, she thus gan to cry.

O ye Parce froward systers three
Which of Joue kepe the library,
And of children at their natiuite
Awayte the sentence whych may not vary,
Wherso it be wylful or contrary,
Upon his domes alwaye takyng hede,
How that ye shall dispose the fatal threde,

Thou Cloto takest thy rocke on hand,
And Lachesis after doth begyn,
By great auise, who so can vnderstande,
The threde of length to drawe and to spyn.
But whan the spirite shal frō the bodye twin,
Thou Atropos doest thy busy payne,
Ful frowardly to parte the thred in twayne.

I may wel playne in such perdicion,
Not for a day, but wo alas for euer:
Ye haue vntwyned and made deuision,
Of my two bretherne, & caused thē disceuer,
That here on lyue I shal se them neuer:
And I of haste, alas why dyd I so?
Tauenge their deth haue slayn my son also.

O ye doughters of Cerberus the fell,
Whose vgly moder was the blacke nyght,
Al your kyndred and image lyue in hell,
And for to auēge the wrong & great vnryght
Which I haue accomplished in your syght,
I wyl wyth you perpetually complayne,
Like my desert, tendure sorow and payne.

And whyle she gan vō her selfe thus stryue
Upon her sorowes that were endlesse:
She made a swerde through her hert to riue,
Of her selfe she was here recheles.
And Bochas after among al the prese,
Sawe as hym thoughte wyth a full hidious
Deed of visage, Hercules appere. (chere,

Whose father was Jupiter the greate,
His mother doughter of Amphitrion,
Called Alcumena sumtyme borne in Crete.
And as poetes reherce one by one,
So excellent was there neuer none
To speke of conquest, of victory and fame,
Here in thys world that had so great a name.

Dredful of loke he was and ryght terible,
His berde also blacke which hing lowe doun:
And al his heer as bristels were horible,
Hys robe also ful maruaylous of facion,
Was of the skynne of a fierce lyon,
Wyych from his backe of very force he rent:
Within a forest a lone whan he went.

In his hand he bare a mase of stele,
Wyych to beholde was wonder long & huge,

By apparence as Bochas felte wele.
Demed of reason a ryght ful iuge,
That Hercules had to his refuge,
Wysedome wt force, for to encrease his fame,
As beastes wylde for to make them tame.

And vnto Bochas he gan loude crye:
Take right good hede for it is no fable,
I for my merites to speake of chiualry
And noble triumphes, am most cõmendable:
To be preferred most worthy and most able.
Which haue accomplished al that may excel,
Through hyghe prowes ꝑ any tong can tel.

Also of my byrth in heuyn ful yore ago,
Fully concepued my constellacion:
Myghty Jupiter sayd vnto Juno,
On such a day in such a region,
One shalbe borne most myghty of renoun,
Noblest of nobles both in warre and pees,
Of whom the name shalbe Hercules.

The whych dome whan Juno vnderstode,
Of Jupiter conceyuing the entent,
And knewe my fate should be so good,
To Lucina her messanger she sent:
But some saythe howe her selfe downe went,
To thys goddesse, goddesse of childing,
And her besought to graunt her her askynge.

That she would from Hercules translate
The influence of his natiuyte,
Helpe to rescue his name and hys fate,
And graunt it holy to yonge Euristee,
And that Lucina present would be
The same hour by Jupiter prouyded,
It to possede all hole and vndeuided.

Thus to the mother of this Euristee,
Juno the goddes graunted her fauour:
Therby dispolyng that he should be,
Mighty of puissaunce lyke an emperour.
But of his nobles the conquest & labour,
And of his manhode the prowes & purlute,
By Hercules was fully execute.

This Hercules had the trauayle,
And Euristeus bare away the name.
Also Hercules fought in plate and mayle,
And highe empryses proudly dyde attame,
But the report of hys noble fame
To Euristeus fully was ascriued,
Thus of his thanke was Hercules depriued.

Full oft in armes some man doth wele,
And oft causeth that the felde is won,
And another that dyd neuer a dele,
The price out spredeth lyke as chineth ꝑ son.
And oft it happeneth he that hath best ron,
Doth not the spere like his desert possede,
Where false fauor giueth euery mã his mede

Fame in her palice hath trũpes mo than one,
Some of golde that geueth a freshe soun:
Some man hath laude and deserueth none,
And some haue be ful worthy of renoun
Nothinge preferred by commendacion.
As by report of states hye and lowe,
So frowardly Fame her trumpe hath blowe.

Touchyng armes, the pore ne the riche
Be not of hertes echone corragious:
Neither al men may not be yliche,
Neyther of theyr name egal ne gracious.
And though the pore haue bene victorious,
Of auenture to do full wel some daye,
Other haue pinched to take his thãke away.

On sleeth the dere wyth an hoked arowe,
Whose part is none yet of the venison:
One beteth the ꝑ buch another hath ꝑ sparow
And all the byrdes in his possession.
One draweth his nettes in riuers vp & doun,
With sondry baytes cast out lyne and hoke,
And hath no parte of al that euer he toke.

An euidence hereof ye may se
Ful notable to be put in memorye,
Of Hercules and of Euriste:
For Hercules gate aye the victory,
And Euristeus receiued hath the glorye.
Thus the palme departed was in twayne,
That one reioysed, that other bare ꝑ payne.

Euristeus was prince of Athene,
Sonne and heire by dyscent of lyne,
Unto the kyng that called was Stellene
Under whose myght as Bochas dothe deter-
Hercules through knightly disciplyne, (mine
Proued so most manly and most wyse,
That from al other he bare away the prise.

But wo alas that euer it should fall,
So manly a knyght so worthy and notable,
That any spotte should his price appall,
Or cause hys corage for to be vnstable.
Which is a thinge doleful and lamentable,
From his knighthode as a thinge straunge,

That

That euer a woman ſhould his hert chaunge.

I wyll excuſe them becauſe their nature
Is to chaunge hertes and cõrages:
Agaynſt their nature no force maye endure,
For their flatery and fugred fayre langages,
Lyke Sirens full freſche of their vilages,
For to chaunge of princes the nobleſſe,
Who than Hercules can bere hereof witneſſe.

Thus Hercules aſtonied and aſhamed,
Unto Bochas ſhewed his preſence:
Said, alas my knyghthode is diffamed
By a full falſe amorous peſtilence.
So lore conſtrayned by mortal violence,
Whereby alas my manhode was applied,
By ſleye of women oppreſſed & maiſtried

To take their habit & cloth me in their wede,
To chere my berde, and farce my vyſage
With oyntmentes againſt al manhede,
To make it ſouple, & chaunge my langage:
And to complayne more of myne outrage,
Upon my fyngers fyue twyſe tolde,
I had ringes richely wrought of golde.

Thus was my corage chaunged femynine,
For loue of one called Jolee:
Of condicions though ſhe were ſerpentyne,
Me thought ſhe was fayreſt vnto ſe,
That all my ioye was wyth her to be.
And that none ſhould aperceiue my treſpace,
I chaunged both habite loke and face,

And was a woman outwarde in apparence,
Of entent to haue more liberte
To vſe my luſtes, and haue experience
Of appetites, which that vnlefull be:
Wherof the ſclaundre reboundeth vpon me.
That I dare ſay my outragious treſpace
Doth al my knyghthode & prowes diffface.

Wherof Bochas, I pray the take good hede,
For to diſcriue in termes playne & clere,
Myne infortune lyke as it was in dede:
That whan other conceyue the manere
Of myne vnhappes, contagious for to here,
They may by example of me do their paine,
From vicious life their hertes to reſtraine.

For theſe folles that al wyſdome diſpiſe,
And be contrary to vertuous diſcipline,
May gyue example to folkes that ben wiſe
And ben to them a lanterne of doctrine,
Vyces to eſchewe, and prudently declyne
Fro fleſhely luſtes: for it is taught in ſcholes,
That wyſemé al day ben ytaught by foles.

Whan Bochas had conceyued the pleynt
Of Hercules in his appering,
And how his nobles by women was ataint,
Through his diſordinate liuing:
He thought anone hym remembringe,
It had be ruthe for to put in mynde
Hys vices all, and vertues left behinde.

Conſidered alſo it was impartinent
Eyther by lãgage to write ayenſt al ryght,
Any thing that ſhould in ſentment
The fame amenuſe of ſo noble a knyght,
Or to diſcreſe in any mans ſyght (werres
Hys glorious prowes, ſith poetes for hys
Reile his renome, ſo highe aboue the ſterres.

For he was both knyght and Philoſopher,
And for his ſtrength called a giant:
For commen profit he gan promptly profer.
Of manly corage gyue thereto full graunt,
To entre in to Egipt to ſlee the giaunt
Called Buſyris, who of ful falſe entẽt (wẽt
Slewe al ſtrãgers that through his kingdõ

For vnder a colour of liberalite,
Unto his palys gladly he would cal
Strãgers echone þ came through his cũtre,
And ſolemly receyue thẽ one and al:
And lyke a kynge, both in chambre and hal
Make them ſuch chere in all maner thynge
As apperteyned to a worthy kyng.

But whyle his geſtes lay a nyght to ſlepe,
This falſe tirant in ful cruel wyſe,
Murdred them echone or they toke kepe:
And after that, thys was alſo his guiſe,
With their bloud to make a ſacrifice
To Jupiter god of that countre,
Of hole entent to pleaſe his deite.

That in his kyngdome of frutes & grayne,
The land encreſed by great habundaunce:
Doun from heuin he would ſend thẽ rayne,
This meane he made & this cheuiſaunce.
To murdre and ſlee he had ſo great pleſaũce,
For of al thing him thought it did him good
To murdre his geſtes, and to ſhede their blod

Whã this murdre of Buſiris was couth,
That no ſtrãgers myght paſſe his lãd i pees:

Thys

This manly knyght yet flowryng in youthe,
Thys noble,famous,thys worthy Hercules,
Among other he put hym selfe in prees:
And lyke a gest outwarde in shewyng.
Came to the palys of Busiris the kyng.

Rebuked hym of his great outrage
Done to hys gestes,by cruel violence.
And for to make pesible that passage,
And for to auenge ꝑ his importable offence,
And of his murdre to make a recompence,
Thys Hercules slewe Busiris in dede,
And toke the bloud whych he dyd blede,

Offred it by Jupiter to please,
For thys victory hym to magnifye.
And al Egipt thus was set in ease,
Their landes and frutes gan also multiply,
Theyr grayne encresed about on eche partye,
And to habounde by influence of rayne,
Whych afore time of vitayle was barayne.

Another giaunt called Antheus,
Kyng of Libye and gouerned al the land,
Whom Hercules most strong and corragious,
Sũtime outraid,ꝛ slewe hym with his hand.
For as they wrastled by experience he fand,
Touching the erth this giant(it is trewe)
His force,his myght,dyd alway renewe.

But whan Hercules the maner dyd espye,
Howe his strength renewed agayne so ofte:
Theragaynst he shope a remedy,
Hye in the ayre he peysed hym vp a lofte,
And with strokes harde and nothynge softe,
Backe and bone so sore he did embrace,
That he fyll deed tofore hym in the place.

But some bokes of thys giant tell,
Within his kyngdome who dyd him assaile,
He would of newe his chiualry compel
Efte agayne to mete hym in battayle:
And in this wyle full selde he dyd fayle
To afore of newe as ye shal vnderstand,
His strength,his myght,all enemis to withstand.

But Hercules of hye discretion,
The felde on him manly to recure,
Had hym by sleyght out of hys region:
And as they met there of auenture,
The sayd Anthens might not endure,
But was disconfited by Hercules anone,
Maugre his myght,and his men echone.

After this conquest Hercules is gone
For exercise,his prowes for to vse
Agaynst the myghty stronge Gereon,
Kyng of Spayne,of Melleager,and Ebuse,
The whych tiraunt myght hym not excuse,
That all his labour as poetes lyst compyle,
Was from these realmes his people to exile.

Hys tiranny myght not long endure,
For Hercules that noble worthy knyght,
Made vpon hym a great disconfiture,
And slough the tyraunt as they met in fyghte:
And after that through his great myght,
Of highe prowes and magnanimyte,
Sloughe Cerberus with his heades three.

The famous bull of the lande of Crete
Whych that distroyed all that region,
He sloughe also whan that they dyd mete:
And in Nemea he slough a feirse lyon.
And for a recorde of hys high renoun,
Of manly force his skyn away he toke,
And to his body a cote thereof he shope.

To his enemis to shewe hym more dredeful,
Therfore he ware that hidious garment.
And for he was in armes neuer founde dul,
But ylike freshe euer in his entent,
In to a mountaine anone he made hys went,
Called Erimanthus:ꝛ there in his passage,
He slewe a boar most wylde ꝛ most sauage.

Besyde a ryuer called Styphalus,
Of furious byrdes he slewe a great nombre,
Within the kyngdome of kyng Pheneus,
All the countre they dyd encombre:
For wyth their shadowe ꝛ cõtagious vmbre
On sede,on frutes,where euer they alight,
Al was deuoured in euery mannes sight.

Upon the mountayne called Auentyne,
Which is not far from Rome the citye,
There is a wode,as cronicles determyne,
Right freshe of sight and goodly on to se:
And Hercules passyng by that countre,
Fro Spaynward passyng by Italye,
Cachus the giant dyd hym there assaile.

While Hercules among the leues grene
Layde him to slepe by sodayne auenture,
And his beastes,against the sonne shyne
While that he slepte,went in their pasture,
Came Cachus forth ful hidious of stature,
Thought he would these beastes w̃ him haue
Stale

Stale them echone, and hyd thē in a caue.

And lyke a thefe he made them go backward
That no man should ẏ trates of them know:
Neyther of their passage haue no regarde,
For by their tailes he ledde them on a rowe,
In to his caue which that stode full lowe.
And for they were of excellent fayrnes,
To kepe them close he did his businesse.

Out of his slepe whan Hercules awoke,
And parceyued his oxen were away
He rose vp and cast about his loke,
Began to aspye in all the hast he may
To what partie the traces of them lay:
And while he stode thus musyng in the shade,
He herd the lowyng that his oxen made.

And by their lowing he gan anone approche
Toward the parte whet they were kept close,
Fonde the caue vnder a myghty roche:
And proud Cacus which had thē in depose,
Agaynst Hercules he sturdely arose,
But for al that he myghte hym selfe not saue,
For he hym sloughe at thentring of the caue.

And thus his beastes he hath ayen recured,
That sempte a fore inrecuperable.
After the mountaine byfore he hath assured,
Which for brigātes afore was full doutable.
But by his knyghthod it was made habita-
That men myght for drede of any foe (ble,
Whan euer they would freely come and go.

Touchyng his conquest vpon Feminye,
Agaynst Amasones with Theseus he went:
The quene Ipolyta through his chiualry,
For his praye anone to hym he hent.
And Ipolita of ful true entent
Gaue vnto hym in token of victory,
A girdel of golde to haue her in memorie.

After to Affrike he went a full great pace,
Onely of purpose the gardin for to se,
Which apperteyned to kynge Athlas
That brother was to the kynge Promothee:
In astrology full wel expert was he,
And of this gardyn of whych I haue tolde,
The riche braūches & apples were of gold,

Through magike made by great auisement,
Ful streyte kepte and closed enuyron,
And ywatched with a fell serpent,
That no man entred that ryche mancion.

But Hercules most mighty of renoun,
The serpēt slough through his māly pursute,
And fro the gradeyn he bare away the frute.

This said Athlas as bokes specifie,
And poetes also of him endite,
He was connynge in astronomy,
And therin did ful greatly him delite:
And many a boke he made and dyd write
With great labour and great diligence,
In hys time vpon that science,

The which were more precious than golde,
And more rich in his opinion:
But Hercules in soth as it is tolde,
Gate all the bokes through hys hie renoun:
Bare them by force out of that region,
And to Grece lyke a conquerour,
With him he brought thē for a great trealour.

Of Trace he slough the giant outragious
That sumtime was called Diomede,
Which murdred al that came to his house,
And with their flesche his horse he dyd fede.
And through his witte labour and manhede
Of Achelous, whych was a great wondre,
He made the stremes for to departe a sondre.

And by his wisdome dyd thē so deuide,
In two parties discoueringe his passage:
For afore no man myght abyde
Of his course the furious fel outrage.
For in countreis it dyd so great domage,
Turning vpward there was non other bote,
Where euer it flowed of trees, crop and rote.

A great empryse he did also vndertake
Whan that the messe hidious and horrible
Ariued vp of Archadies the lake,
Called Lerne the beastes ful odible,
Which with their teeth & mouthes terrible
Frute, grayne, & corne dyd mortally deuour,
But Hercules the countre to succour,

Came lyke a knyght their malice for to let,
And by his prudence destroyed thē euerichon:
With in the lake the wormes vp he shet,
Saue among all behind was left one.
And against him this Hercules anone,
Of knighthod raught so great auauntage,
That to the cōtre he dyd no more domage.

Thus all that euer may rehersed be,
Touching knighthode, prowes, or prudence,

Of

Or glorious fame, or long felicitie,
This knyghtly man had most excellence,
And in armes longest experience:
And for his triumphes and actes marciall,
He set vp pillers for a memoriall.

Whiche remembred his cõquest most notable
And his dedes by gratyng did expresse,
Beyonde whiche no lande is habitable,
So farre abrode spred his noblesse.
But as the sunne leaueth his bryghtnes
Sumtime whan he is freschest in hys sphere,
With vnware cloudes that sodaynly appere:

Semblably the nobles and the glory
Of Hercules in this vnstable lyfe,
Eclipsed was, and shadowed his memory
By Dianyra, that sumtyme was his wyfe:
For by her fraude came in the mortall stryfe,
As ye shal heare the maner and the caas,
Wherby that he lost his lyfe, alas.

Yet for her sake this most manly man,
Fought as I fynde in singuler battayle
With Acheloes sonne of the Occian,
Lyke as Poetes make rehearsayle:
And as eche other proudly did assayle,
This Hercules of knyghthode souerayne,
Sent from his head one of his hornes twain

Of kyng Oene she was the daughter dere,
To Hercules ioyned by mariage:
And as they came to a great riuere,
With sturdy waues where was no passage,
Nessus the gyaunt vgly of vysage,
To Hercules profered his seruyce,
And full falsely against him gan deuyse.

Made his promise to Hercules in dede
To put his life in great aduenture,
Ouer the streme Dianyra to lede,
Because he was large of his stature.
And for she was a ryght fayre creature
Whan they passed and came to londe,
Nessus falsely wouldе vpon the strond

Haue knowen her fleshly, like as write Ouide.
Hercules hauyng therof a syght,
As he abode vpon that other syde,
And for to auenge him of his great vnright,
Toke his bowe and bent it auene ryght,
And wyth an arrowe fyled sharpe and groud
Gaue to Nessus his deadly fatall wounde,

Like a condyte gusched out the bloude
And whan he sawe that he must dye,
To Dianyra before him there she stode,
With all his hart he her gan pray,
That in one thing his lust she would obey:
To take his shert and be not retcheles
With bloud distayned, and sende it Hercules.

There through with him to be reconsiled:
And she to him anone the shert hath sent,
Through whose venim, alas he was begiled,
For what by touching and by enchauntment,
His flesshe and bones were all to brent,
And among his deadly paynes all,
Into rage he sodaynly is fall.

And as a beast furiously he ranne
On valeys & hylles among craggy stones,
Semblably as doth a woode man.
Pulled vp trees and rotes all at ones,
Brake beasts hornes, & al to gnew her bones
Was it not pitie that a knyght so good,
Shold amõg bestes runne sauage & woode?

Thus ouerwhelmed was all his worthines,
And to decayne went his prosperitie.
Cause and roote of al his wretchednes,
Was for that he set all his felicitie,
To trust so much the mutabilitie,
Of these women, whyche early and soone
Of their nature brayed vpon the moone.

Alas, alas, all nobles and prudence,
Prowes of nature, force, and chyualry,
Forsyght of wisdome, discretion, and science,
Vertuous study profityng in clergy,
And the clere shynyng of Philosophy,
Hath through false lustes here be manased,
By sleyght of women, darked and defaced.

O Hercules I fele my penne quake,
Mine ynke full filled with bitter teares salt,
This piteous tragedy to write for thy sake,
Whom all Poetes glorifye and exalt:
But fraude of women made thy renome halt,
And froward muses thy triũphes all to rend,
For to discryue alas thy fatal ende.

L'Enuoy.

THe sote venym, the sauory poyson,
The dredfull ioye, the doloreus pleasaunce
The wefull gladnes, the furious treason,
Fayth dispayred, ayenst able in bataile,

Vertue exilyng where luſt hath gouernaũce,
Thꝛough falſe luxury diffaſen all nobles,
As this tragedy can beare full well witnes.

Where froward Venus hath domination
And blinde Cupide his ſubiects doth auaunce
And wilfull luſt thꝛough indiſcrection
Is cholen iudge to holde the balaunce,
Their choyſe vnlefull hath thꝛough yll chaũce
Merked of pꝛynces the famous nobles,
As this tragedy beareth full well witnes.

O thou Hercules foꝛ all thy high renoun,
Foꝛ all thy conqueſt, & knyghtly ſuffiſaunce,
Thou were by women bꝛought to confuſion,
And by their fraude thy renoumed puiſſaũce,
Diſclaundꝛed was & bꝛought to miſchaunce
I were aſhamed to wꝛite it oꝛ expꝛeſſe,
Except this tragedy can beare well witneſſe.

Pꝛynces pꝛinceſſes, of high diſcretion,
This thing impꝛinte in your remembꝛaunce
Of others fallyng, make your pꝛotection
You to pꝛeſerue thꝛough pꝛudent puruiaũce:
Afoꝛe pꝛouided that your perſeueraunce
Be not perturbed by no falſe ſoꝛcereſſe,
As this tragedy of other bereth witneſſe.

The .xb. Chapter.

¶ A pꝛoceſſe of Narciſſus, Byblis, Myꝛra, and of other their infoꝛtunes to Bochas complaynyng.

Narciſſus, Byblis, and Myꝛra all thꝛe,
Tofoꝛe Bochas pꝛteouſly did appeare
Their infoꝛtunes their infelicitie,
To him complaynyng with a deadly cheare:
And of their commyng to tell the manere,
Narciſſus with ſoꝛow and dole attaynt,
Began fiꝛſt to declare his complaynt.

He was the ſonne of Cephiſus the flode,
And his mother called Lyꝛiope:
And by diſcent bozne of gentle blode:
Of creatures fayreſt on to ſe.
And as I finde at his natiuitie,
Tyꝛeſias by ſpirite of pꝛophecy,
Touchyng his fate thus gan ſpecify.

The goddes haue pꝛouided foꝛ him a ſpace
To lyue in earth, and ſo long endure
Tyll that he knowe and ſe his owne face:
And foꝛ his ſake full many a ſeruiture,
By oꝛdinaunce of god and of nature,
Whan they him ſe ſhall fele full great payne,
If they in loue his grace may not attrayne.

But he ſhalbe contrary and daungerous
And of his pꝛyde full of ſtraungeneſſe:
And in his hart right inly ſurquidous,
By the occaſion of his native fayꝛeneſs,
And pꝛeſumyng of his ſemelineſſe,
No woman ſo freſhe ne ſo fayꝛe of face
That able were to ſtand in his grace.

And foꝛ the excellence of his great beautye,
He purpoſed him in his tender age
Neuer in his lyfe wedded foꝛ to be,
He thought him ſelfe ſo fayꝛe of vyage:
Foꝛ whych he caſt thꝛough his great outrage
Agaynſt all luſtes of loue to diſdayne,
To hunt at beaſtes alone, and be ſlayne.

And in this whyle that he kept hym ſo,
In the foꝛeſt and in wyldernes,
A water goddeſſe, that called was Ecco,
Loued him full hote foꝛ his fairenes:
And likerly did her buſines,
To folow his ſteppes ꝛyght as any lyne,
To her delyꝛes to make him to enclyne.

He heard her wele but he ſawe her nought,
Wherof aſtonied anone he gan to enquere,
As he that was amaꝛueyled in his thought,
Sayd euen thus: is any wyght now here:
And ſhe aunſwered the ſame in her manere.
What euer he ſayd (as longeth to Ecco)
Without abode ſhe ſayd the ſame hym to.

Come nere (quod he) and began to call.
Come nere (quod ſhe) my ioy & my pleaſaũce.
He loked about among the rockes all,
And ſawe nothyng beſide ne in diſtaunce
But ſhe abꝛayed and declared her greuaunce
And to him ſayd: mine owne hart dere,
Ne be not ſtraunge but let vs dwell in fere.

Nay nay (quod he) I will nothing obey
To your deſires, foꝛ ſhoꝛt concluſion:
Well leuer I had playnly foꝛ to dey
Than ye ſhould haue of me poſſeſſion,
We be nothing of one opinion.
I here you well though I no hygure ſe,
Go foꝛth your way ye ſpeake no moꝛe to me.

And ſhe aſhamed fled her way anone,
As ſhe that myght of him no ſocour haue:

But

But dispayred this Ecco is forthe gone,
And hidde her selfe in an vgly caue,
Among the rockes is buried in her graue:
And though so be ꝑ men her voyce may heare
After that time she neuer durst appeare.

Thus Narcissus through daunger & disdeine
Upon the lady did cruell vengeaunce,
But whan the Goddes his cruelty had seine
Towardes him fyll a great greuaunce:
Of his vnmercy they had displeasaunce,
And right as he merciles was founde,
So wt vnmercy he caught his deadly wound.

For all daunger displeaseth to Uenus
And all disdayne is lothsome to Cupide:
For who to loue is contrarious,
The god of loue will quite him on some syde,
His dreadfull arrowes so mortally deuyde,
To hurt and mayme all that be retchlesse,
And in her seruyce founde mercilesse.

And for Narcissus was not merciable
Towarde Ecco, for his great beautye,
But in his port was founde vntretable,
Cuppde thought he woulde auenged be,
As he that her prayer hearde of pitie:
Causyng Narcissus to fele and haue his part,
Of Uenus brande and of her fiery darte.

And on a day whan he in wildernes,
Had after beastes runne in huntyng,
And for longe labour can fall in werines,
He was delirous to haue some refreshyng,
And wonders thurstlewe after traueylyng
Myght not endure lenger there to dwell,
And at the last he founde a cristall well,

Right freshe springyng & wonder agreable,
The water lusty and delectable of sight:
And for his thirst was to him importable,
Upon the brynkes he fell downe rycht,
And by reflection in middes of ꝑ water bright
Him thought he sawe a passyng faire ymage,
To hym appeare, most angelyke of vysage.

He was enamoured with the semelinesse,
And delierous therof to stand in grace,
And yet it was not but a lykelinesse,
And but a shadowe reflectyng of his face,
The whiche of feruence amorously tembrace
This Narcissus with a piteous complaynt,
Start into the well and so him selfe dreynt.

And thus his beauty, alas, was layed lowe,
His semelines put full farre abacke:
Thus whan he gan fyrst him selfe knowe
And sene his vysage in whiche was no lacke,
Presumptuous pryde caused all to wracke:
For who to much doth of him selfe presume
His owne vsurpyng wyll soneste him cõsume.

And finally as these olde Poetes tell,
This Narcissus without more succour,
After that he was drowned at the well,
The heuenly goddes did him so fauour,
They turned him into a full freshe floure,
A water lilly, whiche dothe remedy
In hote accesses as bokes specify.

After that Narcissus was at the well dreynt,
And to John Bochas declared had his wo,
Biblis appeared with teares all be spreint,
And toward him a great pase gan she go:
And her brother Caunus came also.
And of one wombe as gemelles twayne,
But she tofore her fate gan complayne.

She in her loue was not vertuous
For ayenst God and kyndes ordinaunce,
She loued her brother named Caunus:
And whan he sawe her froward gouernaũce
He vnto her gaue none attendaunce,
Though she of sleyght to accõplysh her entẽt,
In secrete wise a pistle to him sent.

She sayd it was an impossible thing
Without his grace her selfe to saue,
And but he were to her assentyng,
She els playnly may not health haue.
But onely death and after warde her graue:
Thus in her writyng to him she did attame.
And to be couert she ne wrote no name.

But whan this pistle came to his presence,
Uertuously therat he gan disdayne:
And gaue therto no maner aduertence,
Neither toke no hede of her furious payne,
But suffred her eternally to playne.
Tyll that she was, as Ouid can wel tell
With oft weppyng transformed to a well.

Next came Myrra wyth face full piteous,
Whiche that sumtime loued ayenst nature
Her owne father called Cynarus,
For whose sake great payne she did endure.
For she ne durst her sorowe not discure,
Tyll her norysche by sygnes dyd espy,

The hartily constraynt of her malady.

For her nource of whiche I haue tolde,
Conceiued hath by open euidence,
Is she knoweth both of newe and olde,
In suche matters all hole the experience,
That through long labour and great diligẽce
Diuers wayes and meanes out she sought,
To her fathers bed that she Myrra brought.

With whom she had her lust and pleasaunce,
For she vnknow lay with him all nyght:
He was deceaued by dronklewe ignorraunce,
And on the morow longe or any lyght
She stale away, and went out of his sight
With her norryce whiche kept her long close,
Till vnto the tyme that her wombe arose.

But her father that was of Cypre king,
Which as I tolde was called Cynarus,
Whan he the truthe espyed of this thing,
That by his daughter he was deceiued thus,
She wart to him lothsome and odious:
Fledde from his sight, so sore she was aferde,
And he pursued after with his swerde.

In Araby the hote mighty lande,
Kyng Cynarus hath his daughter founde:
And cruelly began enhaunce his hande,
With his sworde to geue her a wounde:
But the goddes of mercy most habound,
Hath fro the death made her to go fre,
And through their power trãsformed to a tree.

Which after her beareth yet the name,
Called Myrra, as she was in her life.
Out of whiche, aucthours say the same,
Distilleth a gome a great preseruatife:
And of nature a full good defensife,
To kepe bodies from putrifaction,
And them franchise from all corruption.

By influence of the sunne beames
Myrre is engendred by distyllyng of his kind
With round dropes ayenst Phebus streames,
And doun discendeth through the hard rinde,
And through the riftes also I finde
The sayd Myrra hath a childe forth brought,
In all this worlde if it were sought,

Was none so faire formed by nature.
For of his beauty he was pereles
And as Poetes recorde by scripture,
He called was the fayre Adonydes.

And to his worshyp and his great encrees,
For he of fatrenes bare away the floure,
Venus him chase to be her paramour.

The whiche Goddesse gaue to him in charge,
That he should in his tender age,
In forestes while he went at large,
Hunt at no beastes whiche were sauage,
But he contrary to his dissauauntage,
Through wilfulnesse, I can say no more,
Was slayne vnwarely of a Tuskye boare.

At the whiche he selly did enchace,
But of folly in vayne was his laboure,
For he lay slayne full pale of chere and face:
Whom Venus turned to a full freshe floure,
Whiche was as bloude of purple the coloure,
A budde of golde wt goodlye leaues glade
Set in ỹ middes whole beauty may not fade.

And whan Myrra frõ Bochas was wdraw
And declared her great aduersitie:
And of her fate tolde the mortall lawe,
Came Orpheus full ugly vnto se,
Sonne of Appollo and of Calyope,
And appeared with a full dolefull face,
Sumtime brought forthe ỹ ybone in Trace.

Full renoumed in armes and in science,
Famous in musike and melody:
And full notable also in eloquence,
And for his soote sugred armony
Beastes and fowles as poetes specify
Wodes & floudes of their course most strong,
Stynte of course, to harken his sote song.

An harpe he had of Mercurius,
With the whiche Erudice he wanne:
And to Bachus as write Ouidius,
Sacrifices solemnely he began.
And vnto hell for his wife he ran,
Her to recure with sote touches charpe,
Whiche he made vpon his heauenly harpe.

But whan that he this labour on him toke,
A lawe was made which that bond him sore
That if he backeward cast his loke,
He shold her lese and se her neuermore.
But it is sayd sythen gone full yore:
There may no lawe louers well constrayne,
So importable is their deadly payne.

Ffor some husbands had stand in the caas
To haue lost their wiues for a loke sodayne,

They

For leaf xxx. see after leaf xxxiii.

In somer season vnder the leaues grene:
Thou makest thy dwellinge & doest thy selfe
Iyen great heates of the son shene: (assure,
Content w frutes, and water christal clene:
To staunche thy hūger, and thy thurstes soze,
After the season, and carest foz no moze.

Pouert eke lyeth the colde wynters nyght
Wzapped in strawe, without cōpleyning:
Without dzede, he goeth glad & light,
And tofoze theues ful merely doth lyng.
She gothe also without patilyng,
Fro lande to lande amonge pooze & riche,
Foz frende and foe to hym be both ylich.

Moral Seneche recozdeth by wziting,
Richest of thynges is glad pouerte:
Euer of one chere boyde of al grutching,
Both in ioye and in aduersite:
Thzough al the wozld last her liberte,
And her franchise stant in so greate ease,
That of fredom no man wyll her displese.

She is nozice of study and of doctrine,
In vertuous labour doth her diligence:
And of science whych that ben diuine,
She is called mother by clerkes in sentence:
Of philosophers most had in reuerence.
Foztune and she so farre a sonder bary,
That eche to other of custome is contrary,

Her erthly ioye is foz to liue in peas.
Hateth tumulte, noyse, and disturbaunce:
Foz her disciple called Zenocrates,
In wylful pouert set holy his plesaunce.
Sober of his pozte, thzough whose attempe-
Ful many a man by his teching, (raūce,
Were bzought to vertue fro vicious lyuinge.

His diete was so mesurable,
And deuoyde of superfluite,
That his cozage he kepte fyzme and stable,
Fro flesshely lustes he was so attempze:
Reason maistred his sensualite,
Delyzes vnlefful foz to set alyde,
Duryng his lyfe pouert was his gide.

His abidyng and his conuersacion
Was in places that were solitary,
Among trees & welles he byte him a dōgiō,
With multitude he hated foz to tary:
Foz pouert was his secretary,
Sober of his chere and stable of his entent,
And in Athenes fyzst to schole he went.

He was so mighty of authozite,
Rightwysnesse, and iustyce to obserue,
That rightful iuges his sentēce toke at gre:
He conde his mouth and tonge so pzeserue,
That in the temple ones of Minerue
Without oth vnto his sentence,
To that he saide the iuges gaue credence.

He asked was among great audience,
Why he was soleine of his daliaunce:
His answere was that neuer foz sylence
Thzough litel speking he felte no greuance.
Speche vnauysed causeth repentaunce:
And recheles tonges foz lacke of refreyninge,
To many a man hath be great hinderinge.

Diogenes true heire and next alied
To wylful pouert, by iust enheritaunce,
Foz all richesse he platnly hath defied:
To him it was so great encomberaunce,
With wozldly treasour to haue aliaunce.
Hys dwellyng made within a litell tunne,
Which turned about w concourse of the sun.

Him selfe refreshig w hete of Phebus bemes,
Foz he was content god wote with ful lite:
Kyng Alexander that cōquered al realmes
Came ridyng downe & gan him selfe delyte,
This philosopher to se and visyte.
Him selfe soquestred sole from al the pzees,
And came alone to see Diogenes.

Pzofered vnto hym great riches & treasoure,
Badde him aske what thyng that he woulde,
That might him please oz do to hym succour:
But of all that he nothinge ne tolde,
But pzayed him ful lowly that he shoulde
Not dzawe frō him that thynge ayen al right
Which foz to giue lay not in his myght.

What thyng is that quod Alexander agayne,
I haue by cōquest al erthly tresour wun,
The philosopher said he spake in vayne,
Thou hast (quod he) no lozdship of the sun,
Thy shadow letteth his bemes fro my tun:
And sith thou hast no power of hys lyght,
I pzay the hertely fozbarre me not his lighte.

Though Alexāder was myghty of puissance,
And all the wozld had in his demeyne,
Yet was hys reason vnder the obeysaunce
Of flesshly lustes, fettred in a cheine:
Foz in hys person wyl was souereyne,
His reason bzidled by sensualite,

Troublynge

Troublyng the fredome of ryght & equite.

For where that wyll hath domination
In a prince, which should sustayne ryght,
And partial fauour oppresseth his reason,
And trouthes titel is bornedoun with myght,
And equal doome hath lost his clere light,
Though for a season they sit in hie cheyres,
Their fame shal fade within a fewe yeres.

In this make I comparison,
Betwene Alexander and Diogenes:
That one endured but a short season,
For that he loued warre more than pees.
And for that other was not recheles,
But helde hym content wyth giftes of nature,
Unto great age his power dyd endure.

Alexander was slayne wyth poyson,
In his triumphes whan he dyd excell:
But in a tunne that lay ful low downe,
Diogenes dranke water of the well.
And of their end their difference to tel,
Alexander wyth couetous was blent,
The philosopher wyth litel was content.

Blessed be power that may endure longe,
Maugre the fraude & daunger of fortune:
Where as kynges and emperours strong,
In their estate no whyle may contune,
And al vertues rekened in cõmune,
Betwene indigence and great habundaunce,
Is a good meane content with sufficiaunce.

For with great plentye men be not assured,
After their lust alway to lyue in ease:
And though ỹ mẽ great tresure haue recured,
With their riches they fele many disease.
Lords haue not al thyng that may thẽ please,
But hertely ioy philosophers exployte,
Is grettest tresour twene power & riches.

For this chapiter sheweth a figure,
A maner lykenesse, and demonstracion,
Howe Diogenes lenger dyd endure,
Than mighty Priam, or kyng Laomedon.
So to exemplifye in conclusion,
There is more trust in vertuous symplesse,
Than in presumynge of vicious false riches.

For the auoutry of Paris and Heleine,
Brought al Troye to distruccion:
Pryde and luxury were also meanes tweine,
Why grekes layd a siege to the towne,
And finally cause of their confusion.
To eyther partie losse of many a man,
The groũd conceiued why fyrst that war gã.

Lenuoye.

This tragedy piteous and lamentable.
Ful dolorous to write and to expresse.
That worthy Priam of kinges most notable,
Was fal in power for al his great richesse:
Fro kyngly honour in to wretchednes:
From sceptre & croune, and from his regaly,
To mischiefe brought through false auoutry.

Was not fortune froward and disceuable,
For to suffer by her doublenesse,
And by her course whych euer is variable,
That worthy Hector flour of al prowesse,
Should vnwarly most famous of noblesse,
Be slayne, alas these stocke of chiualry,
For a quarel of false auoutry?

Agamemnon accompted incomparable
Among grekes, for trouth & rightwysnesse,
To gouerne most glorious and able,
Within his paleis, the storye dereth wines,
His wife Clitimnistra through her curlednes,
Assented was to murdre hym of enuy,
For the occasion of false auoutry.

Ye noble princes cõceiue howe chaungeable
Is worldly honour, through vnstedfastnes,
Sith of king Priam the glory was vnstable:
Fixe in your minde thys mater doth impresse,
And your corages knightly doth vpdresse:
Agayne al tyties holdeth champarty,
Which appertayneth to false auoutry.

¶ The. xix. Chapter.

Of mighty Sampson whiche tolde hys counsayle to Dalyda, where-by he was disceiued.

Who was more stronger thã Sampson?
None more deliuer, ỹ byble dereth wytnesse:
Without weapen he slough a fierse lyon,
And for his enemyes to hym dyd expresse
His vncouth problem, anon he gan him dresse
Agayne Philistines, and slough of thẽ thirty,
To paye hys promyse spoyled them by & by.

His

This problem was (the text thus reherſyng
After the letter) in very ſothfaſtneſſe,
There came out mete of a thynge etynge,
And fro the ſtrong there went out ſwetnes.
But hys wyfe of frowarde doublenes,
Which euer wrought to his diſauayle,
Of worthy Sampſon tolde the counſayle.

What is more ſtronge than is a lyone
Or more ſwete than hony in taſtynge:
But women haue thys condicion, (ging
Of ſecrete thynges whan they haue knowle-
They bolne inwarde their hertes aye freting
Outher they muſt dye or diſcure,
So bytel of cuſtome is their nature.

This was the caſe, the lyon that was deed,
Agayne the ſonne gappynge lay vp right:
A ſwarme of been entred in his heed,
Of whom there came hony anone ryght,
And whan Sampſon therof had a ſyght,
He fantaſied in hys opinion,
Full ſecretly this propoſicion,

As ye haue herde, & gan it forth purpoſe,
That philiſtines to hym it ſhould expowne:
Vnder a payne the trouth to hym vncloſe.
But wyth hys wife they priuely gan rown,
And ſhe on Sāpſon gan cōpleyn and frowne,
And faynyngly ſo long vpon hym wepe,
That he coud not his coūſayle fro her kepe.

Which whan ſhe knewe made no taryeng,
But plaine and hole ſhe gan it to declare:
Such double truſt is in their weppynge,
To kepe their tonges women can not ſpare.
Such wepyng wyues yuell mote they fare,
And al huſbands I pray god gyue thē ſorow,
That tel their counſaile at euyn or morowe.

She told thē hole ſhe told it thē not halfe,
And Sampſon than gan vpon thē ſmyle:
If ye not had herde it in my calfe,
Ye ſhould not haue found it a great whyle.
Who may be ſure where women lyſt begyle &
Though bokes Sāpſon of ſtrēgth ſo cōmēde,
Yet durſt he not ayenſt hys wyfe offende.

This mighty Sampſon did alſo his payne
Thre hundred foxes ones that he founde,
He toke their tailes, knit thē twayn & twain,
And amyd euerich he ſet a fyre bronde.
And as they ran in Philiſtines lond,
So furiouſly vp and downe they went,
That they their frutes & their vynes brent.

Eke by trayſon whan he was ones bound,
Wyth ſtronge cordes (as he lay a ſlepe)
There. iii. M. whych that Sampſon founde,
To haue murdred hym or he toke kepe,
He brake his bondes and vp anone he lepe:
Of an aſſe he caught a chaule bone,
And a thouſande he ſlough of them anone.

He gan to faynt, and had a ſodaine luſt
For to drinke, faded face and chere:
And god ſent hym to ſauche with hys thurſt,
From the aſſes tothe water chriſtal clere,
Which that ſprāge out large lyke a ryuere:
Refreſhed his ſpirite whych afore gan dul,
Tyl that he had of water dronke his ful.

After he went to Gaſam the citye,
Amōg hys enemys that were of great might
To his pleſaunce where he dyd ſe,
A full fayre woman, lay wyth her al nyghte,
And on the morowe long or it was lyght,
Maugre the watch on his ſholders ſquare,
The gates ſtrong vp to an hyl he bare.

And in a baley whych called was Sorez,
Ful hote he loued Dalyda the fayre:
On whom his hert was full ſure ſet,
She coude her fayne ſo meke & debonayre.
Make him ſuch chere whan hi liſt repeyre,
But I dare call her Dalida the double,
Cheſe rote & cauſe of al his mortal trouble.

He neuer dranke wynes whyte ne reed,
Of Nazarees ſuch is the gouernaunce:
Raſour, ne chere, touched neuer his heed,
For in long growyng ſtādeth their pleſaunce.
And this Sampſon moſt myghty of ſubſtāce,
Had al his force by influence of heuyn,
By heeres weryng & were in nombre ſeuyn.

It was ful ſecre in euery mannes ſyght,
Among people told for an vncouth thinge,
Wherof Sampſon had ſo great myght,
Outwarde ſhewyng by force of hys working:
But Dalida wyth her falſe flatterynge,
Woulde neuer ſtynt enquiring euer amonge,
Tyl & ſhe knewe wherby he was ſo ſtrong.

She lyke a ſerpent barying vnder flours,
Or lyke a worme that worketh in a tre,
Or lyke an addre of manyfolde colours,
Right true apperinge and fayre vpon to ſe,

For

For chrowded was her mutabilite,
With lowlihed and a fayre pretence,
Of true menynge vnder falle apparence.

He ment troth and she was variable,
He was faithful and she was vntrewe:
He was stedfast and she was vnstable,
His trust aye one, she loued thinges newe,
She wared colours of many diuers hewe:
In stede of blewe which stedfast is & clene,
She loued chaunges of many diuers grene.

But to purpose for to condiscende,
Whan she of Sampson knewe al the priuite,
Her faithed shortly for to comprehende,
She made hym slepe ful soft on her kne,
And a sharpe rasour after that toke she,
Shore of his heeres large & of great length
Whereby alas he lost all his strength.

Domage in erth is none so greuous,
As an enemy which that is secree:
Nor pestilence none so perilous,
As falsnesse wher it is priuee,
And specially in femynitee.
For if theyr wyues be founde variable,
Where shall husbandes fynde other stable:

Thus Sãpson was by Dalida disceiued,
She coude so well flatter, forge, and fayne:
Which Philistines whan thei haue cõceyued,
Unwarely bond hym in a mighty cheyne,
Cast him in prison, put out his eyen twayne,
And of dispite after as I fynde,
At their quernes made hym for to grynde.

Thei made a feast stately and solempne,
Whan they had al this traison wrought:
And to rebuke him, scorne him, & condempne,
Blinde Sampson was afore them brought
Which greued hym ful sore in his thought,
Cast he dyd priuely in his minde, (finde.
Cauenge hys blyndnesse some maner way to

And whan he had thus bethought hym long,
He made a childe hym priuely to lede,
To two postes, large, square, and stronge,
Enbraced them, or any man toke bede:
And gan to shake the without feare or dreed
So sturdely among hys fone al,
That the temple is vpon them fal.

Thus he was auenged on his foney,
Which that falsely dyd agayne hym stryue:
Slough in hys dyeng, god wote many one,
More than he dyd euer afore in hys lyue.
And he was also, the date to discriue
In Israel (the Byble is myn auctour)
Twenty yere theyr iudge and gouernour.

¶ Lenuoye.

This tragedy gyueth an euidence,
To whom mẽ shal theyr coũseil out dyscure:
For recheles tonges for lacke of prudence,
Haue do great harme to many a creature,
Whan harme is done ful harde it is to recure
Beware by Sãpsõ your coũsaile wel to kepe
Let Dalida complaine, crye and wepe.

Whilom Sampson for manhode & prudence
Israel had in gouernaunce and cure,
Daunted Lyons through his magnificence,
Made on a thousande a discomfiture:
But hys most perilous auenture,
Was whan he lay with Dalida to slepe,
Whych falsly coude complayne, crye & wepe.

Ye noble princes conceyue the sentence
Of thys story remembred in scripture,
Howe that Sampson of wylful negligence,
Was shaue & shorne, disfaced his figure:
Kepe your cõceytes vnder couerture, (crepe,
Suffre no nightworme within your counsaile
Though Dalida cõplayne, crye and wepe.

¶ The. xx. Chapiter.

A chapter of Bochas discriuyng the malice of women.

Myne auctour Bocas reioyced in hys lyue,
I dare not saye whether it was commendable,
Of these women the malice to dyscryue,
Generally, and wyt (it is no fable)
Of theyr nature how they ben variable,
And howe their malice best by euidente
Is knowe to them that haue experience.

They can afore them al day men may se,
By syngular fredom and dominacion,
Ouer men to haue souerayntie,
And kepe them lowe vnder subiection:
And for labour in their opinion
By subtyl craft that thynge to recure.

Whych

they would haue suffred and not sayd alas,
But pacientlye endured all their payne:
And thanked god ỹ broken was the chayne,
Which hath so long them in pryson bounde,
That they by grace had such a way founde.

Tolye in pryson it is a ful great charge,
And to be stocked vnder key and locke:
It is meryer a man to go at large,
Than with yrons to be nailed to a blocke.
But there is a bonde that called is wedlocke
Fettryng husbandes so sore that it is wonder
Which with a file may not be broke asunder.

But Orpheus father of hermony,
Thought Erudice ỹ was his wife so fayre,
For her sake he felt that he must dye,
Because that he whan he made his repayre,
Of her in trouth nothing embraced but ayre
Thus he lost her there is no more to sayne,
And for the cõstraynt of his greuous payne

At his hart her partyng sate so sore,
The grene memory the tender remembrãce,
That he would neuer wine no more,
So fayre he was escaped his penaunce.
For wedlocke is a life of muche pleasaunce,
But who hath ones infarnall paynes sene,
Will neuer after come in the snare I wene.

This Orpheus gaue counsaile full notable,
To husbandes that haue endured payne,
To such as ben prudent and tretable,
One hel is dredful, but more dredful is twain
And who is ones bounde in a chayne
And may escape out of daunger blyue,
If he eft resort God let him neuer thriue.

Upon this sentence women were vengeable,
And to his writyng full contrarious
Sayd his counsaile was not commendable,
At the feast they halowed to Bachus,
They fill echone vpon this Orpheus:
And for all his rethorike swete,
They slough alas this laureate poete.

And of his harpe if ye lyst to heare,
The God Appollo made a translation,
Among the ymages of the starres cleare:
Wherof men may haue cleare inspection.
But fortune to his confusion
Denyed him frowarde of her nature,
Whan he was slayne fredome of sepulture.

Next Orpheus there did appeare also
Of Amasons worthy quenes twayne:
Merpelia and her sister Lampedo,
Whiche in conquest did their busy payne,
And great worshyp in armes did attayne:
Namyng them selues by writing nere & farre
Doughters to Mars which is god of warre.

Merpelia rode out in regions,
And conquered full many a great citye,
For couetise of great possessions,
To encrease her lordshyp if it would be:
And her sister kept surely their countrye,
Of all enemies so that there was no doubt,
While Merpelia rode with her host about.

But while she was in conquest most famous,
And her enemies proudly did assayle,
Fortune anone wart contrarious,
And caused that she was slaine in battayle.
Lo what conquest or victory may auayle,
Whan that fortune doth at them disdayn,
Se here ensample by these quenes twayne.

¶ Lenuoy.

THis tragedy remembreth thynges fyue:
Of Narcissus the excellent beauty,
And of Biblis dothe also discriue,
The great luxury and dishonestye,
Myrra diffamed, turned to a tree,
To exemplify that lechery and pryde,
Ben from all vertue set full farre aside.

How Orpheus endured in his liue,
Ioye entermedled wyth aduersitye:
In his youth whan he did wyue
He felt in wedlocke full great felicitie:
His worldly blisse meynt with duplicitie,
As fortune her chaunges can deuyde,
Whiche from all vertue be set full farre aside.

Merpelia for her list to stryue,
Wyth wylfull warres to encrease her cõtre,
But her pompe was ouerturned blyue,
Whan in battayle vnwarely slayne was she:
For of all warre death is the fyne pardee.
So furious Mars can for her folke prouide,
Whiche from all vertue ben set farre aside.

Ye mighty princes let witte and reason dryue
Your high nobles to consider and se,
How Fortune estates can depryue,
And plonge thẽ downe from their prosperitie;

Pryde and luxury I counsayle that you flye,
False auarice ne let not be your gyde:
Whiche from all vertue is clene set alyde.

¶ The.xvi.Chapter.

¶ Of Priamus kyng of Troye: and how the monke of Bury translatoure of this boke wrote a boke of the siege of Troy called Troy boke.

After these complayntes and lamētations
which that Bochas did in his boke cōpile
Medled among with transmutations
Set in Ouide by full souerayne style:
Whan he on them had mused a long while
Sene the maner both of sorowe and ioye,
He began to remēber of Priamus of Troy.

First of his byrthe, and of his kynrede,
How among kinges he was most famous:
And as poetes recorde of him in dede,
He descended of worthye Dardanus,
Whiche as his line declareth vnto vs,
From Iupiter was lynially come downe,
Unto his father called Laomedoun.

Of olde Troy this Laomedon was kyng,
Destroyed by Grekes he and his countrye.
After whom this Priamus raynyng,
Made there ayen a myghty strong citye:
Where he full longe in full great royaltie
With wife & childer most worthy of renoun,
With sceptre and crowne held the possessioun.

Gouerned his citye in peace and rightwisnes,
And Fortune was to him fauourable:
For of all Alie the treasour and riches,
He did assemble this kyng most honourable.
And in armes, he was so commendable,
That through the worlde as far as mē gone.
Of high nobles the renoume of him shone.

This Priamus had childzen many one,
Worthy princes, and of full great myght:
But Hector was among them euerychone
Called of prowes the lanterne and the lyght.
For there was neuer borne a better knyght,
Troylus in knyghthode so manly was foūd,
That he was named Hector the seconde.

But if I should rehearse the manhede
Of kyng Priam, and of his sonnes all,
And how his citye besieged was in dede,
And all the story to remembraunce call,
Betwene him and Grekes how it is befall,
The circumstaunces rehearsyng vp & doun
To set in order the first occasion

Of the siege why it was first layed
By Hercules, and also by Jason,
The maner whole in Troye boke is sayde,
Rudely endited of my translation:
Folowyng vpon the destruction
Called the second, whych by accomptes clene
Fully endured the space of ten yere.

For as me semeth the labour were in vayne,
Truely also I not to what entent
That I should write it newe agayne,
For I had once in commaundement
By him that was most noble and excellent,
Of kynges all for to vndertake,
It to translate and write it for his sake.

And if ye list to wete whom I meane
Henry the fifte most myghty of puyssaunce,
Gaue me the charge of entent full cleane,
Thinge of olde time to put in remembraunce:
The same Henry for knyghtly suffisaunce,
Worthy for manhode, reken kynges all,
With nyne worthies for to haue a stall.

To holy churche he was chefe defensoure,
In all suche causes Christes chosen knyght:
To destroy heritykes he set all his laboure,
Loued all vertues and to sustayne right,
Through his nobles, his manhode, & might:
Was diligent and did his busy payne,
To haue set peace betwene realmes twayne.

I meane in sothe England and Fraunce,
His purpose was to haue had a peace finall:
Sought out meanes w̄ many a circumstaūce
As well by treaty, as actes marciall,
Theron ieoparded lyfe, goodes and all.
But wo, alas, agaynst death is no boone,
This land may say he dyed all to soone.

For among kinges he was one of the best,
So all his dedes conueyed were by grace:
I pray to God so geue his soule good rest,
Wyth sayntes in heauen a dwellyng place.
For here with vs to little was the space
That he abode, of whom the remembraunce,
Shall neuer dye in England ne in Fraunce.

This worthy kyng gaue to me in charge

In Englysh tonge to make a translation
Out of latyn within a volume large,
Howe longe the grekes lay tofore the toun:
And how that Paris fyrst at Cytheron,
In Uenus temple sleighly dyd his payne
There to ravysh the fayre quene Heleyne

In which boke the processe ye may se,
To hym how she was wedded in the toune:
And of the siege layde vnto the cyte
By Menelay and kyng Agamennon.
And many another full worthy of renoun
On eyther partie which that in battaile
Fro day to day ech other dyd assayle.

Wherto shuld I tell or what shuld I write,
The deth of Hector or of Achylles:
Or wherto should I of newe endite
How worthy Troilus was slaine in ỹ prese:
The ende of Paris or of Pallamides,
Or the slaughter of manly Deyphebus,
Or howe his brother called Helenus

Tolde afore howe it was great folly
That Paris should wed quene Heleyne.
And how Cassandra in her prophecy,
On this wedding sore began compleyne,
And for the constreint of her hertely paine,
How she were madde, & ran about the toune,
Tyl she was caught & shet vp into prison.

Al this matter ye may behold in dede,
Set by and by wythin Troye boke:
And how Creseide loued Dyomede,
Whan worthy Troylus she wilfully forsoke.
Other nature a quarel thus she toke,
To assay both, if nede were also to feyne
To take the thirde, & leue thē both tweyne.

I passe ouer and tel of it no more,
Ne by what meanes the grekes wan ỹ toun,
How Eneas neyther how Anthenore
Ayenst kyng Priam cōspired false traison:
Neyther howe Ulixes gate Paladion.
The deth of Priam ne of Eccuba the quene,
Ne howe Pyrrus slewe yong Pollicene.

Neyther here to write it is not mine entent,
Repeyre of grekes home in to their countre,
After the cyte at Troyon was brent:
Neither of their mischefe they had on the see.
Neyther howe Ulixes founde Penolope,
A true wyfe though he were long her fro,
Through al Grece I can rede of no mo.

Of these matters thus I make an ende,
What fil of grekes after their viage,
To Troy boke tho folke I send,
Which haue desire to se the surplusage:
Howe grekes made fyrst their passage
Towardes Troy, besiegynge the cite,
Rede the storye ye get no more of me.

The .xvii. Chapter.

Here speketh Bochas the authour of thys boke, agaynste the surquedous pryde of them that truste in rychesse, sayeng these wordes vnto them.

Ye proude folkes that set your affiaūce
In strength, beaute, or in hye nobles,
If ye consider fortunes variaunce,
And coude a myrrour before your eyen dresse,
Of kyng Priam and of his great richesse,
To se how he and his children all
From their noblesse sodainly ben fall,

Hector of knighthode called sours & wel,
Sad and demure, and famous of prudence,
Paris also in beaute dyd excell,
And Helenus in perfyt prouidence.
Troylus in armes had great experience,
Also Deyphebus preued manly on his fone,
Yet in ỹ warre they were slaine euerychone.

Had not this kyng also as I can deuise,
By noble Hecuba whiche that was ỹ quene:
A doughter called Cassandra the wyse,
Her yong suster fayre Pollicene:
Alas alas what may all such pride mene.
For albeit their renome spronge ful far,
Yet are these women deuoured in the war.

Was he not mighty & strong in all thynges,
And had also of his aliaunce,
Right worthy princes & many tych kynges,
And nighe al Asie vnder his obeisaunce:
Holde in his tyme most famous of puissaunce,
Most renomed of richesse and tresours,
Tyl that fortune wyth her sharpe shoures

Whan that he satte highest on his whele,
This blind goddes began him to assaile:
Her frowarde malice he felte it ful wele,
His golde, his treasure, fyrst it gan to fayle,
And darken gan his royal apparayle.
By whych example al proud men may se,

The vntrue trust, the mutabilite.

Which in this worlde is sene & founde alday.
In myddes of states in their magnificence,
Ebbe after floude maketh no delaye:
But hait her course, there is no resistence,
The tyde abydeth not for no violence.
Eche man ꝑ standeth of chaūges here in dout
Must take his tourne as it cōmeth about.

Let Priam be to you a clere myrrour,
Ye proude folkes that set your affiaunce,
In such glorye, whych fadeth as a flour,
And hath of beautie here none attendaunce.
The worlde to you cast a ful bitter chaunce:
For whan ye wene syt highest at full,
Than wil she soneste your bright feders pul.

Ye haue warnynges for to take hede
By ensample of other, clere & tyght bisible,
How worldly blysse is medled al wyth drede,
And if your wittes and reasons be sencible,
Thynge sene at the eye is not incredible.
And al this doctrine is to you in veyne
If in your tyme ye haue no chaunges sene.

Wherefore Bochas vnto your auayle,
Full prudently put you at this issue:
Fyrst of al he giueth you this counsaile,
To leaue your vyces and take you to vertue.
And sette your trust al wholy in Jesu
For he may best in mischiefe helpe at nede
Of worldly chaunges that ye thē not drede.

The .xviii. Chapiter.

There also Jhon Bochas putteth a greate prayslynge and commendacion of suerty that standeth in pouertie vnder these wordes in sentence.

These great lordshyppes, these greate dignities,
Theke thinge annexed vnto ꝑ regalty
Whan they syte highest in their sees,
And rounde about stante the chiualry,
Drede entreth in with paryl and enuy
And vnware chaūge, whych none may know
Whan fortune wyl make them lout low.

They may wel kepe a stately housholde,
With a vain trust their power shuld euer last,
Clad in their mātell of purpul & of golde,
And on the whele of fortune clyme vp fast,
Lyke as she myght neuer downe them cast.
But aye the clymbinge highest at all,
Alas the lower is their vnhappy fal.

The fal of Priam and of Agamemnon,
Ought of right more to be complayned,
Whan that fortune had pulled them doun,
And of malice hath at them disdayned,
Than if they neuer to worshyp had attained:
But theyr fallyng was the more greuous,
Because tofore they were so glorious.

O thou pouert, meke, humble, & debonayre,
Which that kepest the lawes of nature,
For sodayne chaunges thou wilt not dispaire
So art thou franchised from fortunes lure:
Al her assautes thou lowly doest endure,
That she may haue no iurisdiction,
To enterupt thy possession.

Thou settest lytel by al worldly richesse,
Nor by his treasours which bene transitory:
Thou scornest thē that their sheltrōs dresse
Towarde batayls, for conquest & victory:
Thou dispysest al shininge of veyne glory.
Laude of triumphes whych conquerers haue
W al her pillage, ꝑ setst thē at nought. (sought

Thou dispreisest al superfluitee.
None infortune may chaunge thy corage:
And the shippes that saile by the see
With marchandise amonge the flodes rage,
Their auentures and perillous passage,
Lyfe, body, goodes, al put in auenture,
Onely for lucre, great richesse to recure.

Of al such thyng thou takest litle hede,
Nor of the people that maners do purchase:
Nor of pleders whych for lucre & mede,
Meyntayne quarels, and questes do enbrace.
Thou thē beholdest with a ful styl face,
Their subtill worcking sought out for ꝑ nonis
And sodainly depart from al atones.

Thou canst in litell also haue sufficiaunce,
And art content wyth ful small dispence,
For thy richesse, and thyne haboundaunce,
Without grutchyng is humble pacience.
If any man do to the offence,
Thou forgettest, and canst forgyue,
To the sufficeth so thou mayst liue.

The starred heuin is thy couerture,

In

Which is to them denied of nature.

Bochas affirmeth and holde it for no tale.
If they want freshnes of colour,
And haue their face Iawne, swerte, and pale,
Anone they do their diligent laboure
In such a nede to helpe and do socour,
Their riueled skyn abrode to drawe & strain,
Forward frouces to make the smoth & plain.

If no rednesse in their chekes be,
Nor no lilyes delectable and white,
Than they take tencreale their beaute,
Such oyntements as may most delite.
Wher kynde faileth the surplusage to aquite
They can by craft so for them selfe dispose,
Shewe rednes, though there be no rose.

And for to shewe their face faire and bryghte,
With hote spices and oyntementes sote,
They can by craft counterfete a ryght:
Take in such case many an holsome rote.
Where kinde faileth connynge can do bote.
If theyr brestes vp to hye them dresse,
They cã ful wel thẽ bolsynge downe represse.

And if they be to soft or to tendre, (round:
They haue connyng to make them harde and
Their corsines they can eke make slendre,
With poynant sauces þ ben in phisike fonde,
Their subtel wittes in sleightes so habound,
Thynge þ is croked or wrong in mãs syght,
To make it seme as it went vp ryght.

They haue strictories too make theyr skyn to
Wrought subtilly of gõmes & of glaire, (shine
Crafty lyes to dye their heer cytryne,
Distilled waters to make them seme fayre.
Fumigacions to rectify the ayre,
Stomagers and freshe confections,
To represse false exhalacions.

Of al these things Bochas hath most dispite,
Whan these wekes farre yron in age,
Within them selfe haue vaine glory & delite,
For to be fayre and paynt their visage:
Lyke as a paintour on an olde ymage
Layeth his collours riche & freshe of hewe,
Worme frete stockes for to make seme newe.

Their slak skyn by crafte abrode is streined,
Lyke an orenge from the galey brought:
Riche relikes about their necke is cheined,
Golde vpõ golde w perle & stones wrought.
And þ their colour outward apeire nought
w winde or sun which shuld thẽ stein or fade,
For vnkinde heates they vsen Citrinade.

What should I write their vncouth desiers,
Sumtyme frowarde sutyme debonayre:
Imageninge sondry freshe attiers,
Contriued of newe many thousand payre.
Diuers deuises to make them seme fayre:
In their appoynt by counterfayte lykenes
For to resemble Venus the goddesse.

Of one deuise they holde them not apayde,
They must eche day haue a straunge wede:
If any be better than other arayed, (blede.
Of frowarde grutchynge they fele their herte
For euerych thynketh verely in dede
A mirrow pryeng in a myrrour bryght,
For to be fairest in her owne sight.

They can their eyen and their lokes dresse
To drawe folkes by sleightes to their lure,
And some whyle by their frowardnes
And fayned daunger they can of men recure
What euer they lyst, such is their auenture:
Agaynst whose sleightes force nor prudence
May not auayle to make resistence.

With constraint wepyng, & forged flatery,
Subtyll speche, ferced with plesaunce,
And many false dissimuled malady
Though i their hertes they fele no greuaunce,
And with their couert sorre daliaunce,
Though vnderneth the double serpent dare,
Ful many one they haue brought i their snare.

O swetnes ful of mortalitie,
Serpentyne wyth a plesant visage,
Unstable ioy ful of aduersite,
O most chaungeable of hert and of corage,
In thy desires hauyng thys auauntage,
What euer thou lyst to daunt and oppresse,
Such is thy frauches, Bocas bereth witnes.

Of nature they can in many wyse,
Of mighty grantes the power wel aslake.
What wyt of man can compas or deuise,
Their sleighty wyles dare well vndertake,
And if them lyst theron an ende make:
Fro this conceite who so that discorde
A thousande stories the reders can accorde.

Remembryng first how Hercules stronge.

Was brought by women to his deſtruction:
The quene Clitimniſtra dyd alſo great wrõg
To murder her lorde kynge Agamemnon.
Dalyda alſo betrayed Sampſon,
Amphiorax lanke depe downe in to hell,
Bicauſe his wife his counſaile did out tell.

It nedeth not make mencion
Though Phillis died through impacience,
Of longe abidinge of her Demophoon,
Nor how we that Nilus kyng of Magarence
Was by his doughters curſed violence
Unwarely murdred, in Ouide it is told,
Whã frõ his head the ſtale ꝓ heare of golde.

Bochas reherſeth of wyues many one,
Which in their werkinge were ful cõtrarius:
But among all he writeth there was one.
Quene of Aſſirye & wyfe to kyng Ninus,
And by diſcent doughter to Neptunus,
Semiramis called in her dayes,
Which of all men wouide make aſſayes.

She nouther ſpared ſtraunger ne kynred,
Her owne ſon was not ſet aſyde:
But wyth him had knowledgyng in dede,
Of whych the ſclaũder went about ful wyde,
For wyth one man ſhe could not abyde,
Such a falſe luſt was vpon her fall,
In her corage to haue a do wythal.

And truely it doth my wyt appal,
Of thys matter to make reherſaile:
It is no reaſon to atwyte women al
Though one or two whyloin dyd fayle,
It ſitteth not nor it may not auaile
Them to rebuke that perfit ben and gode,
Ferre out of ioynt though ſome other ſtode.

The rich Rubye nor the Saphire Inde
Be not appayred of their freſhe beautie,
Though among ſtones mẽ cõterfetes fynd:
And ſemblably though ſome women be
Not wel gouerned after their degre,
It not diſfaceth nor doth no violence,
To them that neuer dyd in their life offence.

The whyte lillye nor the holſome roſe
Nor violettes ſprede on bankes thicke,
Their ſwetnes whych out warde they vnclooſe
Is not appeyred with no weedes wycke.
And though ꝑ breres & many a croked ſticke
Growe in gardens among the floures fayre,
They may the vertue of herbes not apayre.

And (I dare ſay) that women vertuous
Ben in the vertue (of price) more cõmendable
Than there be ſome reken ed vicious,
And of their liuinge founde alſo ſtable.
Good women ought not be partable
Of their treſpaſſe, nor their wycked dede,
But more cõmended for their womanhed.

What is appayred of Heſter the meknes,
Though ꝑ Scilla was ſturdy & vengeable:
Nor of Alceſte the perfite ſtedfaſtnes
Is not eclipſed, but more acceptable,
Though Clitimniſtra was founde variable:
Lyke as whã clouds their blakne s do decline
Phebus wt his beames doth more clere ſhine.

Ful many one haue clene ben al their lyue,
Undefouled kept their virginitie:
And ſome coude againſt al vices ſtriue,
Them to conſerue in perfit chaſtitie,
Deuoyde of chaung and mutabilitie.
Thogh ſũe other haue ther againe treſpaſed,
The laude of them is not therwith diſfaced.

And who euer of malice lyſt accuſe
Theſe ſely women touchynge variaunce,
Let them remembre & in their wyttes muſe
Men be not ay ſtable in their conſtaunce:
In this worlde there is no perſeueraunce,
Chaunge is ay founde in men & women both
On outher party be they neuer ſo wroth.

No man ſhould the vertuous atwite
In ſtede of him that did the treſpace,
Nor for a theſe a trewe man indite,
Nor for the gylty an Innocent manace:
Good and wycked abyde in euery place,
Their price, their lacke, let them be reſerued,
To outher party as they haue deſerued.

Though Jhon Bochas in his opinion
Againſt women lyſt a proceſſe make,
They that ben good of condicion
Shoulde againſt it no maner quarel take
But lightly, paſſe and their ſleues ſhake:
For againe good he nothinge made
Who can conceyue theffect of this balade.

¶ The.xxi. Chapter.

The excuſe of Bochas for his writing againſt miſgouerned women, in ſted of a Lenuoy.

YE women all that shall beholde and
see,
This chapiter, and the proces rede,
Ye that ben good founde in youre de-
gree,
And vertuous both in thought and dede,
What Bochas sayeth take ye no hede:
For his writinge if it be discerned,
Is not agayne them that be well gouerned.

For though it fall that one two or thre
Haue done amisse, as therof god forbed,
That other wom̄e whych stable & faithful be,
Should be atwited of their vngoodlyhede:
But more cōmended for their womanhed.
For this scripture if it be concerned,
Is agayne them that be not well gouerned.

I galled horse (the soth if ye list se)
Who toucheth hi boweth his backe for drede,
And who is knowe vntrue in his countre,
Shrinketh his hornes whā m̄e speke of fals-
But good women haue ful litel nede (hede,
To grutch or frowne whan ỹ truth is lerned,
Thoughe there be sōe ỹ be not wel gouerned.

Of Dalida and quene Pasiphae
Though doublenes dyd their bridell lede,
Yet of Lucrece and Penolope,
The noble fame abrode doth shyne & spred:
Out of good corne m̄e may the darnel wede,
Women rebuke in their defautes querned,
And not touch them that be wel gouerned.

The.xxii. Chapter.

Of myghty Pyrrus that sloughe Pollicene, whyche for hys pryde and auoutry dyed in pouerte, slayne at the last by Horestes.

BOchas musynge in hys remem-
braunce,
And considerynge in his fantasy,
The vnsure truste of worldely va-
riaunce,
Of men & women the chaunge and the foly:
The same tyme he sawe a company
Of myghty princes ful pitously weppynge,
To hym appere their fortune complaining.
Among other that put them selfe in preasse,
Of mighty Pirrus fyrst he had a sight:
That was the son of worthy Achilles,
Among Grekes the most famous knight,
Most commended of manhode & of might.
Son and next heire as bokes specifye,
Of Peleus kynge of Thessalie.

This Achilles ful manly of his herte
Hurt of Hector and his wounde grene,
Slough Hector after or he dyd auert:
The whiche Achilles for loue of Pollicene,
By compassing of Hecuba the quene,
Under treaty this grekes champion,
Was slayne of Paris within Troy toun.

Whose deth to auenge, Pyrrus in his tene
Furiously with face deed and pale,
Slough afterward the sayde Pollicene,
And dismembred her on peces smale:
Whiche for to heare is a piteous tale,
That a knight so vengeable was in dede,
To slee a mayde quakynge in her drede.

Ye coude for Ire on her no mercy haue,
But with his swerde most furious & wode,
Mercyles vpon his fathers graue,
Lyke a tiraunt he shed her chaste bloud:
The dede horrible diffaced his knighthode,
That to this day the sclaunder and diffame,
By newe report reboundeth on his name.

Poetes say, and specially Ouide
Writes whan Grekes fro Troy should saile.
Howe their shyppes by an anker dyd ryde,
Of their purpose which long dyd the faile:
But in this whyle he maketh re hersayle,
Out of the erth manacynge of chere,
Of Achilles an ymage dyd appere.

To grekes sayde wyth a deedly face:
I fele well mine honour and my glory,
And my nobles ful lyghtly forth doth pace
Vnkynde people, out of your memory.
Whych by me had your conquest and victory,
Your denoyre doth Pollicene to take,
And on my graue a sacrifice to make.

Wyth her blode, loke ye spare nought
To spring it about my sepulture: (bought,
Thus blode for blode wyth vengeance shalbe
And for my death the death she must endure.

And hole the maner of thys auenture,
And howe she dyed, in her maydenhead,
Methamorpholeos ꝑ prȝocesse ye may rede.

In hasty vengeaunce set was al hys ioye,
Vi thurst vnstaũched Troyan blode to shede,
He slough Pȝiam the worthy kyng of Troy:
And into Grece wyth hym he dyd lede
Andȝomada, the storȝ ye may rede,
Weded her, and after in certaine,
By him she had worthy sonnes twayne.

But in repayrȝyng home to his coũtre,
As Eolus dyd hys shyppes dȝyue,
I synde he was a pirat of the se:
And into Grece whan he dyd arȝyue,
Fortune vnwarely gan agayne him strȝyue,
Forsoke hys wyfe let her lyue alone,
Toke another called Hermione

Which was that tyme in mariage
To Horestes son of Agamemnon:
And he alas of loues wylful rage,
Toke her by force to hys possession.
But of auoutry foloweth this guerdõ,
Sodayne deth, pouerte, or shame,
Open disclaũder, great mischefe or diffame.

Eke in hys tyme thys Pirrus as I rede,
Fyll into mischefe and great pouerte:
And wyth such meyny as he dyd lede,
He was a rouer, and robbed on the see.
And as poetes reherse, ye may se,
Of such robbyng by sclaũder and diffame,
This worde Pirate of Pirrus toke ꝑ name.

And as the storȝe after doth deuise,
The sayde Horestes gan sykerly espye,
Wher that Pyrrus dyd sacrifyce
Tofore Appollo, that god to magnify:
Full vnwarely Horestes of enuy,
Toke a sharpe sherde or Pyrrus coud aduert
Wher that he stode & roke hym to the hert.

This was the fyne of Pyrrus in substance,
For al his pryde and great presumcion:
Of falle auoutry foloweth thys vengeaũce,
Losse of some membre, pouerte, or prison.
Or hateful sclaundre by some occasion,
Or sodayne deth, shortly in sentence,
Complete in Pyrrus, by ful clere euydence.

The. xxiii. Chapiter.

Of Machayre and of hys
suster Ca-
nace.

After thys Pyrrus came Canace
the faire,
Teares dystyllynge fro her eyen
twayne:
And her brother that called was
Machaire.
And both they pitiously gan playne
That fortune gan at them so disdayne,
Hyndrȝyng their fate by woful aduenture,
Touchig their loue which was ayen nature.

He was her brother and her loue also,
As the storie plainely doth declare:
And in a bedde they laye eke bothe two,
Reason was none why they would spare.
But loue that causeth wo and eke welfare,
Gan agayne kynde so straungely deuyse,
That he her wombe made sodenly to ryse.

And finally myne authour beareth wytnes,
A childe she had by her owne brother,
Which excelled in fauour and fayrenes,
For lyke to hym of beaute was none other,
But of their loue so gyded was the rother,
That Caribdis twene windes ful contrayre,
Hath Canace distroied, and Machayre.

For whan their father the maner dyd espie,
Of their worȝkyng whych was so horrible,
For ȝre almost he fel in frensy,
Whych for to appese was an impossible:
For the mater was frowarde and odible,
For whiche plainely deuoyde of al pite,
Upon their trespas he would auenged be.

The cause knowen the father anone right,
Cast for their deth of rigour to prouide:
For whych Machaire stedde out of his sight
And from his face his presence gan to hide.
But wo alas his suster must abide,
Mercilesse for their hateful trespale,
And suffre deth there was none other grace.

First her father a sharpe swerde to her sent,
In token of deth for a remembraunce,
And whan she wist plainely what he ment,
And conceiued his rigorous ordinaunce:
Wyth whole purpose to obey his plesaunce,

She

She grutched not, but lowly of entent,
Lyke a meke doughter to his delire assent.

But or she dyed she cast for to write
A lytell letter to her brother dere,
A deedly complaynt to shewe & endite,
With pale face and a mortal chere.
The salt teares from her eyen clere,
With pitous sobbing fet fro her herts brinke,
Distillyng downe to tepre with her pnke.

¶ The.xxb. Chapiter.

¶ The letter of complaynt of Canace, to her brother Machayre.

OUt of her sowne whan she abreyde,
Knowyng no meane but deth in her distres,
Too her brother full pytously she sayde
Cause of my sorowe, rote of my heupnesse,
That whilō was chefe sours of my gladnes,
Whā both our ioyes by wyl were so disposed,
Under one key our hetts to be vnclosed.

Whilom thou were suppozte and sykernes,
Chefe reioysyng of my wozldly plesaunce:
But now thou art ground of my sicknes,
Wel of wanhope, and my deedly penaunce:
Which haue of sozow gretteſt habūdaūce
That euer yet had any creature,
Which must foz loue the deth, alas, endure.

Thou were whylō my blysse & al my trust,
Souerayne confozt, my sozowes to appele:
Spring and wel of all my hertes lust,
And nowe alas chefe rote of my disease,
But if my deth myght do the any eale,
O brother myne in remembraūce of twaine,
Deth shall to me be pleasure & no payne.

My cruel father most vnmerciable,
Ordayned hath (it nedes must be so)
In his rigour he is so vntretable,
Al mercilesse he wyll that it be do,
That we algate shall dye both two:
But I am glad sith it may be none other,
Thou art escaped my best beloued brother.

This is myne ende I may it not astert,
O brother myne there is no moze to say,
Lowly beseechinge the with al my hole hert,
Foz to remembze specially I prey,
If it befall my litel sonne to dey,
That ẏ maist after some mynde on vs haue,
Suffre vs both to be buried in one graue.

I holde hi streitly atwene my armes twaine,
Thou & nature layde on me this charge:
Be gyltlesse wyth me mast suffre payne,
And sith thou art at fredom and at large,
Let kyndnes our loue not so discharge,
But haue a mynde where euer that thou be
Ones a day vpon my chylde and me.

Oy the and me dependeth the trespace,
Touchyng our gylt and our great offence:
But welawaye most angelyke of face,
Our chylde yong in his pure innocence,
Shal agaynst right suffre dethes violence.
Tender of lymmes, god wote full gyltlesse,
The goodly fayre ẏ lieth here spechlesse.

A mouth he hath, but wozdes hath he none,
Can not cōplaine, alas, foz none outrage,
Noz gruteheth not, but lyeth here alone
Styll as a lambe most meke of his visage:
What hert of stele coude do to hym domage,
Oz suffre hym dye beholdyng the manere,
And loke benigne of his two eyne clere:

O thou my father to cruell is thy wzeche,
Harder of hert, than any tigre oz lyon:
To slee a chylde that lyeth wythout speche,
Voyde of all mercy and remission,
And on his mother haste no compassion.
His youth cōsidered ẏ lyppes soft as silke
Wyych at my brest lyeth & souketh mylke.

Is any sozow remēbzed by wzyting
Unto my sozouful sighes comparable:
Oz was there euer creature lyuyng
That felt of dole a thinge moze lamentable:
Foz confoztlesse and vnrecurable
Are thilke heaped sozowes full of rage,
Which haue with wo oppzessed my cozrage.

Reken all my mischeues, in especial
And on my mischefe remembze & haue mynd:
Wy lozd my father is my enemy mortal,
Experience ynough thereof I finde.
Foz in his pursute he hath left behinde,
In distruccion of the my chyld and me,
Al ruth, al mercy, and fatherly pite.

And the my brother auoyded from his sight,
Whiche in no wyse his grace mayst attayne:
Alas that rigour, vengeaunce & cruel right,
Shoulde aboue mercy be lady souerayne.
But cruelte doth at me so disdayne,
That thou my brother my childe & also I
Shall dye exyled, alas from all mercy.

My father whylom by many a sondry signe
Was my socour and supportacion,
To the and me most gracious and benigne,
Our worldly gladnes oute consolacion:
But loue & fortune hath tourned vplodoun
Our grace, alas, our welfare & our fame,
Hard to recure so sclaundred is our name.

Spot of diffaming is harde to washe away,
Whan noyse abrode do folke manace:
To hynder a man they may be no delay,
For hateful fame flyeth far in short space:
But of vs twayne there is none other grace,
Saue onely deth, and after deth, alas,
Eternal sclaunder, of vs thus stant the caas.

Who shal we blame or who shal we atwite,
Our greate offence sith we maye it not hyde:
For our excuse reportes to respyte
Meane is there none except the God Cupide:
And though he woulde for vs prouyde,
In thys mater to be our chefe refuge,
Poetes say he is blynde to be a iudge.

He is depaynt lyke a blynde archere,
To marke aryght faylyng discrecion:
Holdynge no measure nouther fer nor nere,
But lyke fortunes disposicion,
Al vpon hap voyde of al reason.
As a blynd archer w arrowes sharp ygrou̅d,
Of auenture yeueth many a mortal wounde.

At the and me he wrongly dyd marke,
Felly to hynder our fatal auentures.
As farre as Phebus shyneth in hys arke,
To make vs refuse to al creatures,
Called vs twayne vnto the wofull lures
Of diffame, whych wyll depart neuer,
By newe reporte the noyse encreasyng euer.

Odious fame with swift wynges flyeth,
But al good fame enuy doth restrayne:
Eche man of other the defautes seeth,
Yet on his owne no man wyl complayne.
But al the worlde out cryeth on vs twayne.
Whose hateful-ire by vs may not be quemed.
For I must dye my father hath so demed.

Now farwel brother, to me it doth suffice
To dye alone for our both sake:
And in my most faithful humbly wyse,
Unto my dethward though I trimble & quake,
Of the for euer now my leaue I take.
And ones a yere forget not but take hede,
My fatal day this letter for to rede.

So shalt ỹ haue of me some remẽbraunce,
My name emprynted in thy kalendere,
By rehersayle of my deedly greuance:
Weare black that day & make a doleful chere.
And whan thou comest & shalt aproch nere
My sepulture, I pray the not disdaine
Upon my graue some teares for to rayne.

Writyng her letter wrapped all in drede,
In her tyght hande her pen gan to quake:
And a sharpe swerde to make her hert blede,
In her lift hand her father hath her take.
And her most sorow was for her childes sake
Upon whose face in her barme slepyng,
Ful many a teare she wepte in complayning.

After al thys, so as she stode and quoke,
Her chylde beholdig amyd her paynes smert:
Without abode the sharpe swerde she toke,
And roue her selfe euyn to the hert.
Her chyld fil downe which myght not astert,
Hauyng no helpe to socour hym nor saue,
But in her bloud him selfe began to bathe.

And than her father most cruel of entent,
Badde that the childe shoulde anone be take,
Of cruel houndes in haste for to be rent,
And be deuoured for hys mothers sake:
Of thys tragedy thus an ende I make,
The proceste of whych men may rede & se
Concludeth on mischefe & furious crueltie.

Remembrynge fyrst as made is mencion,
Howe that Pyrrus delited hym in dede
Whan Troye was brought to distruction,
With cruel swerde Troyan blode to shede.
But of such slaughter se here the cruel mede.
As right requyreth by vnware violence,
Blode shedde for blode is finall recõpence.

Lenuoye

¶ Lenuoye.

When surquedy oppressed hath pitie,
And meknes is to tyranny boze doun
Ageyne all ryght, then hasty crueltie
To be vengeable maketh no delation,
What foloweth therof by good aspection,
Se an example how Pyrrus in his tene
Of hatefull yre slough yonge Pollicene.

Kynge Eolus to outragious was parde,
And to vengeable in his entencion:
Agaynst his childzen, Machaire, & Canace,
So importable was his punicion,
Of haste proceadyng to their destruction.
Wozse in his yze as it was well sene,
Than cruell Pyrrus whiche slewe Policene.

Noble princes, prudent and attempre,
Deferre vengeaunce of high discrecion:
Tyll your yre sumwhat aswaged be,
Do neuer of doome none execution.
For hate and rancour perturben the reason
Of hasty iudges, moze of entent vnclene,
Than cruell Pyrrus whych slewe Policene.

¶ Thus endeth the firste Booke.

TO some folke, partaile it would seme
Touchig ỹ chaũges & mutabilities,
By me rehearsed ỹ thei might deme
Of foztunes straunge aduersities,
To pzinces shewed, doun pulled frō their sees
These tragedies ought inough suffile,
In complaynyng which ye haue heard deuise

The storp piteous, the pzocesse lamentable,
Voyde of ioye, all gladnes and plesaunce,
A thing to greuous and to impoztable,
Where as no mirth is medled with greuaũce:
All vpon complaynt standeth the alyaunce,
Most whan foztune, who ỹ her course knewe
Chaungeth olde ioyes into sozowes newe.

Foz vnto him that neuer wist of wo,
Remembzaunce of his olde gladnesse
Whan his welfare and plesaunce is go,
And neuer afoze knewe of heauines, (nes
Such vnware chaũg such vncouth wzetched
Causeth in pzices thzough new dedly trouble
After their falling their sozowes to be double.

Olde examples of pzynces that haue fall,
Their remēbzaunce of new bzought to minde
May be a myzroz to estates all,
How they in vertue shall remedies finde,
To eschue vyces of such as were made blind:
From sodayn fallyng thē selues to pzeserue,
Long to cōtune and thanke of god deserue.

The fal of one is a cleare lanterne
To teach another what he shall eschue:
Peryll of one, is (who so can discerne)
Schole and doctrine from peryll to remue.
As men deserue suche guerdon must sue:
In vice noz vertue no man may God deceyue
Like their desertes their mede they receyue.

Who foloweth vertue lengest doth perseuer,
Be it in riches, be it in pouertye:
Light of trouth his clerenes kepeth euer,
Agayne the assautes of all aduersitie.
Uertue is cause of long pzosperitie.
And whan pzinces frō vertue downe decline,
Their fame is shzouded vnder ỹ cliptike line

Foz false foztune whiche turneth as a ball,
Of vnware chaũges though men her atwite
It is not she that yaue pzynces the fall,
But vycious liuyng playnly to endyte:
Though God aboue full oft them respyte,
Longe abideth and dothe his grace sende,
To this entent they shoulde their life amende.

Foz their welfare and their abidyng longe,
Who aduertiseth, dependeth not on chaunce:
Good life & vertue maketh thē to be stronge,
And them assureth in long perseueraunce.
Uertue on foztune maketh a defiaunce,
That foztune hath no domination,
Wher noble pzinces be gouerned by reason.

But suche as list not cozrected be,
By example of other foz vycious gouernaũce:
And fro their vyces list not foz to flye,
If they be troubled in their hygh puissaunce,
They arette it to foztunes variaunce,
Touchyng the gylte that they did vse
Their demerites full falsly excuse.

Uertue conserueth pzynces in their glozy,
And confirmeth their dominations:
And vyces put their pzynce out of memozy,
Foz their trespaces and their transgressions
And in all suche sodayne mutacions
They can no refute noz no better succoure,
But agayne foztune to make their clamour.

Make an out crye of her doublenesse,
As no gylt were in their owne dede:
Thus vntruly they call her a goddesse,
Which litle oz nought may helpe at such a nede
But if they had god in loue and dzede,
Trusted his lozdshyp, in hart, will, & thought
They should foztune playnly set at nought.

Euidence full expert and palpable,
Tofoze rehearsed tolde of diuers ages:
Woxldly glozy is vayne and full vnstable,
With disceytes double of their vysages,
Shewyng to pzynces firme of their cozages,
By these ensamples howe & in what wyse,
By others fallyng they shal thē selfe chastise.

Sygnes shewed and tokens in heauen,
Diuers cometys, and constellations,
Dzeadfull thunder fearfull firy leauen,
Rumours in earth, and great discencions,
Disobeysaunce in sundzy regyons,
Shewen examples (full wel affirme I date)
To mighty pzinces thē biddyng to beware

Their life to amend oz the lozde do smite,
Thzough negligence ozit be to late.
And oz ỹ swerd of vengeaunce kerue oz byte
Into vertues their vycious life translate:

The.

Cherischyng right agaynst all wrong debate,
With dreade of God make them selfe stronge,
Than in no doubt they shall endure longe.

Who is not ware by others chastisyng,
Other by him that chastised be:
Harde is the hart whiche for no writyng,
For no doctrine, nor none auctoritie,
For none examples, will from his vyces flye.
To indurat is his frowarde entent,
Whiche will not lusser his hardnes to relent.

The rounde droppes of the smothe rayne,
Whiche that discende and fall from aloft,
On stones harde (at the eye it is seyne)
Perceth their hardnes, with their fallyng oft
All be in touchyng water is but soft,
The persyng caused by force nor puissaunce,
But of fallyng by long continuaunce.

Semblably of ryght I dare rehearse,
Oft readyng in bokes fructuous,
The hartes should of prudent princes perce,
Soke in their mind & make them vertuous,
To eschue all thyng that is vycious.
For what auaileth the examples ỹ they rede,
To their readyng if contrary be the dede.

Cunnyng and dede who can comprehende,
In clere conceites they ben thinges twayne,
And if cunnyng do the dede amende,
Than atwene thē is made a mighty chayne,
A noble thing and right soueraine.
For than of cunnyng the labour is well spent
Whan dede foloweth, & bothe ben of assent.

Thus John Bochas procedyng in his boke,
Whiche in number is called the seconde:
Gan for to write and his purpose take,
To set in stories such as he founde,
Of entent all vyces to confounde
By examples whiche he did expresse.
And at the begynnyng of his busines

Myghty Saule to him did appeare,
Kyng of Israell piteously weppyng.
Deadly of face and with an hydous cheare,
His voyce ybroke by manifolde sobbyng:
And to mine auctour his sorow cōplaynyng,
Requiryng hym together whan they met,
First in his boke his wofull fate to set.

Anone after I of entencion,
With penne in hande fast gan me spede
As I coulde in my translation,
In this labour further to procede:
My lorde came forth by & gan to take hede
This mighty prince right manly & right wise
Gaue me charge in his prudent auyse,

That I should in euery tragedy
After the processe made mencion:
At the ende set a remedy,
With a Lenuoy, conueyed by reason:
And after that with humble affection
To noble prynces lowly it dyrect,
By others fallyng them selues to correct.

And I obeyed his biddyng and pleasaunce,
Under support of his magnificence,
As I coulde, I gan my penne aduaunce,
All be I was barrayne of eloquence,
Folowing myne auctor in substaūce & sētence.
For it suffiseth playnly vnto me
So that my lord my makyng take in gre.

Finis.

¶ Howe Saule kyng of Israel

borne of lowe degree as longe as he dradde God and was obediente to him, and ruled by good counsaile, made many discomfitures: but at the last for his pryde, presumption, and great disobedience, he lost his crowne, and was slayne by Philistines.

¶ The firste Chapter.

Thys sayde Saule of whom I spake tofore,
Full well compacte, and large of his stature,
Of the lyne of Beniamyn eke borne,
His father Cis was called in scripture:
Whose asses whilom left their pasture,
Space of thre dayes Saule had thē sought,
Lost his labour, and founde them nought.

For they were gone out so farre on stray,
So dispersed, he ne coude them mete:
Tyll that a childe him suyng all the way,
Yaue him counsaile his labour for to lete,
And that he should go to the Prophete,
Whiche was full famous holde in Israell,
Of whom the name was called Samuel.

Whiche made Saule in his house to dyne,
Receiued him of great affection:
And by precept and ordinaunce deuyne,
Samuell made no prolongation,
But shed the holy sacred vnction,
Upon the head of Saule downe knelyng,
And full deuoutly of Israell made him kyng

Of Gods people to haue gouernaunce,
With sceptre & crowne and whole the regaly.
And his noblesse more myghty to aduaunce,
With mekenes to rule his monarchy,
God gaue to him a spirite of prophety,
Whiche was great glory to his magnificence
Of future thinges to haue prescience.

And while ỹ he was meke & humble in dede,
Voyde of pryde, and false presumption,
And prudent counsayle with him did lede,
Hym to gouerne by good discretion,
He founde quiete through all his region:
No forayne enmy durst him to werrey,
While he the lorde mekely did obey.

No enemy myght ayen him recure,
Through none ẏpsiles, but sore did him drede:
Made many great disconfiture
Through his force, knyghthode, and māhead
On Philistynes, and daunted eke in dede
Two mighty kynges, the one of Immonites.
And another that gouerned the Moabites.

He was founde stronge and eke victorious,
The Palestines bringyng to mischaunce,
Agaynst Ydumeans so mighty and famous,
Through his myghty prudent gouernaunce,
That he their pride brought to mischaunce,
Outrayed them of wisdome and manheade,
Primo regum as ye may playnly reade.

He was the sonne called of one yere,
In Israell whan his raygne began:
Stable of hart, and benygne of chere,
Froward nor sturdy to no maner man.
All that whyle loue of the people he wan,
The tyme I mene while he was iust & stable
And in his workes not founde variable.

But whā that pride gan his hart enhaūce
Wilfulnes and false melancoly
Outrayed reason, to haue the gouernaunce
Of his olde famous policy:
And had forgotten in his fantasy
To know the lorde & mekely sue his lawe,
God from his crowne his grace gan withdrawe

The vnkynde worme of forgetfulnes,
In his hart had myned through the wall:
Whan to God for his kyndenes,
He gaue no laude nor no thanke at all,
Whiche had him raysed vnto estate royall
From pore degre, among all his kynne alone,
Of linguler fauour to set him in his trone.

What thig in hart may be more froward thou (ght
Than is sodayne false presumption,
Of a wretche that came vp of nought,
To yeue him lordshyp and domination:

And

And for to make a playne comparison,
Men should of reason dreade a lyon lasse,
Than the rudenes of a crowned asse.

What thing to god is more abhominable,
Than pryde vprayled out of pouertee:
And nothing gladly is fond more vengeable,
Than are wretches set in high degre:
For from his stocke kynd may not flye,
Eche thing reserueth howe farre euer it go,
To the nature whiche that it came fro.

Frute and apples take their tarrage
Where they first grewe, of the same tre,
And semblably eche kynred and lynage,
Ones a yere it will none other be,
By token & signe at the eye as men may se,
Drawyth communely in euery creature,
Some tetche to folow after his nature.

I write not this in rebuke of pouert,
But for suche onely as that it deserue.
God of his might as men be well expert,
May them in vertue encrease and conserue,
From all mischefe a pore man preserue,
Rayse hem on heygh to dominacions,
Through high noblesse of their condicions.

By influente God may his grace shede,
Where he findeth cause: onely by meknes
A pore man to raise him vp in dede,
Unto the estate of vertuous nobles,
For out of vertue cometh all gentlenes.
In pore and ryche make none exception,
But them cõmende like their condicion.

A pore man whiche that is vertuous,
And dreadeth god in his pouertie,
Eche thing eschuyng that is vycious,
And to his power doth trouth and equitie,
I dare right well say what euer that he be,
Puttyng no rebuke vnto his kinrede,
But call him gentle verily in dede.

But kyng Saule was contrarious,
Disobeysaunte founde in his worckyng:
Whan God made him to be vyctorious
On Amalech, where Agag was kyng,
Him commaunded to spare no maner thing,
Man nor woman beast nor childe succoure,
But ẏ his sworde should all thing deuoure.

But Saule wrought all in other wise,
Eche thing reseruyng ẏ was fayre to syght,
And of entent to make a sacrifice,
After his victory he chose him anone ryght:
Fattest beastes he chase & hath them dight,
Toward the fyre to make his offryng,
And fro death he spared Agag the kyng.

He was reproued afterward of Samuell,
To gods biddyng for he was contrayre,
As abiect to raygne in Israell,
That all good hope in hym gan dispayre.
His grace, his myght, gan pale and appayre,
His prophecy after hath hym fayled,
And wyth a fiende he was also traueiled.

Thus frõ her whele fortune cast him downe,
Iualed him from his royall se:
And God also to take away the crowne,
Both from him and his posteritie,
And set vp Dauid for his humilitie.
Lo how the lorde his domes can deuide,
To enhaunce mekenes and to abate pride.

Saule endured in his frenly,
A wicked spyte so sore him did assayle.
Unto Dauid euer he had enuy,
That he was hardy to enter in battayle,
With a staffe slynge, boyde of plate and mayle
Slough Golyas without feare or dreade,
Pulled out his swerde and smot of his heade.

At their repayrynge home out of the felde,
Whan Dauid had slayne this Goly,
Yonge maydens whan they behelde,
The great victory, they in their armony,
In laude of Dauid thus gan synge and cry:
Saule hath slayne a thousãd with his might
Dauid ten thousand, that lusty yong knyght.

Saule disdayned and sayd frowardly,
They graunted haue a thousand to my name
And to the sonne here of Isai,
Yaue ten thousand to encrease his fame,
Whiche is to me a rebuke and a shame.
Wherupon this Saule frete with yre,
Of yonge Dauid gan the death conspyre.

In hys hart he had a fantasy,
Of their syngyng whan that he toke hede,
Dempt it was a maner prophesy,
That Dauid preferred should be in dede,
And to the crowne after him succede:
Thought his childer as he gan diuyne,
Should be depriued of the royall lyne.

Thus

Thus day by day Saule wayes fought,
To slea Dauid playnly if he myght:
All be it so that he no malyce thought,
But euer kept him lowly in his syght.
Therfore good euer & grace on him alyght,
For aye the lorde of his magnificence,
Agayne tyrantes preserueth innocentes.

And as the bible playnely dothe vs lere,
This Dauid had in his tender age,
For his nobles the kynges daughters dere,
Called Mychol ioyned by mariage:
And whan that Saule fyll in any rage,
Dauid anone to aswage his wodenes,
Touched his harp & brought him in gladnes

Saule full oft gan Dauid to enchase,
And warrey throughout all his londes:
Through desertes him pursue & manace,
Of entent to haue shet hym vp in bondes,
Or to slea him if he come in his hondes,
But finally god through his ordinaunce,
Preserued his knyght frō al maner mischāce

Saule full oft was brought to mischefe,
Yet aye from death Dauid did him saue:
And hereof this was a speciall prefe,
Whan Dauid cut his garment in the caue,
And mo tokens if ye list to haue,
In other time Dauid also kept,
The life of Saule whan he lay and slept.

The case was this, as they were hosteyng,
Not farre a sunder Saule lay on slepe,
All his people about him sleapyng,
And vnpurueyed lyke a flocke of shepe:
Of whiche thyng Dauid toke good kepe,
Downe descended, and made no delay,
Came to the tent where kyng Saule lay.

The spere of Saule standynge at his heed,
Dauid toke it, and went his way anone:
Of his cōmyng there was no man toke hede,
For Saule slept and his men echone.
And whan that he vp to the hyll was gone,
Toward Saule agayne he cast his loke,
Made a noyse that all his knyghtes woke.

Fyrst to Abner prynce of his chyualry,
Dauid sayd these wordes in sentence:
Abner (quod he) thou hast done great foly,
This day shewed a great negligence,
To suffer of Saule the magnificence
In peryll stande, and none hede take,
About his person to make his knyghtes wake.

Thou art to blame for thy retcheleslesse,
To leaue the kyng stande in so great a drede,
In slepe to haue more sauour and swetenesse,
Than of his lyfe to take hede.
Such negligence requireth for his mede,
Death and turment by rightfull iudgement,
About a prynce whan folke be negligent.

And thou lyst to se an euidence,
How that hys lyfe stode in ieopardy:
Se here his spere & yeue thereto credence
How vnprouided ye were on your party,
Saule nor thou ye may it not denye
Your life, your deth, your power, your puissāce
This day god put whole in my gouernaunce.

But me to acquite of pure innocence,
As euery man should vnto his kyng,
And to declare in me was none offence,
Agaynst his nobles in will nor in worckyng,
As God wot that knoweth euery thyng,
That I neuer by no conspiracy,
Wrought nor compassed agayne his regalty.

LO here example of perfite patience,
Agayne malyce to shewe kyndenes:
Where Saule shewed his mortall violence
Dauid acquite hym w̄ suffraunce & goodnes,
The tyrāt vainquished bi his prudēt meknes
Men agayne trouth may well a warre gyn,
But at thende the palme he doth aye wynne.

For of this story if that ye take hede,
Saule is fall for hys frowardnes,
Into mischefe, and into sodayne drede,
For Philistynes the byble beareth witnes,
With a great power gan thiderwards dresse,
Upon kyng Saule auenged for to be,
Their tentes pight besyde Gelboe.

Wherof kyng Saule astonied in his hert,
Had lost his spryte of knyghtly hardines:
And specially whan he dyd aduert,
Prophete was none his harmes to redresse,
Of future thinges trouth to expresse
In Israell, whiche cast hym in great drede,
Because that tyme Samuel was deed.

For Saule had cast out all diuynes,
From Israell, and echo diuineresse:
Notwithstandyng the palestynes

Were rysse agayne his power to oppresse:
And he ne knewe no maner sorceresse,
Of whom he might any counsayle take,
And he of god that time was forsake.

In this wise he stode disconsolate,
Cousayle of God nor prophete knewe he none
But as a man most infortunate,
Ungraciously he sped him forth anone,
And secretelye this Saule is forth gone,
To a woman that should him rede and wisse,
In Israell called a phytonesse.

Whiche is a name as clarkes writen all,
And office who that taketh hede,
Soules of men agayne to clepe and call,
I mene suche that tofore were deade,
Whiche is a thing straunge for to reade,
That women should, who so list to lere,
Make soules of dead men to appere.

Unkouth and straunge is their opinion,
And to my witte a maner impossible:
Not accordyng me semeth to reason,
Nor like a thing whiche that is credible,
That a soule of nature inuisible,
Myght appeare or shewe visibly,
Unto the eyen which that ben bodely.

But or that I any further flyt,
Lest I were holde to presumptuous,
To diuines this matter I commit,
And wise clarkes that ben vertuous,
In their wittes subtyll and curious,
To conclude as it dothe them seme,
In this matter a trouth for to deme.

Whether it was the soule of Samuell
Or other spirite that she did call,
Whiche that tolde the kyng of Israell,
Of the battayle that shoulde after fall,
His aduenture and his mischefes all:
And of his death he tolde also in dede,
And how Dauid should after him succede.

Because onely of his disobeysaunce,
As it is written, and for his retchelesnes,
On Amalech for he toke not vengeaunce,
Thus the spirite bare to him wytnes.
Wherof Saule fyll in great heaunes,
Knowing no mene to escape out of this dout,
But take his fortune as it cometh about.

Tolde him also his enemies were so wrothe,
The Philistines beside Gelboe,
In that battayle he and his children bothe,
Shoulde dye that daye of necessitie:
His chyualry shall discomfited be,
Of his raygne there is no lenger date,
For god from him his kingdom wil translate

And thus Saule returned is agayne,
His meyny after brought to disconfiture,
And whan he sawe all hys people slayne,
And how there was no meane to recure:
In that deadly wofull aduenture,
He bad his squier take his swerde as blyue,
And through the hart that he shold him ryue.

That his enemies which were vncircumcised
Should haue no power, in story it is founde,
To haue vpon him as they haue deuised,
To yeue hym hys last fatall wounde,
His high noblesse at mischefe to confounde.
But his squyre for feare of god and drede,
Woulde not assent to do so foule a dede.

To slea his lorde he greatly was aferde,
A thing hatefull in euery mannes syght.
But Saule toke the pomell of his swerde,
And in the grounde full depe anone it pyght,
And in all haste possible that he myght,
Made the poynt in his furious payne,
To perce his hart and part it euen in twayne.

The Philistynes anone as he was dead,
Spoyled hym of his royall armure:.
Dismembred him, and smote of his heade,
And in token of their disconfiture,
Toke the spoyles wyth all their busy cure,
And therof made in all their best entent,
To Astaroth of pryde a great present.

Thus was Saule slayne in sentence,
Of Philistynes vpon Gelboe,
Forsake of God for inobedience,
Abiect also from his royall see:
And thus for lackynge of humilitye,
Of god he was for euer set aside,
Lo here the ende of surquedy and pryde.

Lenuoy.

HAue mind of Saule which to estate ryal
Frō low degre was called for meekenes,
But presūption made hym haue a fall,
Of God abiect for his frowardnes,
Lost his crowne the bible beareth wytnes,

And

And cause was for his disobeysaunce,
To gods biddyng he yaue none attendaunce.

God not asketh no more of man at all
But whole hart without doublenes,
For all the gyftes whiche in especiall,
He yaue to man of his goodnes:
But he chastileth all vnkindnes,
Suche as ben rebell for to do pleasaunce,
And to his biddyng yeue none attendaunce.

Noble princes vertue most principall
You to conserue in your high noblesse,
Is to imprynt in your memoriall,
Fayth, and equitie, all wronges to redresse:
To sustayne trouth and ryght wylnesse,
And tofore God holde euenly the balaunce,
And to his biddyng yeue al your attendaũce.

Commendation of Obedience.

Vertue of vertues most of excellence,
Which ỹ haue most souerain suffisaũce,
Is the vertue of true obedience,
Whiche set all thyng in ryghtfull gouernaũce,
For ne were not this prudent ordinaunce,
Some to obey and aboue to gye,
Destroyed were all worldly policy.

Where that vertue and hygh discrecion
Auoyded haue from them all wylfulnes,
By titles onely of domination
Truely lenyng vpon rightwisnes,
Wrong and errours iustly to redresse,
Of trouth I may right well affirme and say,
The people mekely their biddyng shold obey.

This noble vertue of faythfull obeysaunce,
Established vpon humilitie,
Whiche includeth no double variaunce,
In all regions and in eche countrey,
Causeth welfare, ioye, and prosperitie:
And as vertue chefe and souerayne,
All vycious ryote it playnly doth restrayne,

Obedience eke as men may se
Falsenes exileth and all rebellion,
For by temperaunce, ryght, and equitye,
Stant the welfare of euery region,
For the mekenes and lowe subiection,
Of comonties, holde vp the regalies,
Of lordshyppes and of all monarchyes.

And no doubt whan lordshyps of entent,
Busy ben the souerayne lorde to queme,
To their subiectes do right iudgement,
In conscience as ryght and reason deme,
Than shall their crowne and dyademe,
Upon their heade perseuer and frechly shyne,
And make subiectes to their biddyng encline.

Thus obeysaunce playnly at a worde,
In such as haue lordshyp and souerayntie,
Done of entent to their souerayne lorde,
Shall cause them raygne in long prosperitie,
And their subiectes of humilitie,
For their noble famous gouernaunce,
Aye to be ready vnder their obeysaunce.

For who ỹ serueth the lorde of lordes all,
And hath the people in his subiection,
God wyll kepe him that he shall not fall,
Longe preserue his domination,
But agaynwarde whan wisdome and reason
Ben ouermastred with sensualitie,
Farewell the floures of their felicitye.

Obedience blunteth the sharpenes,
Of cruell swordes in tyrantes handes,
And mekenes appeaseth the felnes,
Of hasty vẽgeaunce, breketh on two ỹ bõds:
Eke pacience set quiete in londes,
And where these thre contune in comonties,
Longe peace perseuereth i kyngdoms & cities

Obedience dothe also restrayne,
Conspyracions and falle collusions,
Whan the stant vnparted, not atwayne,
There is no dreade of no discencions:
For she combineth the true opinions,
In the harts of people, ful wel afore prouided
Under princes to stand whole vndeuided.

Where princes be meke, hũble, and debonayre
Toward God of whole affection,
Theyr subiectes be gladly not contrayre,
In their seruice, by no rebellion:
For there is founde no deuision,
But head & membres eche for his partye,
Be so gouerned by prudent policy.

Contrariously Saule was put downe,
Abiect of God for his obstinacy,
Put from his sceptre, his crowne, his region,
Of Israell lost all the monarchy,
For he lyst not make his alye,
Of frowardnes and wylfull negligence.

This noble vertue called obedience.

For as it longeth in kingdomes and cityes,
Under a kaye of true beneuolence
Princes and kynges to gouerne their lees:
So apperteyneth due reuerence
To their subiectes, by obedience
To obey their lordes as they be of degre
By title of right in euery comontee.

For obeysaunce if it be discerned,
(With Argus eyen, who that taketh hede)
As ryght requyreth is not well gouerned
Whan the membres presume agayn the head:
Of gouernaunce there is no perfite spede,
From vnitie they go a froward wey,
Whan subiectes their princes disobey.

The.ii. Chapter.

How kyng Roboam for geuyng sayeth to ponge counsayle, lost the beneuolence of his people, and died a foole.

VNto Bochas in order next there came
With full great dole and lamentacion,
The ponge kyng called Roboam,
Sonne and next heyre to Salomon,
Entryng by title of iust succession:
Besought mine aucthour to make of his foly,
And of his fallyng a piteous tragedy.

First whan he entred into his region,
Twelue tribes gouernyng in dede,
Ruled him selfe by will and no reason,
Kept his subiectes plainly as I rede,
Not vnder loue, but vnder froward drede:
Of olde wise (to his great disauaile)
He despised the doctrine and counsayle.

He demeaned (as it was well couth)
His scepter, his crowne and his regalye,
By such folke as floured in their youth,
Could of custome their wittes well apply
To blynde him falsely with their flattery:
Whiche is a stepmother called in substaunce,
To all vertue and all good gouernaunce.

Alas, it is great dole and great pitie
That flattery should haue so great fauour:
Whych blindeth princes that they may not se,
Wisteth the eyen of euery gouernour,
That they can not knowe their owne errour.
False hony shed aye on their sentence,
A fole is he that yeueth to them credence.

They may be called the deuyls tabourers,
With frowarde sownes eares to fulfyll:
Or of Sirenes the perillous boteleers,
Whiche gall and hony downe distyll.
Whose drinkes ben bothe amerous and yll,
And as clarkes well deuise cunne,
Worse than the drynkes of Sirenes tunne.

Eares of prynces full well they can enoynt
With the soft oyle of adulation,
And their termes most subtylly appoynt,
Eche thing concludyng with false deception:
Aye blandishyng with amerous poyson,
And finally as the Poete sayth,
Their faith of custome concludeth in vnfayth.

Flouryng in wordes though there be no fruite,
Double of hart, pleasaunt of langage,
Of true meanyng voyde and destitute,
In mustring outward preted a fayre vysage:
Who trusteth them findeth smal aduantage
By apparaunce and glorious freshe shewyng
Princes deceauing and many a worthy kyng

Roboam can beare full well witnes,
From him auoydyng folkes that were true,
How he was hindred by flattery and falsenes
By them that coulde forge out tales newe:
Whose counsaile after sore did him rue,
And with their fayned false suggestion,
Greatly abridged his domination.

He dempt him selfe of more aucthorite,
Of folly, youth, and of presumption,
Than was his father in great royaltie,
And this pompous false opinion
Came into his concept by adulation:
For flatterers bare to him witnes,
How he excelled his fathers hygh nobles.

He did great rigour and oppression
Upon his people as it was wel preued:
And to finde some mitigation,
They in matters which ỹ haue them greued,
Of their tributes for to be releued,
Besought he would relese thē in their nede,
But all for nought he toke therof no hede.

All olde counsayle from him he set aside,
And refused their doctrine and their lore:
And by false counsayle of folkes full of pryde,

His

His poze lieges he oppzessed soze.
And ten kynredes anone without moze,
Foz tyzanny and misgouernaunce,
From him withdzough the trouth & lygeaūce

Thus of the kyng conceiued the rygour,
The people anone of indignacion
Stoned Adozam, whiche was collectour
Of the tributes in all his region,
From him departyng by rebellion:
Wherof astonied, to auenge his vnryght,
Into Ieruſalem toke anone his flyght.

And whan they were parted from Roboam,
The ten kynredes by diuiſion,
Chase them a kyng called Jeroboam:
And Roboam within his royall toun,
To be auenged of their rebellion,
And foz to do on them cruell iuſtice,
An hundzed thouſande he made anone to riſe.

With Jeroboam he cast him foz to mete,
And all at ones set in ieopardy:
But Sameas the pzophete bade him lete,
And fro the warre withdzawe his party.
And moze the quarell foz to iuſtifye,
Of his peoples frowarde departyng,
It was gods wyll done foz a punishyng.

Touchyng the ſurplus of his gouernaunce,
His royall buyldyng of many a fayze city,
His great ryche famous ſuffiſaunce,
Of wyne and oyle hauyng great plenty,
And how his empyze encreaſed yeres thze,
Eke how that time he ryghtfull was in dede,
In Joſephus his ſtozy ye may rede.

Of his childzen bozne in ryght lyne,
Eyghtene wyues (as made is mencion)
I kynde he had, and many a concubyne:
Sonnes and daughters by pzocreation,
And how his riches and great poſſeſſion,
That tyme encreaſed as it is well knowe,
To god aboue while that he bare him lowe.

But as mine auctour maketh rehearſaile,
In his encreaſe and augmentacion,
Wekenes in hert in him gan waste and faile,
And pzyde entred with falſe pzeſumption,
Uertue deſpiſyng and all religion,
After whoſe vyces as ſayth the ſame boke,
Wicked examples of him the people toke.

After the maners where they be good oz yll,
Used of pzynces in diuers regions,
The people is ready to vſe and fulfill,
Fully the traces of their condicions:
Foz lozdes may in their ſubiections,
So as them liſt who ſo can take hede,
To vyce oz vertue their ſubiectes lede.

Thus Roboam foz his tranſgreſſions
In Joſephus as it is deuiſed,
And foz his frowarde falſe opinions,
Onely foz he all vertue hath deſpiſed,
Of God he was rightfully chaſtiſed,
In Ieruſalem his chiefe royall towne,
Of his enemyes belieged enuyzoun.

The kyng of Egypt a ſiege about him layed,
With ſo great people ỳ ſocour was ther none:
All be it ſo that Roboam abzayed,
And pzayed to god to deliuer him frō his ſone
To auoyde of mercy his enemyes euerichone
But god liſt not graunt his pzayere,
But him chaſtiſed like as ye ſhall here.

Fyzſt his citye and his royall towne
Deliuered was, he knewe no better ſuccour,
Under a fayned falſe compoſicioun:
Foz at their entryng boyde of all fauoure,
Kepyng no couenaunt toke all the treaſoure
Within the temple, hauyng no pitye,
But ladde it home to Egypt their countrey.

And to rehearſe it is a great dole,
How Roboam as Joſephus dothe declare,
Was inly pzoude and therwithal a foole,
And of all wyſdome deſtitute and bare,
Unmerciable hys people foz to ſpare,
Hatyng good counſayle, and ſo in his regaly,
Raygnyng a foole, and ſo I let hym dye.

Lenuoy.

Philoſophers conclude and deuiſe,
In theyz bokes of good experience,
That counſaylours, ſadde, expert, and wyſe,
True of their wozde, ſtable of their ſentence,
Haſty nozretchles foz no vyolence,
Kepe and pzeſerue (the trouth I dare attame)
Nobleſſe of pzinces fro miſchefe and dyffame.

Haſty youth and rancour in contrary wyſe,
Whyche haue to wyll all theyz aduertence,
Except them ſelues all other men deſpyſe
Thzough their vnbzydeled furious inſolence,
Nothyng aquainted wᵗ wiſdome noz pzudēce,

Bryng ayenward wherof they be to blame,
Puttyng his nobles in mischefe and diffame.

Kyng Roboam agaynst ryght and iustice,
To yonge foles yaue fayth and most credence
Cruelly his subiectes to chastyce:
Whiche put his people from his beneuolence,
Threw ten kynredes from his obedience,
Which was to him by recozd full great shame
Puttyng his nobles in mischefe and diffame.

Noble pzinces do wisely aduertise
In perseueryng of your magnificence,
Of olde expert, not blent with couetise,
Take your counsayle and do them reuerence,
Eyed as Argus in their high pzoudence,
Whiche conserue by repozt of good name,
Noblesse of pzynces from mischefe & diffame.

The.iii. Chapter.

The office and retinue of a kynge.

What erthly thing is moze deceiuable
Thē of pzices the pōpe & vainglozy:
Which wene to stand in their estates stable,
As thei the woꝛld had conquered by byctozy,
And sodaynly be put out of memozy,
Their fame clouded, alas, and their nobles
With a darke shadowe of fozyetfulnes.

Wherof cometh the famous clere shinyng
Of emperous in their consistozies:
Oz wherof cometh their laude in repoztynge,
Saue that clarks haue wzitē their histozies.
Oz where be now conquestes translatozies,
Oz their triūphes where should men thē find
Nad wziters their pzowes put in mynd.

Reken vp al, and first the wozthy nyne,
In high nobles whiche had neuer peers,
The marciall actes which clearly did shyne,
Their fame vp bozne, aboue al the nine sters
With loude soundes of famous clarioners,
Their glozious palmes if thei be well payed,
By lowe labours of cōmons was first railed

Make a likenes of these great ymages,
Curiously cozue out by entayle,
Head, armes, body, and their freshe vysages,
Without fete oz legges may not auayle,
To stand vpzyght, oz nedes they must fayle:
And semblably, subiectes in commontees,
Rayse vp the nobles of pzinces in their sees.

As head and membzes in ymages be of stone,
Other on stocke by compasse vndeuided,
And by pzopoztion their fetures euerychone,
Set in true ozder as nature hath pzouided:
So ẏ all errours through craft be circūcided
The head highest by custome as men knowe,
The body amidde, the fete beneth lowe.

Myghty pzinces foz their high renoun,
As most wozthy shall occupy the heade,
With wytte, memozy, and eyen of reason,
To kepe their membzes frō mischefe & dzead,
Like their degrees take of them good hede,
With clere fozesyght of a pzudent thought,
Their fete pzeserue that they erre nought.

There must be hands and armes of defence,
Whiche shall the ymage manly kepe and gye
Fzom all assautes of fozayne vyolence,
Whiche shalbe named noblest of chiualry:
Their true office iustly to magnify,
Sustaine the church, & make thē selfe stronge
To se ẏ widowes & maydēs haue no wzonge.

Pzudent iudges as it is skyll and ryght,
To punische wzonge & surfets to redzesse
In this ymage shall occupy the syght:
Foz loue oz hate by dome of rightwisenes,
Foz frende oz fo, his iudgementes dzesse,
So egally the lawes to susteyne,
In their wozkes that none errour be seyne.

Amidde this ymage there is a body set,
In aggregate of people and degrees,
By perfite peace and vnity yknet,
By the estates that gouerne commonties:
As mayzes, pzouostes, and burgeis in cities,
Marchauntes also whiche seke sundzy lādes
With other craftes which liue by their hādes.

And as a body whiche stant in health,
Feleth no grefe of no froward humours,
So euery cōmonte continueth in great welth
Whiche is demeaned w̄ pzudent gouernours
That can appese debates and errours,
The people kepe from all controuersy,
Caulyng the welfare to encreale & multiply.

This body must haue a soule of lyfe,
To quicke the mēbzes with gostlye motions:
Whiche shalbe made of folke cōtemplatyfe,

The

The church cõuitted to their possessions.
Which by their holy conuersacions,
And good example should as sterres shyne,
By grace and vertue the people tenlumyne.

Upon the lyght of their condicions,
Of this body dependeth the welfare:
For in their teaching and predicacions
They should trouth to hygh & low declare.
And in their office for no drede ne spare
Vices correcte lyke as they are holde,
Syth they ben heerdes of Chrystes folde.

Folowyng vpon, of entent full clene
Labourers as ye haue herde deuysed,
Shal this body beare vp and sustene,
As fete & legges whych may not be dispised:
For true labour is iustly auctorised.
And ne were the plough vpholdē by trauaile.
Of kings, & princes, farewel all gouernayle.

Thus fyrst, if princes gouerned be by ryght,
And knights suffre ỹ people to haue no wrōg,
And trouth in iudges shew out his lighte,
And forth in cities ỹ loue he drawe a long,
And holy church in vertue be made stronge,
And in his labour ỹ plough ne fayle nought,
Than by propocriō this ymage is wrought.

This matter hole for to exemplyfy,
Kyng Roboam for a false oppression,
And for his wilful frowarde tiranny,
Lost a great party of hys region:
Wherfore let princes consider of reason,
God set the people for lordes auantage,
And not to be oppressed wyth seruage.

Upon some princes Bochas doth complaine,
Such as haue a custome and manere
Agayne their subiectes vngoodly to disdaine,
And of pride to shewe them frowarde chere,
Counsayleth them to remembre and lere,
As this chapitre doth finally deuise,
Fyrst out of labour al lordshyp dyd aryse.

The.iiii. Chapiter.

Howe Mucius Sceuola sloughe an innocent in stede of kynge Porcenna, that layde siege to Rome.

When kynge Porcenna wyth hys chiualrye
Agayne Romains a werre fyrst began,
The towne besiegynge on eche party
With great puyssaunce brought out of Tuscan,
In the citie there was a knightly mā, (kan,
Mucius Sceuola, which cast in their distres,
To breke ỹ siege thorough his high prowes.

Let arme hym selfe clene in plate & mayle,
For comune profite to auaunce his corrage,
Kynge Porcenna proudly to assaile:
A tyme prouyded to his auauntage,
Through the siege to make hys passage,
And finally at his in comynge,
Jeoparte his person for to slee the kynge.

But lyke as telleth vs Tytus Liuius,
Wher Porcenna satte in his royal see,
This senatoure, this manly Mucius
Sawe a prince of great auctoritee,
The kyng resemblynge, clad in one liueree:
Atwene decernyng no maner variaunce,
Slough that prince of very ignorraunce.

But whan he knewe that he dyd faile
To slee Porcenna enemy to the toun,
And sawe he had lost al hys trauayle,
He made a pitouse lamentacion,
Bycause he dyd execucion
Of ignorraunce agayne his owne entent,
To spare a tirant, and slee an innocent.

For which he was with him selfe full worth,
That he was founde so negligent in dede:
And with his hand vnto a fyre he goth,
Made it brenne bryght as any glede,
Both nerfe & bone and his flesche to shede,
His hand cōsuming on pieces, here & yonder,
And from his arme made it parte a sonder.

And as the storye declareth vnto vs,
This manly man this noble senatour,
Afore tyme was called Mucius,
Which for ỹ comon profite did great labour:
And for the vncouth hasty fell rigour,
Done to hym selfe, the Romaines al
Sceuola they dyd hym after call.

As moch to say by langage of that lande,
Who take a ryght the expolicion,
As a man which is without an hande:
And after hym by succession,
All his ofspryngе borne in the toun,
In remembraunce for to encrese his fame,
Of Sceuola bare after hym the name.

By this example and many other mo,
If men list her corrages to awake,
They shoulde se what perill & what wo
For comon profit men haue vndertake:
And whylom Brutus for Lucrecis sake
Tarquin chaced for his transgression,
And kynges all out of Rome toun.

Folowynge the traces of Collucius,
Which wrote of her a declamacion,
Most lamētable, most doleful, & most pitous,
Wher he discriueth the dolorouse treason,
Of her constrained false oppression:
Wrought & compassed by vnware violence,
The lyght vntroubled of her clere conscience.

Touching Lucrece example of wifely trouth,
How yong Tarquin her falsly did oppresse,
And after ỳ whych was to great a routh,
Howe she her selfe slough for heuynesse,
It nedeth not reherse the processe:
Sith ỳ Chaucer chefe poete of Bretaine,
Wrote of her lyfe a legende soueraine.

Her father whilom called Spurius
Her worthy husbande named Collatyn,
Which by the luxurie & treason odious
And vicious outrage of Sextus proude Tar-
Oppressed was & brought to her fyne, (quin,
Whose deedly sorowe in englishe for to make,
Of pitouse ruth my penne I fele quake.

Reherslynge there amonge other thynges
Eche circumstaunce and eche occasion,
Why Romains exiled fyrst their kynges,
Neuer to reigne after in their toun.
As olde cronicles make mencion:
Remēbrynge also the vnkinde great outrage,
By Eneas done to Dido of Cartage.

This said Tarquin this yael auised knyght,
This slaūdred man most hateful for his dede,
Came lyke a thefe alas vpon a nyght,
With naked sworde whan no man toke hede,
Upon Lucrece she quakyng in her drede,
Lyeng a bed ferre from her folkes al,
And knewe no refuge, for helpe for to call.

Eke other stories whiche he wrote in his lyue
Ful notably w̄ euery circūstaunce:
And their fates pitiously dyd discriue,
Lyke as they fyll, put them in remembraūce.
Wherfore if I shulde my penne auance,
After his making to put them in memory,
Men would deme it presūpcion & veine glory.

He manasyng in his froward entent,
On her beholdyng with a furiouse chere,
That with his sworde but she would assente,
Her and a boy he would preint yfere.
Such one as was most vgly of manere
Most vnlykely of persone and of fame,
Thus he her thrat for to slaunder her name.

For as a sterre in presence of the sunne,
Lesyth his freshnes & hys clere lyght:
So my rudenesse vnder skyes dunne,
Dareth ful lowe and hath lost his sight,
To be compared agayne ỳ beames bryght
Of this poete, wherefore it were but vayne,
Thinge sayd by hym to wryte it new againe.

But his entent whan she dyd fele,
And sawe no meane of her woful chaunce,
The morowe after she list nothynge concele,
Told her husbande holy the gouernaunce,
Hym requirynge for to do vengeaunce
Upon this cryme, sayde lyke a true wyfe,
She would her hert perce wyth knyfe.

☞ The. v. Chapiter.

In this matter this was her fantasy,
Better was to dye than to lyue in shame:
And lasse yl to put in ieopardy
Her mortal body, than her good fame.
Whan honor dieth farewel a mānes name.
Better it were out of thys life dilceiuer,
Than slandrous fame to sley a man for euer.

Howe Lucrece oppressed by Tarquin slough her selfe.

But to that purpose her husband sayd nay,
Her father also was thereto contrary:
Makynge a promise without more delay,
To do vengeaunce howe they wyl not tary.
To her declaring with reasons debonary,
Under these wordes trouth & right cōserued,



But at Lucrece flynte I wyll a whyle,
It were pytie her storye for to hide,
Or slouthe the penne of my rude style,
But for her sake al matters set a side:
Illo my lorde bad I should abyde,
By good auice at layser to translate,
The doleful processe of her pitouse fate.

To

To slee her selfe she hath nothynge deserued.

For sodainly and also vnauised
As a foole is trapped in the snare,
By vnware fraude vpon the practised,
Thou were disceiued plainly to declare:
Hauyng thys conceyte, harde is to repayre
The name of thē which falsly be diffamed,
Whan wrōg repoꝛt ꝑ renome hath shamed.

Touchyng thy person I dare affirme & seyn,
That it were a maner impossible,
And lyke a thynge which neuer yet was seen,
That thy worshyp was found coꝛruptyble.
But stedfast aye and indiuysible,
Unparted, vertuous, and made strong,
And nowe desirous to auenge thy wꝛonge.

On thy iniury we shal auenged be,
Considꝛed firste the deedly heuines,
Which thou suffredest by great aduersite,
Whan ꝑ auoutrour thy beauty dyd oppꝛes:
And reioysyng by a false gladnes,
Maugre thy wyll as a theefe by nyght,
The encombꝛed of very foꝛce & myght.

But if thou woldest leue all thy mourning,
And restraine thy impoꝛtable wo,
Soone shuldest ꝑ se an egall punyshyng
Upon thy most frowarde moꝛtal foe:
To warne all other they shal nomoꝛe do so,
In chastisynge of false auoutry,
The and thy renome of ryght to magnify.

What was diffalyng to thy trewe entent,
Though his youth vnbꝛidled went at large?
So foꝛ to afoꝛce a sely innocent,
Whose wyckednes oughte to bere the charge.
And we of ryght thy conscience dyscharge
The ioye vnlefull of his false pleasaunce,
With double palme thine honoꝛ doth auance.

Conceiue and se, O thou myne Lucrece,
How that reason and good discrecion,
Shoulde thy trouble & thy mournynge cece
Of ryght, restrayne thy opinion,
So recheleslỹ to do punicion
With knife in hande, to slee thy selfe, alas
Foꝛ others gylt and dyddest no trespas.

Let be Lucrece, let be all thy dole,
Cease thy complaynt & thy wo restrayne,
Should I fro the lyue alone al sole,
And thy deth perpetually complayne?
To put thy father in impoꝛtable payne?
Of our welfare be not so recheleslesse,
To dye and leaue our childꝛe motherlesse.

Of pꝛudence eke thou oughtest foꝛ to se
And aduertyse onely of reason,
Though of foꝛce thy body coꝛrupt be,
Thy soule inwarde and thyne entencion
Fraunchysed ben from al coꝛrupcion:
Offence is none, consider in thyne entent,
But wyll & hert yeue therto ful consent.

Thou were naked in thy bed, lyenge
Alone, vnware, sleepynge & voide of myght,
Suspectiousleslesse al of his comynge,
That tyme namely because ꝑ it was nyght:
A fearefull woman, & he a manly knyght,
Al be it so vnknightly was his dede, (head.
Wyth naked swerde to assayle thy woman-

He myght thy body by foꝛce wel oppꝛesse,
By sleyghty waies that he had sought:
But wele wote I foꝛ al his sturdinesse,
He myght neuer haue mastry of thy thought.
The body yelded the hert yelded him nought.
Ye were twaine, ꝑ feble & he ryght stronge,
Thy trouth assoꝛced, he werker of the wꝛong.

Where mightest ꝑ haue greater pꝛice oꝛ laude
All ryght consid̄ed, trouth & equite?
Fyrst cōterpeysed his foꝛce & sleighty fraud,
Than to parseuer in feminite,
With thought enhaunced & infragilitie
Of womanheade, to haue an hert stable,
What thige in the myght be moꝛe cōmendable?

It is wel knowe ꝑ were of herte aye one,
To all false lustes contrary in gouernaunce?
Moꝛe lyke an ymage kerued out of stone,
Than lyke a woman stedely of pleasaunce
The tirant foūde thee in chere & countenaūce,
Whych euer after by womanly victoꝛy,
Shalbe alcriued to thine encrease of gloꝛy.

Thy father Brutus hath the well excused,
Thy selfe also, thy blood and thy kynrede:
On this matter let no moꝛe be mused,
To sley thy selfe oꝛ do thy sides biede.
Certes Lucrece thou hast ful litell nede,
It were great wꝛonge by all our iudgement,
To spare a tirant and slee an innocent.

Thy lyfe to murdꝛe to some it wouldeseme
Thou were gylty, where as thou art clene:

Di.

Diuers wittes diuersly wyl deme,
Repoꝛt thyng thou none dyddest mene.
Foꝛ which thou shalt pacíently sustene,
Tyll thy chaste wyfely innocence
May se hym punished foꝛ his violence.

Folke wyl not deme a person innocent,
Which wilfully whan he is not culpable,
Yeldeth him selfe to deth by iudgement,
And neuer was afoꝛe of no gylt partable:
His own doome vpon him selfe vengeable,
Causeth people, tho their repoꝛte be noughte,
To deme a thinge ꝑ neuer was ywꝛought.

To be auenged vpon thine owne life
In exculynge of thy deedly fame,
To shewe thou art a true wedded wyfe,
wenyng by deth to get the a name,
In this deuise thou art greatly to blame:
Wher ꝑ yet knowest thy honoꝛ clerely shyne,
To yeue the people matter to deuyne.

And with that woꝛde Lucrece dyd abꝛayde,
Full deedly both of loke and chere,
To them againe euyn thus she sayde:
Let be husbande, let be my father dere,
Speke no moꝛe to me of this matere,
Lest men dempt in hindꝛyng of my name,
I dꝛed death moꝛe than falle dyffame,

Your counsayle is I shal my lyfe conserue,
To soꝛowe and sclaunder, but no gladnes:
But lesse yl it is at an houre to sterue,
Than euer languish in soꝛowe & heuines.
Deth maketh an ende of al woꝛldly distres,
And it was sayde syth ful yoꝛe ago,
Better is to die than euer to liue in wo.

Whan that woꝛship in any creature
Is slaine and deed by slaũdꝛous repoꝛt,
Better is of death the dꝛedful payne endure,
Than by falle noyse aye to liue in discõfoꝛt:
Where newe & newe diffame hath his resoꝛt,
Neuer dyeth but quickeneth by ꝑ outrage,
Of hateful tonges & venimous langage.

Do your deuer to halowe & make stable,
The chast chambꝛes of wyfely gouernaunce:
Foꝛ in this case if ye be variable,
On falle auoutry foꝛ to do vengeaunce,
There shal folow euerlastynge remembꝛaũce
How true spousaile as ye haue herde deuised
In your citie is bꝛoke & not chastised.

If ye be founde in such a case negligent
To punish auoutry of right as your charge:
Thꝛough your slouth as ye were of assent,
Luxurie vnbꝛidled shall ren abꝛode at large,
Who shal than your conscience discharge,
Oꝛ what woman stande in lickernes,
Of Lucrece afforced the clennes:

O dere husbande what ioy shulde it be
To thine estate in any maner place,
Lyke as thy wyfe to cherishe me
Oꝛ in thine armes me goodly to enbꝛace:
The gilt hoꝛrible considꝛed & trespace,
By Tarquyn don alas, and welaway,
Which i my persõ may neuer be wast away.

And father mine how shuldest thou me cal
After this day thyne owne doughter dere;
Which alas refuse of women al
That to thy plesaunce was whilom most en-
Within thy house whan I did lere, (tere,
By clere example of manifolde doctrine,
Al that pertained to vertuous discipline,

Which I haue lost now in my dayes olde,
Dispaired it to recure agayne.
Myne owne childꝛe I dare not thẽ beholde,
Bycause the wombe in that they haue layne,
Diffouled is, and pollute in certaine:
Which was tofoꝛe in chastitie conserued,
Chastise the auoutrer as he hath deserued.

And foꝛ my part, to speke in woꝛdes fewe,
Lenger to liue I haue no fantasie,
Foꝛ where should I out my face shewe,
Oꝛ dare appere in any company,
Sith a derke spot of falle auoutry,
Shal euermoꝛe whether it be falle oꝛ true,
In to myne hindꝛing ꝑ sclaundꝛe to renewe.

Lust afforced hath a falle appetite
Of frelte, included in nature:
Maugre the wyll there foloweth a delite
As some folkes say, in euery creature,
Good fame lost ful hard is to recure.
And sith I may my harmes not redꝛesse,
To you in open my gilt I wil confesse.

Al be I was againe my wil oppꝛessed,
There was a maner constrained lust in dede,
Which foꝛ no power might not be redꝛessed,
Foꝛ feblenesse I stand in so great dꝛede,
Foꝛ which offence deth shalbe my mede:
Sith leuer I haue with some edge tole

To

To lese my selfe, than lyue in slaũder & dole.

O father myne spare and haue pitie,
And dere husbande rue on myne offence,
Goddes & goddesses called of chastitie,
To my trespace graunt an indulgence:
For of my gylt to make a recompence,
Where that Uenus gate in me a baũtage,
Deth shal redresse & chastise myne outrage.

For if I should make a delay
To perse my brest w̃ sharpnes of a knyfe,
Men would deme and say fro day to day,
To make my slaũder more open & more rife,
Howe that I was more tendre of my life,
Thã of my worshipp, which is to gret a shame,
To loue my life more than my good name.

In this matter no witnes is so good,
To put awaye all false suspection,
As with a knife to shed my hert bloud,
I myght not make a better purgacion,
To al folke that haue discrecion,
Than finally by my deth to excuse,
The gylt horrible of whych men me accuse.

Go forth my soule pure and immortal,
Chese wytnes of myne innocence,
Before tho iudges which ben infernal
First Mynos kyng to deme my conscience,
With Radamanthus to yeue a sentence
Lyke my desertes that it might be sene,
In wykely trouth how that I was clene.

Thou erthly body which through thy fairnes
Were to auoutry ful great occasion,
Of thy bloud shede out the rednes,
And by thy sides let it raile doun:
Stere and exite the people of this toun,
To do their deuer within a litle whyle,
For loue of Tarquyn al kynges to exile.

And first I pray my husbande most entere,
Of this vengeaunce to make no delay:
With helpe and socour of my father dere,
To punyche ỹ auoutrer in al haste ye may.
Let him take his wages and his pay
Lyke as ye se, & plainly nowe conceyue,
For his offence the death I do receiue.

And sodaynly or they myght aduerte
She toke a knyfe, and with great violence
Through the brest euyn to the hert
She made it glyde, there was no resistence:
Ful pale & deed fyl down in their presence,
And by occasion of this piteous dede,
Tarquyn exyled and holy his kynrede.

For which cause by recorde of writyng,
Was there neuer in Rome the cite
After that day no man crowned kyng,
As in cronicles ye may beholde and se:
Thus for luxurie, and their cruelte,
Their tiranny, and false extorcion,
They were exiled out of Rome toun.

The.vi. Chapter.

Howe Rome was after gouerned, and Uirginea by her father slayne.

Gouerned after by other officers
As is remembred in Titus Liuius,
Called Decemuiri of diuers cronicers:
Amonge whyche there was one Appius
A Judge vntrue, proud, & luxurious,
Which through ỹ citie the story bereth witnes,
Behated was for his great falsenes.

And ones it fyll as he cast his loke
Upon a maide most inly fayre of sight,
A false desire within his hert he toke
Her to dysule, agayne al skyl and right:
And she was doughter to a worthy knyght,
Ful manly founde in his dedes al,
And Uyrginius ỹ Romains did him cal.

Whose goodly doughter ỹ story doth vs lere,
Was after hym for his noble fame,
Uirginia called most goodly and entere,
And for this cause she bare the same name.
But Appius to greatly was to blame,
Which hath conspired through his great falsenes
Ul ỹ he might, her beauty to oppresse.

This Juge vntrue both in thought & dede,
Of law vnrightful, sought out occasion,
Made a sergiaunt of his to procede
Agayne this mayde to take an accion,
Claimed her his seruant by false collusion:
And this done was by Appius, of entent,
That he on her might yeue a iudgement.

And by this meane in his false delite,
Thought he myght her beautie best dysule,
So to accomplishe his fleshly appetite,

She

She beyng feble the accion to refuse:
Wherupon her father gan to muse,
Fully conceiued of Appius the maner,
In her defence wrought as ye shal here.

Whan Appius had yeuen his iudgement
Againe this mayde which afore him stode,
Her manly father most knighty of entent
Toke her apart as he thought it good,
And wyth a knyfe shed her hert bloud:
Dempt it better to slee her in clennes,
Than the tirant her beauty should oppresse.

Thus hole conserued was her virginite,
And vndefouled was her maydenhede:
For Uyrginius to kepe her honeste,
Spared nothyng to make her sides blede.
But Appius for this horrible dede,
And Decemuiri through his vnhappye chaūce
Had in that citye neuer after gouernaūce.

As the story also maketh mencion,
Appius ashamed of this dede,
Slough him selfe fetred in prison,
Of a false iuge lo here the final mede.
And tho Tribuni in Rome gan succede,
Twene right and wrong truely to discerne,
And romayne lawes iustly to gouerne.

Men may here se as in a myrour clere,
Estates chaunged for their great offences:
And by some poore person singulere
Princes put doun from their magnificences,
Which not cōsidred in their great excellēces,
How god ordeineth his yerde in sōdry wise,
The poore sūwhile the pompous to chastise.

Here on to shewe example anone ryght,
Marked in story for a notable thynge,
Pausanias of Grece a manly knight,
Of Macedony slough Philip the kyng:
At a table where he was sitting
Atwene Alexandre and Olimpiades,
His wrong to auenge amyddes al the prees.

Eke Salmator a kuyght of low degree
For wronges done in especial
Of manly force grounded on equite
Slough of Cartage the Prince Hasdrubal
Which brother was vnto duke Hanibal,
Besyde a riuer as they met in batayle,
Called Metaure which renneth in Italie.

Wherefore ye princes if ye lyst longe endure
Be

Be right wel ware be ye neuer so stronge,
In your lordshyppes not to much assure,
Or of surquedy the porayle to do wronge.
In your discrecion conceyuing euer amonge,
Greatest drede is that may your state allayl,
Whan subiection doth the people fayle.

Lenuoye.

This tragedy declareth in partye
What mischefe foloweth of extorcion,
Eke of sponsbrech and of auoutry,
By Tarquyn done through false extorcion,
Unto Lucrece wythin Rome toun:
Kynges exyled for such misgouernayle,
And false outrages done to the porayle.

Eke Appius of wylful tiranny
Agayne Uirginia toke an accion,
Through a false lust of frowarde lechery,
Blent and ferderked his memory & reason:
Which was chefe cause and occasion
Why the estate of dishom dyd fayle,
Through false outrage done to the porayle.

Kyng Philyp lost sceptre and regally,
Of Macedone the famous regyon:
Unwarely slayne amyd his chiualry,
Sittyng at the table wtin his chefe dongeon.
And greatest cause of his fallyng doun,
Was whan fortune his pride dyd assaile,
For false outrages done to the porayle.

Duke Hasdrubal whome bokes magnify
Up to the heuyn for hys hygh renoun,
Whose triumphes raught vp to the sky,
And had al Cartage in his subiection:
Yet was he slayne vnwarely by treason,
By a seruant, lo what it doth auayle
Treason purposed afore in the porayle.

Noble princes your reason do applye
Whych ouer the people haue domination,
So prudently to gouerne them and gye,
That loue and drede by true affectyon,
Preserue their hartes from false rebellion:
Syth to you nothynge may more preuayle,
Than true subiection expert in porayle.

The.bii. Chapiter.

How Jeroboham kyng of Israel for Idolatry & disobedience came to a myscheuous ende.

Nexte these storyes in Bochas as I fynde,
There dyd appere vnto his presence,
kynges syre, hym praying to haue mynd
Upon their fal by vnware violence,
From theyr estates of royal excellence.
And tofore al Israel kyng Jeroboam,

Unto myne auethour he gan to declare,
His deedly complaynt with a pale face:
His great mischeues and his yuel fare,
And howe he fyl downe frō his kyngly place,
Through vnhappes which dyd him enbrace,
And as this story plainly hath deuysed,
For his offences howe he was chastised.

An Idolater he was as it is tolde,
Reysed vp auters of very force & myght,
Set therupon two calfes of pure golde,
Dyd them worshyp agayne al skyl & ryght:
Gaue euel example in the peoples syght,
Whan he dyd wyth fumes and ensence,
To falle ydols vndue reuerence.

Fro the temple he made the people gone,
Priestes ordained after his owne gise,
Forsoke the trybe of Leuy and Aaron,
And vpon Bethel his offryng gan deuyse:
And whyle he dyd vnlefful sacrifice,
God that well knewe of hym the false entent,
From Jerusalem a prophet to hym sent.

Whych him rebuked of his misgouernaūce,
And gan the parels to hym specifye:
Told him afore for to do vengeaunce,
Of Dauid kyng there should come one Josye,
Which should his priestes that falsly coud lye,
Manly distroy & slee them al at ones,
And into asches bren them flesche & bones.

And in token of their distruction,
The prophet tolde among them al,
How his auters shoulde bowe doun,
And his ydols from their stage fal.
Whom that foles their goddes falsly cal
Which haue no power to helpe in no maner,
For they may neyther se, fele, nor here.

After thys prophet Jadan had tolde
These sayde signes playnly to the kyng,
His auter fyl on peces many folde:
And ouerturned backewarde his offring:
For whych the kyng furiously loking,
Put forth his hand the story maketh mynde
Bad his men the prophet take and bynde.

And as he his arme raught out on length
Had no power it to wythdrawe ageyne,
Wext vnweldy, contract, & lost his strength,
And whan the kyng these tokens hath seyne,
And how ỳ prophet spake no word in veyne
Greatly astoyned coude say no more,
But praied Jadan his arme to restore.

And by his prayer and mediacion
Of his arme, after this vengeaunce,
There was anone made restitucion,
And of his payne feleth alegaunce.
For which the kyng w̄ ful great instaūce
Required hym to be so gracious,
That day to abyde and dyne in his house.

But the prophet would not assent
Nouther wyth hym to eate nor to drynke:
Toke his asse and forth anone he went,
On whose departyng ỳ kyng gan sore thynke
And fantasies gan in his hert synke,
Specially whan he toke hede, (dede.
Of all these tokens howe they were true in

God bad Jadan in this great empryse
To Jeroboam fyrste whan he was sent,
Eate nor drinke in no maner wyse,
In that citie, whyle he was present:
But a nother prophet of entent
Ful olde and slygh on that other syde,
Compelled hath this Jadan to abyde.

Hym aforlyng by falle collusion
To resorte agayne vnto the citye:
And to make no contradiction
With hym to dyne of fraternitye,
To hym affyrmynge it may none other be,
For god sent him as to his frende & brother,
To abyde with him & plainly with none other.

Of frendlyhede and true affection
Within his house to shewe his presence,
For a repast and refection
This is goddes wyl and fully his sentence,
To whose wordes ỳ prophet paue credence,
And as they sate at dyner both in fere,
God vnto Jadan sayd in thys maner.

For the brekyng of my comaundement,
Thy great offence & thy transgression,

That thou hast be so wylfull negligent,
Thou shalt endure this punicion:
Be al to torne and rent of a lyon,
And in thy countrey thou shalt not recure,
With prophetes to haue thy sepulture.

Of which thing this Jadan nothynge fayne,
Gan to departe with ful heuy thought:
Of a lion amyd of the way slayne,
But his asse harmed was right nought.
A full great marualle if it be wel sought,
The lyon syttyng as in their diffence,
And kept them both from al violence.

Al these tokens myght not conuert
Jeroboam fro his iniquitie,
Goddes warnyng hym lyst not to aduerte,
Nor by hys prophete corrected for to be.
Wherefore god would that he should se
Uengeaunce folowe as it dyd in dede,
Both vpon hym and his kynred.

A sonne he had which syl in great sickenes,
Called Abia the boke doth specify,
For whych the king bad the quene her dresse,
To go disgised without company,
Unto a prophet which called was Achy.
Hym to require truely for to sey
Whether the chyld should lyue or dey.

And in his inward syght cõtemplatife,
God shewed hym by clere inspection,
Of Jeroboam how she was the wyfe,
For al her sleyghty transformacion:
For nouther fallas nor falle decepcion
May be of god but it be parceyued,
For he ne his prophets may not be deceyued.

She came to him in straunge wede,
At the entryng he called her by her name:
Come forth(quod he)for it is no nede
To hide thy selfe as it were for shame.
For the trouth truely to attame,
God hath yeuen me fully knowledging,
What thou shalt answere & say to the kyng.

Say plainly to him,& marke in thy thought,
In thy repayre thele wordes reherfyng: (ght
Syth god hath made thee & rayled vp of nou-
From a seruant to reigne as a kynge,
Fro Dauids kyn most worthy reigning,
Parted the kyngdome & yeuen it vnto the,
And thou vnkynde therof canst nothyng se,
His great goodnesse is out of remẽbraunce,
Fully forgeten of thy frowarde pryde,
In false goddes put thyne affiaunce
God aboue fally set asyde,
Wherefore from the anon he shall denyde,
The kyngdome hole wythout more delay,
And fro thy lyne the crowne take away.

And for thou hast to thy confusion
Thy fayth vnfaithful to false goddes take,
Wrongly refused thy religion
Of god aboue, and playnly hym forsake,
This is the ende whych ẏ thou shalt make:
Thee and thy kyn no man may socour,
Fleche, skyn, & bone, houndes shal deuour.

And at thy entrynge home to the cite,
Thy sonne & his thou shalt fynde him deed:
Of al hys kin though there were none but he
Founde very good, take therof good hede.
Of whych answere ẏ quene ful in great drede
Entryng the citie in especial,
Her childe was dede & lay colde by the wal.

Of thys warning the king toke none hede,
But made him redy wt̃ ful great aparayle,
Forty thousande wyth him he dyd lede,
Of manly men armed in plate and maile,
With king Abias for to haue a batayle.
The whiche Abias that was of Juda kinge,
Unto his people said at their metynge:

O noble knightes haue one thing in memory,
No man venquisheth playly to cõclude
With great people, nor getteth victory
With nombres heaped nor greate multitude:
False ydolaters god wyl them delude.
Not suffre his seruaunts that ben true & sad,
Of miscreauntes to be ouerlad.

Triumphe is none found of newe or olde,
In these Idols of stone nor siluer shene,
Nor in Calues of mettall made, or golde,
Yeue to that partie which vntruly meane.
And sithe ẏ god knoweth our quarel clene,
Ther is no hope, force none nor myght,
With them ẏ groũde their cause against right

Hope of victory standeth vpõ right wisnes,
Of them ẏ cast their sinful life to amende:
And lyst forsake wrong and al falsnes,
And with hole hert vnto the lorde entende,
Which shal this day his grace to you sende,
Our true cause truely to termyne.

And

And thus Abias gan his tale kyne.

His prestes gan their trūpes for to blowe,
And kyng Abias through his high renoun,
Gaue to his people both to high and low
Ful manly comfort and consolacion,
And fyfty thouland by computacion
Were slayne ỳ day which ful proudly came,
Upon the party of kyng Jeroboam.

And al the partye of Jeroboam,
And al that were of his lyne borne,
After thys batayle vnto mischefe came,
Whan they were slayne w̄ hondes al to torne
As the prophet had the told before:
But for the kyng toke therof no hede,
With soden vengeaunce god quit his mede.

¶ The. viii. Chapter.

Howe zaras king of Ethyope was slayne in batayle.

After hym to Bochas dyd appere
Next in ordre playnly as I kynde,
One zaras wyth a sorouful chere,
And he was kyng of Ethyope and Inde:
Whose eyen were almost w̄ weppyng blynde,
Prayeng myne auctour his vnhappy chaūce,
With other woful to put in remembraunce.

And that he would recorde by scripture
His sodayne fall and dolorous distresse,
And his diffamous hateful discomfiture,
With the dispoylynge of his great richesse:
And how kyng Asaph thrugh his high nobles,
And his people as he dyd the assaile,
Hath him venquished & slayne in batayle.

The. ix. Chapiter.

Howe Adab kyng of Jerusalem lost sceptre and crowne.

Of Israell than came the wooful kynge,
Called Adab ful pytously weppyng,
Unto Bocas his cōplaint rehersing:
How kyng Basa by subtyll falle werkyng,
With slaughter caused his fallyng,
Whan fortune gan falsely frowne,
And toke vniustly frō him sceptre & crowne.

The. x. Chapiter.

Howe the vengeable pryncc zambrias set a toure on fyre and brente hym selfe.

Next came zābrias a pryncc vēgeable,
Whiche slough kinge Helam by false treason,
That was founde also ful vnstable:
For this zambrias of entencion,
Hath murdred him within the chefe dongeon,
Of his castel wyth a ful great route,
As he vnwarely layde a siege aboute.

But Imarin a pryncc of ful great might,
Came in to Tharse a famous great cityc,
And cast him playnly lyke a worthy knight,
On this zambrias auenged for to be,
Hym to distroy without mercy or pitie:
But in a toure as zambrias went,
Set it a fyre and so hym selfe brent.

¶ The. xi. Chapiter.
Of king Achab and Jezabel his wife.

With sighes sore & wepig importable
Came kyng Achab vnto Bochas,
Whose hertelie sorowe was incōparable,
And complayning ful oft sayd alas:
Besechyng him to write his woful case,
Compile his falling and the fate yfere,
Of Athalia his owne doughter dere.

To god aboue most contrarious
Thys Achab was in al his gouernaunce,
And had a wyfe cruel and lecherous,
Called Jesabel, whiche set al her plesaunce
On goddes prophetes for to do vengeaunce.
In the bible their malice men may se,
And Idolaters they were both he and she.

God for their trespaces as it was well seyne,
Afore shewed by true prophecy,
Sent thre yere neither dewe ne reyne
Upon the erth their graine to multiplye:
Tyl eft agayne by prayer of Helye,
Holsome waters from heuin gan discend,
Which gaue thē cause their life to amend.

But his wyfe that cursed Jesabel,
To eche thing hateful which was diuine,
In hundred prophetes she slough in Israel,
Unto Baal for they would not incline:
And she also slough Naboth for his byne,
Through whose outrage & falle oppression,
Achab was brought to his confusion.

Of his enemyes outrayed in batayle,
With a sharpe arow caught his fatal woũde,
Tyl al his blode by bledyng dyd faile,
About hys chare w̃ many dzoppes rounde:
That the wozdes were ful true founde
Of Helias, which told him as it stode,
That hungry houndes should lycke his blod.

In a citye than called Israel
Downe from a toure ioyned to a wall,
The sayd quene called Jesabel,
Was ouer cast & had a deadlye fal: (of all,
Touching these mischeues foz she was cause
Beware ye pzinces remẽbzing all your lyues,
To eschue false coũsayle yeuẽ by your wiues.

☞ The. xii. Chapiter.

¶ How quene Athalia foz her tiranny was slayne.

Next to Achab in ozdze dyd sue,
Athalia w̃ doleful countenaunce
Bocas belechyng, as hym thought due
Her sodayne fal to put in remembzaunce.
Sours & cheke rote of sozow & mischance.
Js vsurpaciõ and false couetise,
Lyke as her stozy herafter shal deuyse.

She was vpzeised by fauour in thze thinges,
Foz father, bzoder, & also her husbande
Were in her tyme echone crowned kinges,
With sceptre & swozde as ye shal vnderstãd.
Many empzises in their daies toke on hande,
And howe foztune their highnes dyd assaile,
I cast shoztly to make rehersayle.

She fyl of foztune in the vnhappye boundes,
Fyzst whan her father was w̃ an arow dede,
His blod vplicked w̃ cruel hũgry houndes,
About his chare rennyng downe ful rede:
His body pale lay who that toke hede,
Lyke a carreyne naked and dispoyled,
With foule black erth amyd the felde ysoyled.

Cause of another vnhappy heupneſſe
And of her deedly desolacion,
Was the people felly dyd them dzesse
Of Jrabye in their rebellion,
Agayne her husband, of entencion
To robbe his treasour to their auauntage,
And take his richesse by outragious pillage.

Some of his meyny they put in pzison,
There was agaynſt thẽ made no defence:
Spared nother citie, bozough, ne toun,
Slough man & chyld thzough sturdy violẽce:
Her lozde enfect wyth sodayne pestilence,
Conceyued fully by his malady,
There was no gayne but he must nede dye.

After his deth most wzetched & odible,
His body cozrupt, his bowelles fyl doun:
Of his carayne the stench was so hozible
The ayze enfect about hym enuyzon,
With so great hozrour and putrifaction,
That no man myght abyde noz endure,
To bzyng his body vnto sepulture.

Her third vnhap whereof she was ful fayne,
That foztune lyst her efte assayle,
Made her vncle kyng Jozam to be slayne
With an arow, as he fled in batayle:
She suppolyng greatly it should auayle,
Lyke a woman most furious & wode,
She of kyng Dauid slough al ỹ rial blode.

Her purpose was to gouerne al the realme
Alone her selfe to haue dominacion,
To reigne in Juda and Jerusalem
This Athalia by vsurpacion:
And foz that cause in her entencion,
With moztal swozde she made tho fyne
That were discẽded frõ Dauid doun by lyne.

Except one Joas she left not one a lyue.
Chyld of a yere, sonne of kyng Ocholy,
Whom Jolabeth the stozy dothe discriue
Of very pitie caught a fantasy
The childe to saue that he shal not dye,
From the malice of Athalia
And she was wyfe to byshop Joiada.

She & this byshop with hole hert & entere,
Kept this chylde in ful secret wyse,
Within the temple the space of seuen yere:
And in the seuenth the stozye doth deuise,
Joiada toke on him this empzise,
Yonge Joas vpon a certayne day,
By iust title to crowne him if he may.

His messangers he sendeth out anone,
Of pzinces, tribunes, gan a counsaile cal,
Of pzeestes eke and leuites euerychone:
And whan he had discured to them al
Hole his entent, thus it is befal
Swozne and assented as it was syetting,
That yonge Joas shalbe crowned kyng.

Foꝛ by pꝛomise which ꝑ is diuine
(Quod Ioiada) if ye take hede,
God hath behested to Dauid & his lyne,
And assured vnto his kynred
In Jerusalem how they shal succede:
And though Joas be yong & tẽdꝛe of might,
Ye to the cꝛowne hath neuer the lasse ryghte.

In this matter I wyl not that ye slepe,
But to shewe your true diligence,
On four parties the temple foꝛ to kepe,
That no man entre by no violence:
And in the myddes by royal excellence,
(Quod this byshop) no man shal bs let,
On Joas heade a cꝛowne foꝛ to set.

And whan ech thing was bꝛought to poynt
Hys hygh estate to encꝛease and magnify,
The people anone whan he was anoynt,
Uiuat rex they began to cry,
And whan Athalia gan this thyng espye,
Foꝛ very ire and the sodayne wonder,
Of melancoly her clothes cut asonder,

Ran to the temple, and gan make a fray,
With her meyny and to cꝛye aloude,
Bad them go sle & make no delay
The yong kyng, in al the hast they coude,
Her venym hid vnder a couerte cloude,
Al atones her purpose to recure,
By sodaine malice she gan ꝑ day dyscure.

The temple was kept, entre had she none,
People ozdayned awaytyng foꝛ the nones:
And oꝛ she might any further gone,
Clenly armed the Centuriones
The cruel quene assayled al at ones.
And of her malice to wꝛyte a shoꝛt tale,
They slough her after at Cedꝛon in the vale.

Lo here the ende of murdꝛe & tiranny,
Lo here the ende of vsurpacion,
Lo here the ende of false conspiracy,
Lo here ꝑ ende of false pꝛesumcion: (doun,
Bozne rightfull heyꝛes wꝛongly to put them
O noble pꝛinces though god make you stꝛõg,
To ryghtful heyꝛes beware ye do no wꝛong,

Lenuoye.

These tragedies to estates & degrees,
Fully declareth the decepcions
Of foꝛtunes false mutabilitees,
Shewed in pꝛouinces cities and eke touns:
Pꝛinces vnwarely lost their possessions,
Which foꝛ their synnes in diuerse wyse,
Had of god warnyng, & lyst not foꝛ to ryse.

Mighty pꝛinces cast downe from their sees,
Lost their liues and their regions,
Unwarely thꝛow from their felicitees:
Jeroboam foꝛ his oppꝛessions,
And foꝛ his fꝛowarde false oblacions
Done to Idols, his stoꝛy doth deuyse,
Had of god warning, & lyst not foꝛ to ryse.

Achab also had great aduersities,
Thꝛough false coũsaile and exhoꝛtacions
Of Jezabel rote of iniquities,
Dyd to his people great extoꝛcions:
She slough pꝛophets, goddes champions,
Both he and she most cursed in their gyse,
Had of god warnyng, & lyst not foꝛ to ryse.

Athalia with her duplicitees,
And conspired false intrusions,
Slouh Dauids sede to entre their dignitees,
And possede their dominacions:
But foꝛ her hateful false collusions,
Unwarely slayne foꝛ her great couetise,
Had of god warnyng, & lyst not foꝛ to ryse.

Pꝛinces remembꝛe in your pꝛosperitees,
And se afoꝛe in your discrecions:
Wꝛong clyming bꝛok states oꝛ degrees,
Outher by murdꝛe oꝛ by false treasons,
Asketh a fal foꝛ their final guerdons.
Namely of them that the loꝛd dispise,
And foꝛ his warnyng lyst not foꝛ to rise.

The.xiii. Chapter.

Howe Dydo quene of Cartage slough her selfe foꝛ conseruacion of her chastitie.

Nowe muste I put my rude stile in pꝛees,
To queene Dido makynge my passage:
Her Loꝛde Siche was pꝛiest to Hercules,
Her father Belus fal in great age,
Kyng of Tire & she quene of Carthage:
And it is red in bokes that ben true,
How fyꝛst in Tire was found purple hewe.

Chadmus founde fyꝛst letters foꝛ to wꝛite,

Gaue them to Grekes, as made is mencion,
Whose brother Fenix as clerkes eke endite,
Founde first the colour of vermilion:
And of Cartage the famous mighty toun,
This sayd Dido, her story doth expres,
How she was quene and foundaresse.

But her husband was chefe lorde & syre,
Called Sicheus full famous of renoun,
Of this noble citie called Tyre,
Had great treasour & great possession:
And for enuy kyng Pigmalion
Broder to Dido this Siche slough in dede,
Of falle entent his richesse to possede.

Dido this slaughter toke grenously to hert,
Sore complayning this vnhappy chaunce:
Cast she would if she might asterte,
Flye out of Tire and her lyfe auaunce,
With al the treasour & the habundaunce,
Behynde left, whan her lorde was dede,
Her shyppes entryng went awaye for drede.

She knewe and dred the gredy auarice
Of her brother kyng Pigmalion,
And how that hateful vnstauncheable vice
Was grounde, and rote, and chefe occasion,
Why ꝑ her lord was slayne in that toun:
For whome she cried ful oft welaway,
Whose deth was cause why she fled away.

She had also this opinion,
Which causeth most her hertly heuinesse:
That sith her brother Pigmalion
Had slayne her lorde for his great ryches,
If she abode that he woulde hym dresse,
Parcel for malice, parcel for couetyse,
To haue treasour some treason to practise.

And for to eschewe his malice & treason,
For her nauy she maketh ordinaunce,
By the auise of them in whom as by reason,
She should of right set her affiaunce:
And they ful redy her to do plesaunce,
By one assent for nothynge would fayle,
With fayre Dydo out of that lande to sayle.

In Cypres fyrst was her aryuaile:
And there she founde by the riuer syde,
Of yong maydens vi ful rych apparayle,
Sixty and ten in the same tyde,
Whiche in the temple of Uenus dyd abyde,
After the custome as I can reporte,
Of Cypriens, straungers to disporte.

And in their most faythful humble wyse
After the ryghtes of Cypre the countre,
Unto Uenus eche day do sacrifice,
Them to conserue in their virginite:
Duryng their life to lyue in chastitye,
Neuer to be toyned in mariage,
And wt quene Dydo they went to Cartage.

In their passage fyll a great myracle
As Seruius maketh mencion,
For Dydo toke of Juno this oracle,
Outher by apparyng or by aduision,
Of Cartage to bylde that myghty toun:
And at reuerence of that great goddesse,
She to the parties fast gan her dresse

The sayd citye stately for to founde.
And her werkemen as they the erth sought
In oxes head of auenture they founde,
And to quene Dido anone the head brought,
Meninge wherof to serche out they thought:
And her clerkes in their deuinayle,
Tolde it was token of seruage & trauayle.

For which she list not to bylde in that place,
But remeued as she ought of ryght,
And fro thence but a litel space,
A soyle she founde ful dylectable of sight:
And as her werkmen wyth their full myght,
The grounde gan serch or they toke hede,
The story telleth they found an horse head.

And by expownyng of her deuinours,
Founde this beast myght greatly auaile
Unto princes and mighty conquerours,
Necessary in werre and batayle:
And for no wight her noblesse shoulde assaile,
Cartage she buylded of so great excellence,
Againe al enemyes to stand at diffence.

Some bokes declare and specify,
Dydo dyd as much land purchace,
As a skyn in rounde might occupy
Of an oxe, theron to bylde a place:
The grounde cõpassed toke a large space,
Whych strongly buylded thus it is befal,
After the skyn men Byrsa dyd it cal.

And whan this citie mightily was walled,
After a skyn wrought by good curray,
The name toke, Carta it was called:
Lether of Birsa plainly this is no nay.
Toke eke his name durynge many a day,
Carta and Birsa knit in their langage,

As

As much to say, as this word Carthage.

And in Affryke stant this territory,
Where she builded this citye dilectable:
Founded it in laude and memory
Of mighty Juno, the goddesse honorable.
The citye walled w towers strong & stable,
Time of kyng Dauid, amidde the fourth age,
As I sayd erst, called it Cartage.

With great worshyp she raygned in ẏ towne
Euer of purpose to liue in chastitie,
And rounde about floured her renowne,
Of her prudence and her honestye:
Tyll the report of her famous beautye,
Came to the eares, which gladly will not hide
Of a kyng that dwelled there beside.

Of Mulytans he was lorde and syre,
As poetes playnly lyst decrye,
Whiche in his hart greatly gan desire,
The quene Dido by her assent to wiue,
Unto her grace if he might aryue:
But for she had auowed chastitie,
She neuer cast maried to be.

The kyng supprised w loue in his courage.
For her wisdome, and her great bountee,
Sent for the princes of Carthage,
On this matter to haue a treatee:
To condiscende if it might be,
Like his desire in all their best entent,
Do their deuoyre to make her consent.

With his request he gan them eke manace,
If he fayled of his entencion,
Like his desire to stande in her grace,
Sayd he would be enemy to their towne:
To ordayne by force for their destruction,
Not fully sober, nor fully in a rage,
This was to them playnely his langage.

But for they knewe her great stedfastnes
And her hart very immutable,
They were aferde any word to expresse,
Lest their aunswere were not acceptable,
To his highnes, for he was not treatable,
Eke in their concept they gan also recorde,
To his desyre the quene would not accorde.

With good aduice an answere they puruey,
To his purpose in party fauourable,
Aferde he would their noble towne werrey,
Or of disdayne vpon them be vengeable:
But quene Dydo in her entent aye stable,
Cast she would whatsoeuer they her tolde,
Her chast auowe faythfully to holde.

She set aside of this cruell kyng
His fell manaces, and his words great,
And to her prynces for their consentyng,
Which stode in feare of ẏ he did them threate,
She vnto them yaue a maner heate:
For they were bolde to attempt or attame,
To treate of matter rebounding to her shame

Nay rather dye (quod she) than assent
To his desires, whiche thing god forbede:
Or fro the tenter of my chaste entent
For to remeue other in thought or dede,
Whiche were disclaunder to all womanhead,
To condiscende for any manacyng,
To breake a bowe for pleasaunce of a kynge

Touchyng manaces made to the citie
For to destroy it with his great myght,
Without cause or title of equitie
To ground him a quarell agayne right,
Onely for he is blynded of his syght,
With froward lust my chaste auowe to assaile
Be right well sure how he therof shall fayle.

If ye were bolde and manly of courage,
For comon profite your citye to defende,
And to wstande his vycious outrage,
To treate w'him ye would not condiscende:
But mine entent platly to comprehend,
Whether it be to you ioye or displeasaunce,
In my promise shalbe no variaunce.

My lorde Sicheus whiche, alas, is deade
Unto the worlde, who lyst aduert,
Trust verely for manacyng nor dreade
That he shall neuer dye in myne hert:
Nor he shall neuer myne auowe peruert,
Thus auysed while that I stande fre,
Quene of Cartage to gouerne this citye.

Myne hasty answere I pray you not disdaine
But that ye list to yeue me libertye,
With your suppost that I may attayne,
To haue a space graunted vnto me:
This is to mene, the space of monethes thre,
My lordes will to accomplyche of entent,
Whiche whilome made in his testament.

Under couloure to her aduauntage,
She toke this space, bokes specify:

That she might her cityе of Cartage,
The meane time strongly fortify,
Ageyne her enemies, that for no sluggardy
Of them that would her high estate confound
Unpurueyed her city not be founde.

Whan thre monethes passed were and gone,
She after would for hartly pleasaunce,
With sundry ryghtes many mo than one,
To all her goddes do some obseruaunce:
For a speciall singuler remembraunce
Of him that was (as ye shall vnderstande)
Whilom her lorde and best beloued husband.

And more to exalt her glory and his honour,
Held his exequies by due reuerence
Of all Cartage in the highest tower,
With brenning fire, fumes, and incence,
Her princes all beyng in presence,
To whych she gan declare in complaynyng,
Her deadly sorow, down frō her tower loking

Farewel my frendes, farewell for euermore,
Unto my lord my husband I must gone,
To him I meane ẏ was my lorde of yore,
For of husbandes god wot I haue but one:
Praiyng you to report euerichone,
After my death Dydo of Cartage
Joyned was but ones in maryage.

Say to the kyng whiche you manaced,
My chaste beauty that he woulde assaile,
Go tell him how that I am passed,
And of his purpose how that he shall faile.
His manacyng shall not him auayle,
And say how Dydo dyed for the nones,
For she not would be wedded more thē ones.

Leuer I haue my life now to lose,
Rather than soyle my wydowes chastitie:
Let him go further some other to chose,
For in such case he shall not spede of me.
And with the treasure of mine honesty,
Which I haue truely obserued all my lyue,
I will depart out of this worlde now blyue.

And into fire that brent clere and bryght,
She ran in haste, there is no more to sayne:
Saue with a knyfe in euery mans sight,
Full sodaynly she rofe her hart in twayne,
Whole piteous death the city gan complayne,
Sore weppyng for wonder and for ruthe,
In a woman to finde so great a truth.

After her death they did their busines,
To holde and halowe a feast funerall:
Worshipped her like a chaste goddesse,
And her commended inespeciall
To heauenly goddes, and goddes infernall,
And wydowes all in their clothes blake,
At this feast wept for her sake.

Touching Dydo let there be no stryfe,
Though that she be accused of Ouide:
After Bochas I wrote her chaste life,
And the contrary I haue set aside.
For me thought it was better to abide
On her goodnes, than thing rehearse in dede
Which might relowne again her womanhede

To Eneas though she were fauourable,
To Italy makyng his passage,
All that she did was commendable,
Him to receyue commyng by Cartage:
Tho some folke were large of their langage,
Amisse to expoune, by report, or to expresse,
Thing done to hym onely of gentlenes.

There shall for me be made no rehearsayle,
But as I finde wrytten in Bochas:
For to say well may much more auayle
Than froward speach in many diuers case.
But all Cartage oft sayd, alas,
Her death cōplaynyng throughout their cityе
Whiche slew her selfe to obserue her chastitye.

L'Enuoy.

O fayre Dydo most stable in thy constaūce
Quene of Cartage, myrror of hie nobles
Raignyng in glory & vertuous habundaūce,
Called in thy time chefe lours of gentilnes,
In whom was neuer founde doublenes,
Aye of one hart, and so thou diddest fyne,
With light of trouth al wydowes to enlumin

Chast and vnchaunged in thy perseueraunce,
And immutable founde in goodnes,
Whiche neuer thoughtest vpon variaunce,
Force & prudence wardeins of thy fayrenes,
I haue no langage thy vertues to expresse:
By new report so clerely they shyne,
With light of trouth al widowes to enlumine.

O lode starre of all good gouernaunce,
All vycious lustes by wisdome to represse,
Thy grene youth flouryng with all pleasaūce
Thou didst it bydle w̄ vertuous sobernes:

Diane

Dyane demeaned so chastly thy clennesse,
Whyle thou were sole playnely to termyne,
With light of truth al wydowes to enlumyne

Thy famous bounty to put in remembrauñce,
Thou slewe thy selfe of innocent purenes,
Lest thy surenes were hanged in balaunce,
Of such that cast them thi chastitie to oppres:
Death was inoughe to beare therof witnes,
Caulyng thy beauty to all clennes enclyne,
With light of vertue al widowes to enlumine

¶ Lenuoy, dyrect to wydowes of the translatoure.

O Noble matrons whiche haue suffisauñce,
Of womanhead your wittes to vpdresse
How that fortune list to turne her chaunce,
Be not to retchlesse of sodayne hastines:
But ay prouide in your stablenes,
That no such foly enter in your courage,
To folow Dydo that was quene of Cartage

With her maners haue none acquayntaunce,
Put out of minde such sottysche wilfulnes,
To slea your selfe were a great penaunce,
God of his grace defende you and blesse,
And preserue your variant brotlenes,
That your trouth fall in none outrage,
To folow Dido ꝑ was quene of Cartage.

With couert colour and sober countenaunce,
Of faythfull meanyng pretendeth a likenes,
Counterfayteth in speache and dalyaunce,
All thinge that lowneth into stedfastnes,
Of prudence by great auisenes,
Your selfe restrayneth ponge and olde of age,
To folow Dydo that was quene of Cartage.

Let all your port be voyde of displesaunce,
To get frendes do your busines,
And be neuer without purueyaunce,
So shall ye best encreale in ryches:
In one alone may be no sykernes,
To your hart be dyuers of langage,
Contrary to Dydo ꝑ was quene of Cartage.

Holde your seruauntes vnder obeysaunce,
Let them neuer haue fredome nor largenes,
But vnder daunger do their obseruaunce:
Daunt their pryde, them bydle ẅ lowlynes,
And whan the serpent of newefanglenes,
Assayleth you, do your aduauntage,
Contrary to Dydo ꝑ was quene of Cartage.

¶ The. xiiii. Chapter.

How vycious Sardanapalus kyng of Assirie brent him selfe and his treasure.

Of Assirie to reken kynges all,
Whiche had that lande vnder subiection,
Last of all was Sardanapall,
Most femynyne of condition:
Wherfore fortune hath him cast downe
And complaynyng most vgly of manere,
Next after Dydo to Bochas did appere.

To vycious lust his life he did enclyne,
Among Assyriens whan he his raigne gan:
Of false vlage he was so femynine,
That among women vpon the rocke he span,
In their habite disgysed from a man,
And of froward fleshly insolence,
Of all men he fledde the presence.

First this kyng chase to be his gyde
Mother of vyces called ydlenes,
Whiche of custome eche vertue set aside,
In eche courte where she is maistresse,
Of sorow and mischefe is the first foundresse,
Which caused onely this Sardanapall
That to all goodnes his wittes did appall.

He founde vp first ryote and dronkennes,
Called a father of lust and lechery:
Hatefull of harte he was to sobernes,
Cherishyng surfetes, watche, and glotony:
Called in his time a prynce of baudry,
Founde rereſuppers and fetherbeddes soft,
Drynke late, and chaunge his wines oft.

The ayre of meates and of baudy cokes,
Which of custome all day rost and sede,
Sauoure of spittes, ladels, and flesche hokes
He loued well, and toke of them great hede:
And folke that dranke more than it was nede
Smellynge of wine for their great excesse,
With them to abide was holly his gladnes.

He thought also it did him good
To haue about him without skyll and right
Boystous bochers all bespreint with bloude,
And watry fishers abode aye in his syght:
Their coates poudred ẅ scales siluer bryght,
Dempt their odour duryng all his lyfe,
Was to his courage best preseruatyfe.

For

For there was no herbe, ſpice, graſſe, ne rote,
To him ſo luſty as was the bordelhouſe:
Nor gardeyn none ſo holeſome nor ſo ſote,
To his pleaſaunce, nor ſo delicious,
As the preſence of folke lecherous:
And euer glad to ſpeake of rybaudry,
And folke cherythe that couthe flatter & lye.

Tyll at the laſt God of very right
Diſpleaſed was with his condicions,
Becauſe he was in euery mannes ſight
So femynyne in his affections,
And wholy yaue his inclinations
Duryng his life to euery vycious thing,
Terrible to heare and namely of a kyng.

But as Bochas liſt to put in minde,
Whan Arbactus a prince of great renowne,
Sawe of this kyng the fleſchely luſt blynde,
Made with the people of that region
Agaynſt him a coniuration,
And to him ſent for his miſgouernaunce,
Of high diſdayne a full playne defyaunce.

Bade him beware, & proudly to him tolde
That he hym caſt his vicious life to aſſaile,
And in all haſte alſo that he woulde
Within a fielde mete him in battayle:
Wherof aſtonied his hart gan to fayle,
Where among wome he ſate makyng gaudes
No wight about but flatterers and baudes.

And vp he roſe and gan him ſelfe auaunce,
No company w̄ him but ſeruauntes ryotous,
Toke the feilde without gouernaunce,
No men of armes but folkes vycious:
Whoſe aduerſary called Arbactus,
Made him proudly the feilde to forſake,
And like a cowarde his caſtell to take.

And for his hart frowardly gan fayle
Not like a knyght, but like a loſeniour,
His riche pierrey, his royal apparayle,
His golde, his iewels, his veſſell, & treaſure,
Was brought afore him downe fro a toure
Amid of his palace, & yaue his men in charge
Of cole and fagot to make a fyre large:

In whiche he caſt his treaſoure and iewels,
More like a beaſt than a manly man,
And amyd his riches, ſtones, and veſſels,
Into the fire furiouſly he ranne:
This triumphe Sardanapalus wanne,
Whiche fyre conſumed for his finall mede,
Brent to aſhes among the coles rede.

Afore his death bade men ſhould write
Upon his graue, the boke dothe ſpecify,
With letters large this reaſon for to endite:
My curſed life, my froward glotony,
Mine ydlenes, myne hatefull lechery
Hath cauſed me with many falſe deſire,
My laſt dayes to be conſumpt with fyre.

This epitaphe on his graue he ſet,
To ſhew how he in all his liue
Buſyed euer to hinder and to let
All maner vertue, and theragayne to ſtriue,
Who foloweth his trace is not like to thriue:
For whiche ye princes ſe for your auayle,
Uengeaunce aye foloweth vyces at the tayle.

The .xv. Chapter.

¶ A commendation of Bochas, reherſing the vertuous names of foūders of diuers ſciences and cunnynges in repreſe of ydlenes.

There were other that liſt to proude,
Falſe fleſchly luſtes, and diſſolutions,
Ryote, outrage, froward diſdaine and pride
Vyces to enhaunce in their affections
With many vnlefull croked condicions,
Reaſon auoyding as I rehearſe ſhall,
Them ſelues delityng for to be beſtiall.

Two maner folkes to put in remembraunce,
Of vyce and vertue to put in a difference:
The good alway hath ſet their pleaſaunce,
In vertuous labour to do their diligence,
And vycious people in ſlouth and negligence,
And the repoꝛt of bothe is reſerued,
With laude or lacke as they haue deſerued.

Men muſt of ryght the vertuous preferre,
And truely prayſe laboure and buſines:
And agaynwarde diſprayſe folke that erre,
Whiche haue no ioye but in ydlenes.
And to compare by maner of witnes.
Vertuous folke, I will to mynde call,
In rebukyng of kyng Sardanapall.

The olde wiſe called Pitagoras,
By ſoūd of hāmers, auctours certifye,
Example toke, and chefe maſter was
That founde out muſyke and melody:

yet of Tuball some bokes specify,
That he bi stroke of smyths where thei stode
Founde first out musyke tofore Noes floude.

And Josephus remembreth by scripture,
That this Tuball could forge wele,
First ymagined makyng of armure,
With instrumentes of yron and of stele,
And their temprures he found out euery dele
Lucius Tarquyn in story as I finde,
Founde chaynes fyrst folke to fetter & binde.

The childzen of Seth, in story ye may se,
Flouryng in vertue by longe successions,
For to do profite to their posteritie,
And first the craft of heauenly mocions,
Founde of sundry starres the reuolucions,
Bequeth their cunnyng of great aduauntage,
To them that after came of their linage.

For their vertue god gaue them great cũnyng
Touching natures both of earth and heauen:
And it remembred sothly by writyng,
To lasten aye for water or for leuen.
Generations there were of them seuen,
Whiche for vertue wout warre or strife,
Traueyled in cũnyng, durynge all their life.

And for that Adam did prophecy,
Twise the world destroyed should be,
With water ones, and stande in ieopardy,
Next with fire, whiche no man might flee:
But Seths childzen that all this did see,
Made two pyllers where men might graue,
From fire and water the charects for to saue.

That one was made of tyles harde ybake,
Fro touche of fire to saue the scripture:
Of harde marble they did another make,
Against water strongly to endure,
To saue of letters the prynt and the figure.
For their cunnyng afore gan so prouide,
Agayne fire & water perpetually to abyde.

They dempt their cunnyng had ben in veyne,
But folke with them had ben partable,
And for their laboure should after be seyne,
They it remembred by wrytyng full notable,
And tofore god a thing full commendable,
To them that folow by scripture and writyng
Or that men dye depart their cunnyng.

For by olde time folke diuers craftes founde,
In sundry wise for occupacion,
Uertue to cherische, vyces to confounde,
Their witte they set and their entencion,
To put their laboure in execution,
And to outrage, this is very trouth,
Fro mannes life negligence and slouth.

Olde Enoke full famous of vertue
Duryng the age, founde first of euerichone
Through his prudence, letters of Hebrue,
And in a piller they were kept of stone,
Till that the floude of Noe was gone:
And after him Cam was the seconde,
By whom mo of Hebrue letters was founde.

And Cathacrismus the first was that sande,
Letters also, as of that langage,
But letters written by Gods owne hande,
Moyses first toke, moste bright of his vysage,
Upon Syna as he helde his passage.
Whiche of carectes and names in sentence,
From other writyng had a difference.

Eke afterward as other bokes tell,
And saint Hierome rehearseth in his style,
Under the empyre of zorobabell,
Esdras of Hebrue gan letters first compyle:
And Abraham long erst a great while
The first was in bokes men may se,
That found letters of Ciria and Calde.

Isys in Egypt founde diuersitie
Of sundry letters parted into twaine,
First for priestes and for the comontie,
Uulgar letters she did also ordayne,
And Fenices did their busy payne
Letters of Greke to finde in their entent,
Whiche that Cadmus first into Grece sent.

Whiche in number fully were seuentene.
Whan of Troy ended was the battayle,
Pallamides their langage to sustene,
Put thre therto whiche greatly did auayle.
Pitagoras for prudent gouernaile,
Founde first out y, a figure to discerne,
The life here short & the life that is eterne.

First latin letters of our a.b.c.
Carmentes founde of full high prudence,
Great Omerus in Isidor ye may see,
Founde amonge Grekes craft of eloquence:
First in Rome by soueraine excellence,
Of Rethorike Tullius founde the floures,
Plea and defence of subtill orators.

Cally-

Callicrates a grauer most notable,
Of white ywore did his busines,
His hande, his eye, so iust were and so stable,
Of an aupt to graue out the likenes,
Upon the ground as nature doth himdresse.
This craft he founde, as Sardanapall
Founde ydlenes mother of vyces all.

Of a scriueyn Bochas maketh mencion,
How in a scrowe of little quantitye,
Wrote of all Troy the destruction,
Folowyng Omerus by great subtilye.
Whiche is had among grekes in great daintie
Because he was founde in his writyng,
So compendious the story rehearsyng.

Archimides made a chare also,
And a small shyp with all the apparayle,
So that a bee might close them both two
Under his wings, which is a great marualle
And nothing sene of all the whole entayle.
This craft he founde of vertuous busines,
To eschue the vyce of froward ydlenes.

Pan god of kynde with his pypes seuen
Of recorders, founde first the melodyes
Of Mercury that sit so hye in heauen,
First in his harpe founde sugred armonies.
Holsom wines through fined from their lyes
Bacchus founde first on vines heauy lade,
Licour of lycours, courages for to glade.

Perdry by compas founde tryangle & lyne,
And Euclyd first founde Geometrye:
And Phebus founde the craft of medicine,
Albumasar founde astronomy,
And Mynerua gan chares first to gye.
Jason first sayled, in story it is tolde,
Toward Colchos to winne the fleece of gold.

Ceres the goddesse founde first tylth of londe,
Dionylius triumphes translatory:
And Bellona by force first out fonde,
Conquest by knighthode & in the field victory
And Martis sonne as put is in memory,
Called Etholus founde speres sharpe & kene,
To runne in warre in plates bryght & shene.

Eke Aristeus founde out the vsage
Of mylke and cruddes, and of hony sote,
Piroydes for great aduauntage
Fro flyntes smote fyre daryng in the rote.
And Pallas whiche ỹ may to colde do bote
Founde out weauyng this is very sothe,
Through her prudence of all maner clothe.

And Fido founde first out the science
Of measures and of proporcions,
And for marchauntes did his diligence
To finde balaunces by iust diuisions,
To auoyde all fraude in cities and in townes.
On nouther party, playnly to compyle,
Of true weyght that there were no gyle.

Compare in order clerely all these thinges,
Founde of olde tyme by diligent trauayle,
To the pleasaunce of prynces and kynges,
To shewe how much cunnyng may auayle:
And wey againwarde ỹ froward aquitayle,
Contrariously how Sardanapall,
Founde ydlenes mother of vyces all.

Let princes all hereof take hede,
What auayleth vertuous busines:
And what damage the reuerse dothe in dede,
Vycious life, slouthe, and ydlenes.
And these examples let them eke empresse
Impd their harte, and howe Sardanapall,
Founde ydlenes, mother of vyces all.

¶ Lenuoy.

NOble prynces here ye may well se,
Is in a myrrour of full clere euidence,
By many examples more than two or thre,
What harme foloweth of slouth & negligence
Depe imprintyng in your aduertence,
How great hindring doth wilful frowardnes
To your estate through vycyous ydlenes.

Whan reason fayleth, and sensualitye
Holdeth the bridle of lecherous insolence,
And sobernes hath lost his libertie,
And to falle lust is done the reuerence:
And vyce of vertue hath an apparence,
Wysleadeth prynces of wilfull retchlesnes,
To great errour of froward ydlenes.

¶ The. xvi. Chapter.

¶ How Amazias in Juda king, for pride and presumption was vainquished in battaile, and after slayne.

IN his study as Bochas late musyng,
With many an vncouth solemne fantasy,
To him appeared many a mighty kyng,

And

And tofore all came worthy Amazie:
His sonne also that called was Ozie,
Of Dauids bloud discended as I rede,
Eche after other in Juda to succede.

First Amazias complayned on fortune
Causing his greuous great aduersities,
The traytoresse called in commune,
These kinges twayne castyng frō their sees:
Whose ouerturnyng from their dignities,
Unware fallyng, dreadfull and terrible,
Ben seriously remembred in the bible.

Their ende men may there reade and se,
How fortune their fates did entrete:
Wherfore to eschue and flye prolixitie
Of tedious thing, in this processe to lete,
And in substaunce to gleane out the grete
Of their fallyng, I purpose not to spare,
Compendiously the causes to declare.

This Amazias hauyng gouernaunce
By iust tytle of succession,
The sceptre of Juda w all ỹ whole puissaūce
Full peasably helde in his possession:
Till that pryde and false presumption,
Most frowardly did his hart embrace,
Whiche all at ones made him lose his grace.

In hart he had a maner vayne glory,
Because that god made him to preuayle
In his conquest, and to haue victory
Amalechites to vaynquyche in battayle,
Eke Gabanites as he them did assayle:
Purposyng after if he might,
With Israelites of pryde for to fight.

Unto kyng Joas of Israell he sent
Him cōmaundyng to obey his byddynge,
And be like subiecte as were in their entent
His predecessours in all maner thing,
Whilom to Dauid the noble worthy kyng,
This was his sonde to Joas plat & playne,
Whiche by a problē thus wrote to him agayn.

The vgly thistle of the vales lowe,
Proudly presumyng aboue his degre,
To make hys pryde openly be knowe,
Sent hys message to the Cedre tre,
That his sonne might wedded be
To his daughter, although in substaunce
Atwene them two was a great disorderaunce

But of the forest the beastes sauagyne
In their courages had therof disdeyne,
All of assent fyersely dyd enclyne,
The thystle leaues abrode vpon the pleyne:
That there was nether lease nor pricke leyne
This was the problē which Joas by writing
Sent in a pistle to Amazie the king.

But Josephus in his originall,
The sayd epistle as he doth expresse
Sayth of the vale how the pouder small
Of pryde sent to the hygh Cyprelle,
That his daughter of excellent fayrenes,
Unto his sonne playnely to discryue,
Myght be deliuered and haue her to wyue.

But a fel beast which beside stode,
Of cruell yre and indignacion,
With fete disdaynyng ỹ pouder cast abrode,
Hygh in the ayre about him enuyron:
The whyche enlample conceyued of reason
Who that attempteth to clymbe hygh alofe,
With vnware chaunge his fall is full vnsoft.

Atwene the Cedre of trees so royal,
And a sharpe thystle is no conuenience:
Nor twene a cyprelle estately founde at all,
And lothsome pouder is a great difference.
For royall bloud should haue no assistence
To be ioyned nor knyt in mariage,
With such as bē brought forth of low parage

The Cedre is stronge & mighty of substaūce,
In his vpgrowynge ryght as any lyne:
And tho the thystle haue spottes of pleasaūce,
He hath eke prickes small as any spyne.
And bothe natures playnly to termine,
The Cedre of kynde who loketh well about,
To no thystle should his braunches loute.

Solesome of odoure is the faire Cyprelle,
Is bokes tell and vertuous of kynde:
Dust and pouder playnly to expresse,
Troubleth the ayre and maketh folkes blynd
For whiche in spousayle cōuenient to synde,
Let estates of their byrthe honourable,
Voyde al rascaly and wedde their semblable

But Amazias woulde not beware
For no warnyng nor for no prophecy,
But styll in hart great hatred bare
Agayne kyng Joas, of malyce and enuy.
Into a felde brought all his chyualry,

Gadzed them out bothe nere and farre,
Ayenſt gods will on him to gyn a warre.

And king Joas full like a wozthy knyght,
Into the felde faſt gan him ſpede:
And all the knyghtes of Juda anone ryght,
With ſtroke of vengeaunce vᵇ a ſodain dzede,
To bid them flye god wot it was no nede:
And Amazias foz all his great pzyde,
Stode deſtitute, and no man by his ſyde.

With him was none left of all his meynie,
So god and Joas agaynſt him wzought:
Of Jeruſalem entred the citye,
And Amazie of fozce with him he bzought.
And in the temple the treaſure out he ſought,
Golde and ſiluer and wholy their riches,
And to Samaria home he gan him dzeſſe.

And Amazias he let out of pzyſon
After all this, and ſuffred him go fre,
To his miſchefe and his confuſion,
And he was deliuered from his captiuitie:
Foz ſlayne he was in Lachis the citye,
Among his frendes by diſſimulation,
His death conſpyzed vnder full falſe treaſon,

The .xvii. Chapter.

How vpon Ozias ſucceadyng kyng nexte in Juda god toke vengeaunce & ſmote him with lepzie.

After in Juda the mighty region,
Next Amazias Ozias gan ſuccede,
Wonder manlye and famous of renoun,
In all his wozkes full pzouident in dede:
And of his knighthode vaiquiſhed as I rede
The Paleſtines, foz all their great puiſſaũce,
With all Ambie he bzought vnto vttraunce.

Builded townes and many a ſtrong citye,
And vnto Egypt he his bondes ſet,
Made caſtels beſydes the redde ſee,
And in his conqueſt whom that euer he met,
Of manly pzyde he woulde let:
I meane all tho that were his aduerſaries,
To his lozdſhyp to make them tributaries.

He did his labour alſo to repare,
Jeruſalem after his ruyne,
The walles reared which on ꝯ ſoyle lay bare
Made newe towers ryght as any lyne,
Fanes of golde their turretes to enlumine,
And to fozce them, let wozkmen vndertake,
Square baſtiles and bulwarkes to make.

He delited to make freſche gardeynes,
Diuers grayne and herbes foz to knowe:
Reioyſed to plante ſundzye vynes,
To graffe trees and ſedes foz to ſowe.
And ſtraunge fruits maketh thẽ growe arow
And vᵇ him had his enemyes to encumber,
Thze hundzed thouſand manly men in nũber.

His noble fame gan to ſpzede wyde,
And greatly dzeade foz his pzowes:
Wherthzough his hart cozrupted with pzide,
Becauſe onely of his great riches,
And frowardly he did his buſines
Foz to maligne in eſtate royall,
Agaynſt the lozde whiche is immoztall.

To god aboue he gan waxe obſtynate,
That by pzoceſſe full ſmall he did winne:
And ſauour caught in his royall eſtate,
To folow his father in vnthzifty ſynne,
That grace & vertue from him did twynne,
In moſt ſhinyng of his magnificence,
Foztune pzoudly aſſayled his excellence.

Caſt ſhe would within a little whyle,
His ſurquedy and frowarde pzide aſſayle:
And full vnwarely deceyue him and begyle,
To make his power to appall and fayle:
Whan that this kyng toke on the apparayle
Of a biſchop of very frowardnes,
And to the temple pzoudly gan him dzeſſe,

Beyng in purpoſe on a ſolemne day,
To take his waye vp to the hye alter,
Falſly vſurpyng whoſoeuer ſayde nay,
To ſacrifyce holdyng the cenſere,
Tofoze the alter that ſhone of golde ſo clere,
Foz whiche offence (the bible ſayth the ſame)
Azarias the biſchop did him blame.

Gan withſtand him in the face anone,
Fourſcoze pzieſtes beyng in pzeſence
Of the kynred diſcended of Aaron,
Whiche fozbade him and made reſiſtence,
That with his hande he ſhould put incence
Upon the aulter againſt gods lawe,
Him chargyng boldly his pzeſence to wdzaw

But of deſpite he made them hold their pees,
In payne of death began them manace:
And ſodaynly among all the pzees,

An earthquaue fill in the same place,
And therwithall in the kinges face,
Of the sunne there smote a beame so bryght,
That all his face was scorched w the light.

He waxed a leper foule and right horible,
For his offence as god list ordayne:
To euery man of loke he was terrible,
And but fewe his mischiefe gan complaine.
And a great hill ꝑ same hour carft on twayne
Not farre aside from the towne without,
Cities destroying that stode rounde about.

On kyng Ozie god toke this vengeaunce,
For all his lordship and his magnificence,
To punische his pride and froward puissaũce
And brought him lowe for his great offence,
For his person was put out of presence,
Perpetually as holy writ can tell,
Farre from all people w lepers for to dwell.

His flesche was troubled with diuers passiõs,
For his sickenes auoyded the citye,
In crye and sorowe and lamentacions,
His life he lad in great aduersitie:
And so he dyed in sorowe and pouertie.
Simply buried for all his great myght,
Within an ylande that stode farre out of sight

¶ The.xviii. Chapter.

¶In exhortation to Prynces to be aduised to do agaynst Goddes preceptes.

YEt prynces all in their prouidence,
Be right wel ware any thing to attaine
Whiche vnto God should be offence,
Lest that the fyne conclude to their shame.
Let them thinke for all their noble fame,
But they repent god of his iustice,
Their froward pryde vnwarely will chastice

Let them beware of malyce to presume
Againe his churche to do offention,
For god of right all tyrantes will consume,
In full short tyme for their presumption:
Whiche will not suffer theyr domination
To enterrupt for all their great myght,
Nor breke the fraũches of holy churche ryght.

To prudent prynces whiche can discerne,
Let kyng Ozias considryng his offence,
Be in your mynde a myrrour and lanterne,
To holy churche to do due reuerence,
And conceaue in their magnificence,
God will of ryght be they neuer so strong,
Chastyce theyr malyce though he byde long.

¶ The.xix.Chapter.

How kyng Oseas was taken by kyng Salmanazer and dyed in pryson.

THere was another that called was Osee,
Which whilom raygned as I affirme dare
In Israell, whom fortune by enuy,
Made him be take or he was ware,
Besyeged about of kyng Salmanazare:
And into Assirie vnder his daunger,
The bible telleth he was a prysoner.

His cityes and townes brought to destruction
And all his people vnder longe seruage,
Were take and kept in stronge Babilon,
Suffred there great payne and domage:
And in pryson by furious outrage
This sayd Oseas in chaynes bounde sore,
For sorowe dyed of hym write I no more.

The.xx.Chapter.

¶Howe Senacheryb kynge of Assirie slewe him selfe.

WIth these forsayde wofull kynges three,
Senacheryb of Assirye kyng,
Came to Bochas most vgly to se,
Full piteously his fate complaynyng:
And specially hys vnware chaungyng
He gan bewayle oppressed in his thought,
From hye nobles how he came to nought.

His renowne spradе through many a reme,
And all people gan hym magnifye:
A siege he layed vnto Jerusalem,
In the tyme of kyng Sedechye.
But in hys most frowarde surquedy,
Gods aungell tofore the citye,
An hundred. M. slough of his meyny.

And the more to make hym aferde,
Amyd of hys people the selfe same nyght
Gods aungell shoue away his berde
With a sharpe swerde that shone full bryght:
Left hys siege and toke hym vnto flyght,
And in a temple hys gods worshyppynge,
Slough him selfe as he sate knelyng.

¶The.xxi.Chapter.

¶How kyng Sedechyas for false forswearyng was slayne, and made blinde in pyrlon.

TOuchyng ỹ cõplaynt of kyng Sedechy
And of his sorowes to shew ỹ manere,
Holy wryte doth clerely specify:
Wherfore it were but vayne to tell them here,
For there men the processe may playnly lere,
How Joachim kyng of Jerusalem,
His owne brother was led out of his reame.

Wherof in hart he felt full great sore
This Sedechias as it is there founde,
Because the kyng Nabugodonosor
His brother held strong in pyrlon bounde,
Fully in purpose the Jewes to confounde:
For this tyrant had in that mortall strife,
His bothers childzen in pyrlon and his wyfe.

And yet this tyrant in his tyranny,
This fauour did in his fell rage
Unto this most wofull Sedechy,
To suffer him rayne in his great age:
From yere to yere to pay him a truage
By fayth and othe, and compolition,
Rayled of his people and brought to Babilon

yet Sedechias in especiall
By a maner of false felicitie,
Hym selfe retoyled in his see royall
To occupy that noble dignitie:
And so forgate the great aduersitie
Of his brother, and other frendes all,
Touching the mischefe that they were in fall.

Of pryde he fell into presumption,
Whan he remẽbred his brother & his lynage,
Considered how fro kyng Salomon
He was discended by title of heritage,
Gan disdayne to pay his truage,
And to maligne in hart he was so wrothe,
And fally brake his assuraunce and his othe.

He had a maner indignacion,
Whiche he caught of olde remembraunce
How tyme passed to kyng Salomon
By hys manly prudent gouernaunce,
Kinges about for a recognisaunce
Payed trybute, and durst it not wythsay,
Fro yere to yere his nobles to obay.

Whiche thing remembred of kyng Sedechie,
As he next great & stronge in puissaunce,
Of hye disdayne his tribute gan denye,
Set aside his fayth and assuraunce,
So that his othe stode in no substaunce:
For he agaynst the kyng of Babilon,
Presumptuously fyll in rebellion.

And his kyngdome to strength and fortify,
Thought he woulde to his aduauntage
The kyng of Egypt haue on his party:
Of pryde he fell into so great outrage
That he no more woulde pay his truage,
But fynally suche wayes he hath sought,
That of his othe little he ne rought.

But wo alas it is a dolefull thing
To be remembred in hye or lowe degre,
That any prynce or any worthy kyng
Should false his othe or vntrue be,
Or that men should suche variaunce se
In their courages whiche ben so hye borne,
For any cause falsly to be forsworne.

By reporte it dothe their fame trouble,
Infortuneth and clipseth their nobles,
Whan a prince is of his heste double,
And chargeth not of wilfull rechlesnes,
Al be his promisse conclude on doublenes,
Though god awhile suffer them and respite.
At vnset houre their falsenes he will quyte.

His warnyng oft he sent to them afore
Because they lackt prudent policy,
Recorde I take of Nabugodonosor,
Whiche came vnware on kyng Sedechye,
For he his tribute gan falsely him denye:
With all his power as it did arrayed,
To Jerusalem a mighty siege layed.

They within constrayned were of nede
The kyng him self, there was no better defẽce
With mans flesche his people for to fede,
While the Caldeys by mighty vyolence
Of very force without resistence,
On false forswearyng for to take wreke,
Their mighty towers & their walles breke.

To slea and kyll they list none to spare,
Who soeuer they met or came in their light:
Sedechias left the towne all bare,
But take he was as he him toke to flyght,
In chaynes bounde and fettred anone ryght,
In whose presẽce tencrease his paines anone

His

His ponge childzen were slayne euerichone.

His wyues most wofull in their cheres,
Whiche in their tyme goodly were and fayze,
Deliuered were in handes of straungeres,
And moze, alas, to put him in dispayze,
Into his kyngdome neuer to haue repayze,
With charpe tonges it was to great a payne
Out of his head was rent his eyen twayne.

Of Jerusalem his citye was bzent,
Playne to the grounde into aches dede.
His great riches his treasour wholy sent
To Babilon, with stones blewe and rede,
Uessels of golde whiche richest were in dede,
Without mercy oz remission,
Caldeis toke to their possession.

And thus in sozowe and in wzetchednes
He dyed alas fettred in pzyson,
Lo here the ende of periury and falsenes,
Lo how foztune can turne vp so doun
Of moztall men the condicion:
Now richest shynyng in hye pzosperitie,
With vnware chaũge to hatefull pouertie.

Now men lift vp to royall dignities,
Now hye aloft by fulsum aboundaunce,
But what auayleth to syt in ropall sees,
To folke that haue therin none assuraunce:
Namely whan foztune holdeth the balaunce,
Whiche aye of custome vnto hye estates,
Hath a false ioy to shewe her checkmates.

Recozde I take of pzynces moze then one,
Their wofull fates hangyng in ieopardy,
Remembzed late, and amonge eche one
The wofull fall of kyng Amazie:
His sonne eke lepze whiche called was Ozie,
And last of all how in Babylon,
Kyng Sedechias dyed in pzyson.

¶Lenuoy.

NOble pzynces consider the fallas
Of foztunes frowarde flattery,
Sith her disceits in many diuers caas
How she first mocked manly Amazy,
Whiche slayne was foz his surquedy,
To yeue you warning by exãple ye may rede
Whã ye sit hyghest your fall is most to dzede.

And as it is remembzed in Bochas,
Eke in the Bible, of king Ozie,
In his time how famous that he was
Bothe of ryches and of chyualry,
Punished with lepze bokes specify,
Foz his pzesuming, remẽbzyng this in dede
Whan ye syt highest your fall is most to dzede

Ill wozldly glozy slyeth hence a pas
I take wytnes of kyng Sedechye,
Foz false fozswerying he slayne was, alas,
Made blynde in pzyson the stozy can not lye:
Thus sheweth foztune thzough her frowarde
To you pzynces if ye list take hede, (enuy
Whã ye sit hyest your fal is most to dzede.

¶The.xxii. Chapter.

How kyng Astiages laboured to disherite Cyzus, but god suffred his malice not to pzeuayle.

AFter these kinges one folowed in ỹ pzees
And to Bochas his cõplaint can discure,
He was called the great Astiages,
Whiche tolde in ozder his vncouth auenture:
Lozde of Asye, as bokes vs assure,
And had of treasure duryng all his life,
Aboue all kynges a pzerogatyfe.

Most foztunate in all his gouernayle,
Felt of foztune none aduersitie,
Saue an heyze male nothing did him fayle:
Foz he most gloziously sate in his se,
Of wozldly wealth he lacked no plente,
Except onely as clarkes on him wzyte,
He had no sonne his kyngdome to enherite.

Whiche to his wealthe was great distres,
Least succession fayled in his lyne:
A daughter had he called Mundanes,
Out of whose wombe as bokes determyne,
He dzeampt on a nyght howe he sawe a vyne,
In his auysyon with him so it stode,
Ouer all Asye his bzaunches spzed abzode.

He had also a reuelation
Sleppng a nyght after his soupere,
Though he not knewe the expolicion,
He thought he sawe a cristallyn ryuere,
With lustye waters as any Beryll clere,
Out of her wombe with his stremes fresh,
The soyle of Asye make tender and nesshe.

Touchyng this riuer and this lusty vyne,
To hym shewed in his auysion,
Within him selfe he coulde not termyne

Therof to finde no clere cõclusion:
Without some maner expolicion,
To him declared by folkes in sentence,
Whiche of suche dzeames had experience.

To him he called his astronomers,
His phylosophers, and his deuynours,
That knew the meanyng of the nine spheres,
Images of stars, their houses & their towers
And such as were expert expositours:
And they were assembled euerychone,
Touching his dzeme they cozded all in one.

To tell him trouth they were not retchles,
Said his daughter frõ whõ there came a vine
She that by name was called Mundanes,
Should haue discendyng from her lyne,
Whose noble fame thzough Asia should shine:
Whiche should put thzough his renoun,
Him by fozce of armes out of his region.

This was his fate he might it not refuse,
The heauenly cours but it did fayle:
Wherupon he soze gan to muse,
Suche fantasies did his hart assayle.
Fill in great doubt of their diuynayle,
Thought he woulde make purueyaunce,
Foz to withstande gods ozdinaunce.

Full harde it is to make resistence
Again thig ozdeined whé god will that it be,
And namely there where as influence,
Of heauen aboue hath shape a destiny.
Some men recozd that no man may it fle,
The dome of this where it holde oz flyt,
To astronomers all wholy I commit.

This sayde kynge of whom I spake but late,
Cast he woulde foz his aduauntage
The ozdinaunce reuerse, and the fate,
Of the heauen with all the surplusage:
And yeue his daughter as in mariage,
To sum vnwozthy poze infoztunate,
That neuer were likely to rise to hie estate.

And in this wise kyng Astyages
Maried his daughter as in his entent,
To one vnwozthy called Cambyses:
Demyng therby by shozt auisement,
Within him selfe that he was ryght pzudent:
Wening ỹ nobles came by discent of bloude,
And not by grace, noz as the heauen stode.

In his reason was not compzehended,
How Socrates master of Platon,
Of full low bed by birthe was discended,
And not to enherite kingdome noz regyon:
But foz to haue fully possession
Of mozall vertue and philosophy,
Duryng his life his witte he did apply.

He sought countreys foz wisdome and science
And secrete cũnyng to serche he did his payne:
And he founde out thzough his diligence,
This philosopher as bokes assertayne,
To ioye reserued outher to payne,
By grace of god whiche is eternal,
How mens soules be founde aye immoztall.

The great Appollo in bokes it is founde,
Gaue iudgement of equitie and ryght
That Socrates in vertue most habounde,
And most pzeferred in euery mans sight,
Was called of wisdome the lanterne and light
And wisest named at euen and at pzime,
Of philosophers that were in his tyme.

The poete also called Euripedes,
Most honourable named in that age,
All be his mother of lyfe was retchles,
And contagious thzough vycious outrage,
Yet was this poete foz all his vyle lynage,
Most vertuous founde at all assayes,
Of all poetes that were in his dayes.

Called in his tyme a great tragician,
Bicause he wzote many tragedyes:
And woulde of trouth spare no maner man,
But them rebuke in his poetries.
Touching the vices of flechly fantasies,
Cõplayn in pzinces theyz dedes most hozrible
And eche thyng punysche that was odible.

Inother called clarke Domosthenes,
The most subtyll rethozician,
And most inuentyfe among all the pzees,
That euer was sythe the wozlde began:
Al be of byzth he was a poze man,
Yet had he most souerayne excellence,
Among philosophers of speach and eloquence

By whiche example me semeth doubtles,
That royall bloude noz hye lynage
To mens byzthe yeueth but small encres,
Noz vnto vertue but little auauntage:
Foz hye nobles taketh not his courage
Of riche, noz poze, noz states souerayne,
But of his grace as god list ozdayne.

Wherfoze

Wherefore of foly kynge Astiages
Contrariously agayne al gentry,
Had that his doughter called Mundanes,
Fyrst whan folke wyth chylde her dyd espy,
For to accomplyche his froward fantasy,
Whan it was borne charging aboue al thing,
Of Archanie to beare it to the kynge

Whych in that tyme was called Harpagus,
And as I fynd he dyd in vertue floure:
And syth had, the story telleth thus,
That beastes shoulde the litel childe deuour:
But god that may in mischefe best socoure,
To kepe the chyld was not recheles,
Agaynst the malice of kynge Astyages,

Which had commaũded of malice & hatred,
Howe that this chylde grene & tendre of age,
By Harpagus shoulde be cast in dede,
To be deuoured of beastes most sauage:
But for he drede to do so great outrage,
To his shepeherde, himselfe to stand at large,
The chylde to slee he fully yaue the charge.

This heerdman al be that he was loth
To execute this woful auenture,
In to a forest forth wyth the chylde he goeth,
And gaue to beastes that litle creature:
Whom to foster by grace agaynst nature,
A wylde bytche her whelpes there forsoke,
And to her pappes the litel childe she toke.

And ỽ her mylke she made hym sup and dine,
And busy was for hym to enchace
Wyld foules, and beastes sauagyne,
That none ne durst nyghe to that place:
Lo, how that god dispose can his grace,
Innocentes fro mischefe to preserue, (sterue.
Agayne false enuy whych would make them

O blode vnkynde founde in kynred,
For couetise O blode disnatural,
Of false malyce O blode ful of hatred,
To murdre a chyld borne of the stocke royal:
Where mannes reason is turned beastiall,
Falsly transformed vnto cruelte,
To slee a chylde, where beastes haue pyte.

The sely herde hath tolde his wyfe the cale,
And she anone of pitye dyd aryse:
With her husbande went a ful great pase,
In to the forest, beholdyng al the gyse,
As here to fore ye haue herde deuyse.
Seyng the chylde with lippes tendre & softe,
The bytches pappes how he sokte ful ofte.

The sayd heerde called Sparagos,
His wyfe also of whom tofore I tolde,
This yong childe toke in their depose:
And in her armes she softly gan it folde,
And he ful goodly her face gan beholde.
And on his maner the same whyle,
In chyldy wyse on her gan to smyle.

The childes laughter whan she dyd aduert,
With al her hole faythful diligence
She gan to cherisshe it, & wyth al her herte
She yaue it soke with ful great reuerence,
All be the bytche made resistence,
Complaynynge stode fully at a bay,
The lytel chylde whan she sawe led away.

Ful pitiously she gan to houle and crye,
At their departynge, dolefully complayne:
And after them ful fast gan to hye,
The childe to let she felt so great a payne.
Lo, howe that god of mercy can ordayne,
A cruel beast such sorowe for to make,
And so to mourne for a chyldes sake.

But euery thyng ỽ god wyll haue preserued,
May not fayle to stand in sikernesse,
His secrete domes ben to hym selfe reserued
There can no man expowne thē as I gesse:
For he shope fyrst that this shepherdesse
Of Sparagos the true pore wyfe,
For to be meane to saue the childes lyfe.

Home to her house the childe she led anone,
And it to fostre dyd her busines:
Of other salary god wote knewe she none,
Saue that her hert thereto dyd her dresse.
And more entierly ỽ story beareth wytnesse
She tendred him, & wyth more busy cure,
Than him ỽ was her chylde borne of nature.

And as the story plainly doth expresse,
This yonge chylde as he wext in age,
Fro day to day encreased in noblesse,
Lyke for to be ryght manly of corage:
Cyrus he was called in that langage,
To say in latyn playnly in substaunce,
A man yborne to great enheritaunce.

And whan the renowme of his excellence,
By longe processe & of hys great encres,
Came by report vnto the audience
Of his ayel the great Astiages,

And how the kyng was found rechles
Called Harpagus, for to do vengeaunce
On yong Cirus, he fyll in displesaunce.

This is to meane Astiages was wroth
That Harpagus was founde merciable
Cyrus to saue, and for that he was lothe
Agaynst all ryght for to be vengeable:
To slee a chylde a thyng not commendable,
Demyng of trouth in his conscience,
God was not payed to murdre innocence.

Astiages cast hym to be wreke
On Harpagus by false collusion,
Because that his bidding he did breke,
And was contrary to his entencion
Cyrus to slee agayne all reason:
And for that cause Astiages I rede,
Of Harpagus let sley the chylde in dede.

This is to say by false compassyng,
And couert murder wrought by Astiages,
The sonne was slayne of Harpagus the king
And after rosted, alas, ful causeles,
And syth presented amonge all the prees
Tofore his father, a thynge most lamētable,
With Astiages as he sate at the table.

But whan this kyng called Harpagus,
Conceyued hath this murdre most terrible,
And howe his sonne & heire was slaine thus,
In his ire most furious and odible
In al the hast that it was possible
He is repayred home to his housholde,
And al the cale to Cyrus he hath tolde.

And how his sonne was slayne for his sake,
In the most hateful odious cruelte.
Exciting him with him to vndertake
On this false murdre auenged for to be,
To him declaringe of trouth & equite,
Howe he was borne by discent in dede,
As ryght heire to reigne in Perce & Mede.

To him declaryng the story by and by
First of the dreme of Astiages,
And howe that he by fraude ful falsly
Made his doughter called Mundanes,
Purely to be wedded vnto Cambises,
Which was his mother, & how in tēdre age
He was out cast to beastes ful sauage,

By a chepherde and cheperdesse
Fostred he was in great pouerte,
And brought from beastes out of wyldernes,
Bycause god woulde he saued should be:
For thilke lorde which euery thynge may se,
Whan that he hath a thyng afore disposed
Nedes it must fal & may not be deposed.

This said Cirus at his natiuite,
Ordeyned was by reuolucion
Of the heuenly spheres in numbre thrise thre,
So stode that tyme his constellacion,
That he shoulde haue the domination,
Ouer al Asye by influence deuyne,
Afore sygured by spredyng of the vyne.

What may ỹ fraude of slerghty folke auayle,
Innocentes to put out of their ryght:
Though trouth be hyd amonges the poraile
Yarde brought forth & dare nor shewe lyghte,
Yet god wyl ordayne that the beames bryght
Shal come one day shewe out his clerenes,
Maugre al tho that wold his title oppresse.

For this Cirus as clerkes of him write,
Was by the tytle of his mothers syde,
Borne to be kyng al Asye to enherite,
Al be his ayel from him woulde it deuide:
But god that can for trouth best prouide,
Hath for Cirus by processe so ordayned,
That he of Asye the lordship hath attained.

Cirus ỹ time was growen vp wel of length,
Wel proporcioned of membres & stature,
Wonder deliuer & passynge of great strength,
Straunge empryses proudly to endure,
And to ieoparte and put in auenture
His owne person, the fame was of hym so,
Was none more lykely where men had ado.

And by the counsayle of kyng Harpagus,
Whan this Cirus was wel more in age,
With Perciens proude and surquedous,
And Archanites cruel of corage,
For to recure his ryghtful heritage,
Began vb Cyrus armed wyth plate & mayle
Wyth Astiages to holde batayle.

And he agaynewarde gan to take hede,
And with him toke many a worthy knyght,
With al the puissaunce of the land of Mede,
Hath take the felde the same day forth right,
To disherite Cyrus of his ryght:
But god & trouth was atwene thē twayne
Egal iuge, their quarel to darayne.

The felde ordayned & splaied their baneres,
On eyther party ful proudly on they set:
At thassemblyng lyke lyons of their cheres,
In the face as they freshly met
With round speares sharpe grounde & whet
Tyl ỹ Cirus of grace more than nombre.
Of his ayel the party dyd encombre.

This mighty Cirus this ponge champion,
Throughout ỹ felde gan such slaughter make
With his knightes as he went by & downe,
That as the deth, his fomen hym forsake:
Astiages vnder his baner take,
The felde vẽquished for al his veynglorye,
To shewe that right hath alway the victory.

A man of malice may a thyng purpose
By a maner frowarde prouidence,
But god aboue can graciously dispose
Agayne such malice, to make resistence.
Men for a while may suffer violence,
And wronges great, where so ỹ they wende,
But trouth alway venquisheth at the ende.

Astiages foũde ful soth his dreame,
Though he agayne it made purueyaunce,
To haue depriued Cirus of his reame,
He was disceyued of his ordinaunce:
For where that god through his puisaunce
Lyst for heires iustly to prouyde,
Sleyght of man in such case is set aside.

Maugre the myght of Astiages,
Cyrus on hym made a discomfiture,
And al Asye reioysed eke in pees,
Of very right as was his aduenture:
And by iust title he dyd also recure
The land of Mede, lyke as was his fate,
And in to Perce he dyd it hole translate.

Agayne his ayel he was not vengeable,
Which had wrought to his distruction:
But was to him benygne and merciable,
And graunted hym of hole affection
The fourth part of the region
Of Archany, of whych afore I tolde,
Hym to sustayne in his dayes olde.

For kyng Cyrus would not in his lyue
Suffre his ayel, of very gentylnes,
That men should him finally depriue
Of kingly honour, for none vnkindnes:
To yeue ensample to princes in sothnes,
Though god in erth haue yeuen thẽ myght,
They shoulde aye merry medle w̃ the righte.

¶ Lenuoye.

MOble princes your eares do encline
And considre in your discrecions,
Howe dreames shewed by influence deuyne,
Be not lyke sweuenes, but lyke auysions,
Or resemble to reuelacions:
Which though mẽ wold disturbe & make faile
God wyl not suffer their malice to preuayle,

Astiages dempt he sawe a tyme
Shewed of trouth and none illusions,
From his doughters wombe ryght as lyne
Spred in Asye ouer the regions,
But to disherite by false collusyons
Yong Cirus the kynge dyd his trauaile,
But god not suffred his malice to preuayle.

Princes remembre that in honour shine
Upon this story in your entencions,
And be well willed where god lyst forther & hinder to riches or dominacions: (line
To fauer them to their promocions,
Be not contrary in your acquitaile
Syth god wyll suffre no malice to preuaile.

The.xxiii. Chapter.

¶ Howe Candalus kynge of Lyde was made cokolde and after slayne.

WHile Jhon Bochas cast hys loke aside,
In hys study as he sate writinge,
To hys presence came the kynge of Lyde
Called Candalus, ful pitiously playninge:
With salte teares ful lowly besechinge,
That he woulde to swage his greuaunce,
His deedly sorowe put in remembraunce.

Hys complaint was most of vnkyndnes,
For false deceite against al skil & right,
That where his trust was most of gẽtilnes
He mocked was, for al his great might:
For of his house there was a certaine knight
Gyges called, thinge shameful to be tolde,
To speke plaine englishe, made him cokolde.

Alas I was not auised wel before,

Un-

Unkonnyngly to ſpeake ſuch langage,
I ſhould haue ſayde how ỹ he had an hoꝛne,
Oꝛ ſought ſome terme wyth a fayꝛe vyſage,
To excuſe my rudeneſſe of thys gret outrage:
And in ſome land Coꝛnodo men do thẽ cal,
And ſome affirme ỹ ſuch folke haue no gal.

Thus was ỹ caſe, whan phebus ſhone ſhene
The ſomer ſeaſon in hys aſſencion,
Whan ſote bꝛaũches were clad in new grene,
Yeate impoꝛtable had dominacion:
Whan that the quene foꝛ recreacion
Unpꝛouided that no man dyd her kepe,
Upon her bed lay naked foꝛ to ſlepe.

And as clerkes of her beauty wꝛyte,
There was on lyue no fayꝛer creature,
Noꝛ moꝛe excellyng lyke as they endite,
Of ſemelynes her ſtoꝛy doth aſſure,
Called foꝛ beauty colyn to nature:
And woꝛthy eke, if I ſhal not fayne,
To be compared to Griſilde oꝛ Elayne.

Kynde in her foꝛge lyſt nothyng to eꝛre,
Whan ſhe her wꝛought by greate auyſeneſſe,
To make of beauty the bery lode ſterre,
And yeue her beauty, fauour & ſemelineſſe:
But foꝛ nature had ſo great buſineſſe,
To fourme a woman ỹ was ſo freſh of hue,
She had foꝛget foꝛ to make her true.

Her eyen were bery celeſtial,
Her heer vntreſſed like phebus in hys ſphere,
A thyng reſemblynge that were immoꝛtal,
So angelyke ſhe was of loke and chere,
In examplary of poꝛte, & maner, (ſlouth,
There was no lacke ſaue nature thꝛough her
Had left behynde to yeue her fayth & trouth.

And on a daye as ſhe lay ſleping
Naked on bed moſt goodly to ſyght,
Ful vnwarely came Candalus the kyng
In to the cambꝛe, wher Titan ſhone bꝛyght,
And ſhewed her beauty to hys owne knyght:
Of entent he ſhould beare wytnes,
Howe ſhe excelled al other in fayꝛenes.

And whan Giges gan in oꝛdꝛe ſe
Of this quene the great excellence,
He was enamoured vpon her beaute:
All the whyle he ſtode there in pꝛeſence,
Gan ymagyn a treaſon in ſylence,
To ſlee his loꝛde wythout longe taryng,
Wyn the quene, and after reigne as kyng.

Thys was the ende doleful and pytous,
To be remembꝛed hateful and terrible,
Of this noble woꝛthy Candalus,
Foꝛ of his truſt to much he was credible
Unto Gyges, that traitour was odible,
And yet moꝛe folyſh wherby he loſt his lyfe,
Outwarde to ſhewe the beauty of hys wyfe.

Though ſhe were faire & goodly on to ſe
There was no truſt noꝛ no ſyckernes,
Foꝛ other had as good parte as he,
Gyges coude beare therof wytnes:
Alas a quene oꝛ any great pꝛinceſſe
Aſſent ſhould her fame foꝛ to trouble,
But if nature excuſe them to be double.

The.xxiii.Chapiter.

How what thyng kynge Mydas touched was golde, yet died he in myſery and wꝛetchedneſſe.

But whoſoeuer was therwith loth oꝛ fayne,
Giges was after crouned kig of Lide
Whan that hys Loꝛde was by treaſon ſlayne
Of him, the ſurplus Bochas let a ſyde:
And in hys ſtudy as he dyd abyde,
There came of Frigie Mydas the rich kyng,
Tolde myne auctour his complaynt weping.

Foꝛ there was neuer by cõqueſt noꝛ laboure
No kyng afoꝛe that had moꝛe rycheſſe,
Noꝛ moꝛe plenty of golde noꝛ of treaſour:
At whoſe byꝛth poetes thus expꝛeſſe,
About his cradel amptes gan hem dꝛeſſe
While he ſlept, and gan about hym layne,
A ful great numbꝛe of pured whete grayne.

Wherupon moſt expert diuinours
As they toke hede in their attendaunce,
Such as were beſt expoſitours
Sayd it was a token of haboundaunce,
To haue of ryches al maner ſuffiſaunce:
And concludyng playnly gan to tell,
Howe he al other in treaſour ſhould excel.

Poetes of him wꝛote that were full olde,
Bachus gaue hym, the mighty god of wyne,
What he touched ſhal tourne in to golde
As good as that which came out of the myne,
At al aſſayes to be as pure and fyne:

Thys

This requeſt, as writeth Ouidius,
Was vnto Midas graunted of Bachus.

He thought golde might him moſt auaile,
What he handled was golde wyth touchyng:
But whan hunger his ſtomake gan aſſayle,
His bread, his mete, was golde in chewyng,
And whan he gan to fayle of his fedynge,
And founde of golde no recure to eſcape,
Beſought Bachus ſome remedy to ſhape.

Bachus bad him go bathe in a riuere,
To waſh away the colour aureate,
Wher yet is ſhewed the goldy grauel clere.
Whych example declareth to eche eſtate
That golde alone maketh men not foztunate,
Foz what may golde oz treaſour ther auayle,
Where men in hungre finde no vytaile?

Oz what is wozth golde, perle oz ſtones red,
Grene Emeraudes, oz ſapirs Inde, (bred
Whan men enfamyned haue no greyne, noz
Noz in ſuch miſchefe vitayle may none finde,
Foz to foſter their nature & their kinde?
A barly lofe in ſuch a diſtreſſe
Moze myght auayle, than al wozldly riches.

This knewe Midas & was experte in dede,
Though he of gold had ſo great plentie
That with metal he might him ſelf not fede:
Which cauſed him of neceſſitie
To conſidze and clerely foz to ſe,
That bread moze baileth foz foſtrig of nature,
Than al riches that men may here recure.

Foz which this king gan hate al richeſſe,
Golde and treaſour he had eke in diſdayne:
Left his crowne and his royal nobleſſe,
And chaſe to kepe chepe vpon a playne:
All wozldly wozſhip was to him but bayne
Of melancoly, and froward pouertie
Ended his life in great aduerſitye.

Foz of ire and impacience,
Fynally thus with hym it ſtode,
Furiouſly in his great indigence,
As writeth Bochas howe he dzanke the blode
Of a bul ſauagine and wode,
With loue enchanfed: made no delaies
Moſt beſtially ended thus his dayes.

¶ The.xxv. Chapter.

¶ Of Balthaſar kynge of Babylone, and howe Daniell expowned Mane Techell Phares.

Next to Bocas oz that he was ware,
As he ſate wzytyng wyth full great laboure,
Of Babilon cam great Balthaſar,
To declare his ſozowe and his langour,
Whych had miſuſed ful falſly the treſour
And the veſſels bzought from Jeruſalem,
Into Babilone, cheſe citye of his reme.

Foz at a ſouper with his lozdes al,
Whan of the veſſels he dzanke mighty wines,
And ſolemply ſate in his roial ſtal,
And rounde aboute al his concubines,
Phyloſophers, magiciens, and diuynes,
There came an hand, the bybie doth aſſure,
And on the wall gan wzyte this ſcripture.

Mane, techel, phares, wzytten in hys ſight,
Though he the mening cõceiued neuer a dele:
Which on the wal ſhewed fayze & bzyght,
Foz whoſe ſentence auailed none appele:
But the pzophet holy Daniel
Fully expowned to Balthaſar the kynge,
The miſtery of this derke wzityng.

This wozde Mane playnly & not to tary
In latyn tonge betokeneth in ſuſtance,
The dayes counted & rekened, the numbzarye
Of thy reigning & of thy great ſubſtance.
And Techell ſowneth a wayenge in balaũce,
In token thy power & kyngdome by meſure,
God hath payſed, they ſhal no whyle endure.

Phares alſo betokeneth a bzeakyng,
In romaine tong, in to peces ſmale:
Foz thy power and frowarde rebellynge,
Shal from the hie be bzought in to the vale.
This is holy wzit and no fained tale,
Foz whan pzinces wil not their life redzeſſe,
God wyl vnwarely their ſurquedy repzeſſe.

Thou wert by tokens warned longe afoze,
By many examples, the ſtozy ye maye rede,
By the fallyng of Nabugodonoſoze,
And thou thereof toke ful litel hede
The lozd to thank, & haue his name in dzede:
Foz wheych thou ſhalt within a litel thzowe,
Loſe ſcepter & crowne & be bzought ful lowe.

Let princes al thys story haue in mynde,
And for them selfe notably prouyde,
And namely tho that ben to god vnkynde,
Their concubynes for to set a syde:
And make vertue for to be theyr gyde.
Voyde lechery and falle presumpcion,
Which hath brought so many to distruction,

Nabugodonosor had repentaunce,
And was restored to his possessions,
But god of ryght toke sodaynly vengeaunce.
On Balthasar, for his transgressions:
Wherfore ye princes dispose your reasons
After your merites, to haue god merciable,
For your demerites do fynde hym vēgeable.

Agaynst holy churche take no quarels,
But aduertise in your inward syght:
For Balthasar that dranke of tho vessels,
Stale fro the temple of very force & myght,
He lost lordshyp and lyfe vpon a night,
So that the kyngdome of Assiriens
Translated was to Medes & Perciēs.

The.xxvi.Chapter.

Howe Cresus and Balthasar were banquyshed by Cyrus, and the sonne of Cresus slayne at the huntynge of a boze.

Next to Jhon Bocas within a throw,
Wrytyng of princes many a pitous fate,
He sawe king Cresus with other on the row,
Lowly besechyng his fallyng to translate:
And howe fortune agayne hym gan debate,
And of his mischefe doleful for to rede,
For to discriue, anone he gan procede.

For as it is remembred in writyng,
As god and kynde lyst for hym ordayne,
Of Lide he was gouernour and kynge,
And lordshyp had (the story can not fayne)
Of many kingdoms more than one or twain:
Fame in that tyme so dyd hym magnify,
That he was called floure of al chiualry.

And he was also in hys tyme founde
The most expert in werre & in batayle,
And of richesse was the most habounde
And most excellynge in conquest to preuayle:
Plenty of people, wyth royal apparayle,
And with al this to his great auauntage,
Numbre of childre tenblysse hys lynage.

In the most highest of his royal see,
And al was well & nothyng stode amis,
Yet to amenuse his felicite,
I dreme he had, and truely that was thys:
How that his sonne which called was Athis
Was take from hym, & by mortal outrage
Slayne sodenlye in his tendre age.

This woful dreme dyd him great distres,
And put his hert in great dispayre,
Standyng in feare & great heauines,
Bycause hys childe, rendre, ponge, & fayre
Which that was borne for to be hys heyre
Shoulde causeleſſe in suche myschefe die,
So as his dreame afore dyd specifye.

Of this proceſſe to declare more
How Cresus dreme fulfylled was in dede,
From Olimpus there came a wylde bore,
Most furious and sauagine of dede,
Wyth tomy tulkes which fast gan him spede,
Downe discendyng & no where lyst abyde,
Tyl that he came in to the lande of Lyde.

And gan distroy their frutes & their vines,
Where euer he came in any maner place,
Brake the nettes & the stronge lynes
Of the hunters that dyd at hym enchace:
But vnder suppoze of the kynges grace
Hys sonne of whom I spake tofore,
Gate him licence to hunt at this bore.

Hys father Cresus demynge of this ease,
There was no cause of drede in no maner,
Though hys sonne were present at the chase
With other hunters suche game for to lere,
But aye fortune wyth her double there,
Is redy euer by some fatall trayne,
At such dispoztes some mischefe to ordayne.

For one there was whych had gouernance
Upon this chylde to wayte and to se,
Chasyng ỳ bore to saue hym fro mychaūce
From al domage and aduersite,
With many lusty folke of that countre,
With hornes, houndes, & sharpe speres grounde,
Sekyng the bore tyl they had hym founde.

And as they gan fiersly the bore enchace,
He that was charged to be the chyldes gyde
As with his speare he gan the bore manace,
The head not entred but forth gan to glyde,

And

And on the chylde whych that stode besyde
The stroke a lyght, and or he dyd auerte
The speres heade rofe hym through the hert.

But of this chylde whan ꝑ deth was couth,
Tolde and reported holy the manere,
How he was slayne in hys tendre youth,
Borne to be heire vnto his father dere,
Cresus for sorow chaunged loke & chere:
And for constraint of dole in his vysage,
He resembled a very deade ymage.

But euery sorowe by long continuaunce
At the last it sumwhat must aswage,
For ther is none so furious greuance
Nor so mortal importable rage,
But long processe yeueth him auantage:
I meane thus, there is none so great a sorow,
But it mought cese outher eue or morowe.

Philosophers concluden and discerne
And by their reasons recorden by scripture,
Thyng vyolent may not be eterne,
Not in one poynt abydeth none auenture,
Nor a sorowe may not alwaye endure:
For stoũdemele through fortunes variaunce,
There foloweth ioy after great greuaunce.

The sorow of Cresus tho it were intollerable
And at his hert the greuaunce sate so sore,
Syth that his dole was irrecuperable,
And meane was none his harmes to reskore,
Bochas writeth of his wo nomore:
But of his fal howe he fyll in dede,
To tel the maner forth he doth procede.

And for a whyle he set his style aside,
And his processe in party he forbare,
To speke of Cresus that was kyng of Lyde
And gan resort to write of Balthasar:
Agayne reherspnge or that he was ware,
Howe myghty Cirus of woful auenture
Made on hym proudly a discomfiture,

And as it is put in remembraunce
Of Balthasar to holde vp the party,
Cresus wyth hym had made an aliaunce,
With al his puissaunce & al his chyualry:
His lyfe, his treasoure, to put in ieoparty,
Sworne in armes as brother vnto brother,
By Cirus bequyched the one after the other

Both their mischefe no lenger was delayed,
Al be that Cresus faught long in hys defence,
He finally by Cyrus was outrayed,
And depriued by knyghtly vyolence,
Take in the felde there was no resistence,
And rigorouslye to his confusion,
With myghty fetters cast in darke prison.

And more to encrease his gret aduersite,
A sonne of his tendre & yong of age,
That was dumbe from his natiuite,
And neuer spake word in no maner lãgage,
Cyrus commaunding by furious outrage
That Cresus shoulde by vengeable cruelte,
By a knyght of Perce in prison headed be,

And with his swerde as he gan manace,
Cresus to haue slayne wythout al reuerence,
The dombe chylde there present in the place
Which neuer had spoken, thus said in audiẽce:
Withdrawe thy stroke, & do no violence,
Unto my lorde thy fame so to confounde,
To slee a kyng that lyeth in prison bound.

The knight astonied hath his stroke forborne
Gretly abashed in that darke habitacle,
Whych herde a chyld that neuer spake tofore
Agaynst his swerde to make an obstacle,
Ran and tolde this marueylous myracle
To myghty Cirus, with euery circũstaũce,
Hopyng therby to atempre his greuaũce.

But where as tyrauntes be set on cruelte,
Their croked malice ful harde is to appese:
So indurate is their iniquite
That al in vengeaunce is set their hertes ese,
Them selfe reioysinge to se folke in disease,
Lyke as they were in their frowarde daũger,
Clerely fraunchised fro god & his power.

Thys cruel Cirus most vengeable of desire,
To execute his fel entent in dede,
Let make in haste of fagottes a gret fyre,
And gan thẽ kyndle wyth many coles rede,
And made Cresus quakyng in his drede,
For to be take where as he lay ful lowe,
And bad men should in to the fyre him throw.

But Jupiter whych hath his vengeaũce seyn,
Howe cruel Cirus with malice was attaynt,
From heauen sent a tempest and a reine,
That sodainely ꝑ horrible fire was quaynt:
Woful Cresus wꝺ dredful fyre made faynt,
Escaped is his furious mortall payne,
God and fortune for hym lyst so ordayne.

This aduenture in maner marueylous,
The hert of Cirus gan somwhat tenbrace,
And caused hym for to be pitous
Agayne Cresus, and granted him hys grace,
To occuppe whyle he hath lyfe and space,
The land of Lyde, except only thys thynge
He shoulde not after be called kyng.

And thus of Lyde the kynge dyd fyne,
Which toke his beginyng of one Ardisius,
And endured the space of kynges nyne,
Loke who so wyl the bokes tel thus:
Hereof no more but forth vnto Cirus,
I wyl procede wyth al my busy cure,
For to translate hys woful auenture.

The.xxvii. Chapter.

How the cruell tyraunt Cirus delited euer in slaughter and shedynge of blode, and so ended.

HEyre by discent to great Asiages,
Poorely brought forthe as is made mẽcion,
And had al Asie to his great encres,
Holdyng that reigne by iust succession,
In longe quyete wythout rebellion,
Tyl tyme he thought in ful frowarde wyle,
The world was smal to staunch his couetise.

He had an etyke most contagious,
Fretyng vpon hym for desyre of good,
A dyroply hateful and furious,
Of froward rage that made his hert woode,
A wolusche thurst to shede mãnes bloud,
Which ouerthwarted by false melancoly,
Hys royal corage, in to tiranny.

But whan he presumptuously dyd entende
To robbe & reue folke through his pyllage,
God and fortune made hym to discende
Ful sodaynly from hys royal stage,
Demyng of pryde it was a great auauntage,
To wyn landes of very force and myght,
Tho in his cõquest were no tytle of ryght.

To wyll he yaue holy the soueraynte,
And aduertised nothyng to reason:
But preferred his sensualite
To haue lordshyp and dominacion
Aboue sad trouth and discrecion,
Whych causeth prince frõ their estate royal,
Or they be ware to haue a sodayne fall.

For the lordshyp of al Asia
Myght not suffise to Cirus gredinesse,
But thought he would conquere Cithia,
And there werre to encrease hys ryches,
Though he no tytle had of ryght wylnesse,
Saue false lust wherof mẽ shoulde haue ruth,
That wyl in princes shoulde oppresse truth.

Fyrst this Cirus al princes dyd excel
Both in conquest, victory, & batayle,
Of golde & treasure, as bokes of hym tell,
Kyngdoms to wyn he dyd most preuayle:
And yet two vyces dyd his hert assayle,
Fyrst couetise euer to encrease in good,
With a desire to shede mens blonde.

Wyth two vyces he brenned euer in one
That neuer might from his hert twyn,
Made a great army towarde Septẽtrion,
And cast him proudly to set on and begyn
Cithia the mighty land to wyn:
Quene Thomiris there reigninge as I fynde
Whole kyngdom ioyneth to Ethiope in Inde.

Towarde the party whych is orientall,
The see of Surry floweth full plentuous,
Downe to the see called occidentall,
And southwarde renneth to Caucasus:
And folke of Cithie that ben labourious
Which tyl the land hath not to their liuing,
But onely frutes which from therth spring.

The lande of Cithie is ryche for the nones,
For greyne & fruite a land ful conenable,
Ryche of golde perle and precious stones,
Ryght comodious and wonder delectable:
But a great party is not habitable,
The people dredful to bylde their mancions,
For feare of deth bycause of the gryffons.

The noble fame nor the high renoun
Was not ferre knowe nor yspradd aboute
Of Thomiris quene of that region,
Nor of her noblesse within nor wythout,
Tyl that king Cirus with a ful great route,
In to Cithia gan hym proudly dresse,
The hardy quene to spoyle of her richesse.

But she her fame more to magnifie,
Gan in great haste with ful rich apparayle
Ful prudently assemble her chyualry:
And toke a felde, if he woulde her assayle

Redy

Redy with him to haue a batayle,
And of her meyny lyke as sayth my boke,
Unto her sonne the thyrde parte she toke.

And paue hym charge in the same place,
Hym selfe that daye to aquite lyke a knyght,
And for to mete Cirus in the face
And nothyng drede with hym for to fyght:
But whan kyng Cirus of him had a syght,
Cast hym that day the yong prince oppresse,
Rather by wyles than manhod or prowesse.

Fyrst he let stuffe his large pauilions
With great plenty of drinkes dilectable,
Diuers meates and confections,
Rounde aboute vpon euery table,
And in his meanyng passyng disceyuable,
Lyke as he had in maner dredful be,
Toke al his host and gan anone to flee.

This yonge prince of meanyng innocent,
Nothyng demyng, as by supposayle,
But ỹ Cirus was with his meyny went,
And fled for feare he durst hym not assayle:
And whan he founde such plente of vytayle,
He & his knightes through misgouernaũce,
To eate and drinke set al their plesaunce.

They had of knyghthode lost the disciplyne,
Forsoke Mars & put hym out of syght,
And to Bachus their heades gan enclyne:
Gorge vpon gorge tyl it drough to nyght,
And proude Cirus came on thẽ anonryght,
With all hys hoost they out of their armure,
On beastial folke made a discomfiture.

Cruel Cirus left none alyue,
Of hygh nor lowe made none excepcion:
They were to feble again his might to striue,
For chefe cause of their distruction
Was dronkennesse, whych voydeth al reason,
And wyse men rehercen in sentence,
Where folke be dronken there is no resistence.

And whan thys slaughter by relacion
Reported was, & brought to the presence
Of Thomiris quene of that region,
Unto her hert it dyd ful great offence:
But of ire and great impacience
Seyng her sonne slayne in tendre age,
For sorow almost she fyll in to a rage.

But for al her woful deedly payne,
She shewed no token of feminite:
But of prudence her weping gan restrayne,
And cast her playnly auenged for to be
Upon kyng Cirus, and on his cruelte,
Sente out meyny to espyen his passage,
If she hym fynde myght at auauntage.

And with her meyny gã feyne a maner flight,
Up to the mountayns dredful & terrible,
And Cirus after gan haste hym anon ryghte,
In hope to take her if it were possible:
Among whiche hilles more than it is credible
Ben craggy roches most hideous of entayle,
Perilous of passage, & voyde of al vitayle.

And Cirus ther fyl in greate daunger,
Al vnpurueyed of drogemen or of gyde:
To fostre his people vitaile was none ther,
Erryng as beastes vpon euery syde.
And they of Cithie gan for hym so prouyde,
Wherof their quene god wote was ful fayne,
At great mischefe ỹ al his men were slaine.

None of al was taken to raunson,
Nor he hym selfe escaped not her boundes,
Such wayte was layde to theyr distruction,
And he through perced with mortal woundes,
On peces rent as beares ben with houndes,
The quene cõmaũding whã he lay thus torne
To her presence his body to be borne.

Fyrst she hath charged to smyte of his heade,
Whan she hath thus the victory of hym won:
And in a bath that was all blode red,
She gan it throwe within a litel tonne:
And of dispite ryght thus she hath begonne
Most tirauntly in her woful rage,
To dead Cirus to haue this langage:

O thou Cirus that whylom were so wode,
And so thrustlewe in thy tiranny,
Agayne nature so to shede mannes bloud,
So wolyshe was thyne hateful dysposy,
That mercy none myght it modefye,
Thine etyke ioyned gredy and vnstable,
With thrust of slaughter aye to be vengeable.

It is an horrour in maner for to thynke,
So great a prince rebuked for to be
Of a woman, mannes blode to drinke,
For to disclaundre his roial maieste,
But gladly euer vengeable cruelte
Of ryght requireth wyth vnware violence,
Blod shede for blode iustly to recompence.

Of myghty Cirus the imperiall noblesse
Was by a woman bequyched & borne doune,
God made her chastise his furious wodnes,
And for toppresse his famous high renoun:
For where vengeaunce hath dominacion,
In worldly princes, playnly to deuyse
With vnware stroke god can the chastise.

Thende of Cirus can here ful wel recorde,
How god withstandeth folke ỹ ben vengeable,
Lordshyp & mercy whan they ben at discorde,
Right wyll not suffer their state to be stable:
And for this Cirus was so vnmerciable,
He with vnmercy punished was in dede,
Deth quyt for deth, lo here his final mede.

In slaughter & blode he dyd greately delyte
For in tho twayne was his repast in dede,
He founde no mercy his vengeaunce to respyte
Where he founde matter any blode to shede,
Such ioy he had by deth to se folke blede:
And for the syght did him so much good,
His fatal ende was for to swym in blode.

Lo here therequies of this mighty king,
Lo here the ende of his estate royal,
There were no flames nor brondes shinynge
To bren his body with fires funeral,
Nor obseruaunces nor offringes martiall,
Nor tombe of golde with stones rych & fyne,
Was none ordained to make with his shrine.

Epitaphie ther was none red nor songe
By no poete wyth their poetries,
Nor of his triũphes there was no bell ronge,
Nor no wepers with sobbynge tragedies:
None attendaunce but of hys enemies,
Which of hatred in their cruell rage,
Cast out his carayne to beastes most sauage.

Lo here of Cirus the finall auenture,
Which of al Asie was whylom emperour,
Now lieth he abiect without sepulture,
Of high nor low he founde no better fauoure:
Lo here the fyne of al worldly labour,
Namely of tiraunts which lyst not god drede,
But set their lust to slaughter & blodeshede.

Lenuoye.

Ryghte noble prynces considre in youre syghte
The fine of Cirus pitous & lamẽtable
How god punisheth of equitie & ryght
Tiraunres echone cruel and vengeable:
For in his syght it is abhominable
That a prince, as philosophers write,
In slaughter of men shoulde hym selfe delyte.

This saide Cirus was a full manly knight
In begynning ryght famous and notable,
Nature yaue him semelinesse & myght,
For in conquest was none sene more able,
Tyl tiranny the serpent disceyuable
Merciles his corage dyd atwite,
In slaughter of men whan him gan delite.

Wherefore ye prynces remẽbre day & nyght,
Taffoyce your nobles & make it pardurable,
To get you fauour & loue of euery wyght,
Which shal your states cõserue & kepe stable:
For there is conquest none so honourable
In gouernaunce, as vengeaunce to respite,
Mercy preferring in slaughter not delite.

The.xv. Chapiter.

Howe Amilius for couetyse slough his brother, and Remus and Rumulus nouriched by a wolfes.

After king Cirus Bochas did espy
Two worthy brethern wyth faces pitous,
Borne by discent to reigne in Albanye,
Both of one father the story telleth vs:
The one of them called Amulius
And to remembre the name of that other,
Numitor ycalled was his brother

They had a fader whyche named was Prokyng of ỹ land the story doth deuise, (chas,
After whose deth playnely thys is the case,
Amulius for false couetise,
His brother slough in ful cruel wyse,
That he vniustly by false tiranny
Might haue the kingdom alone of Albany.

This Albany by discripcion
Like as Bochas affirmeth in certeine,
Is a citye not ferre fro Rome toun,
Set on an hyl beside a large pleine:
The building stately, rych & well beseine,
Stronge walles with many a high toure,
And Aleanius was fyrste thereof foundour.

Which called was in his foundacion,

Alba-

Albania for the great whytnes,
There kynges after by succession
Named Albanois princes of great nobles,
And by discent the story beareth wytnes
From kyng Prochas recorde on bokes olde,
Came these.ii.brethren Rea their suster told.

Numitor slayne as made is mencion
The kyngdom occupied by Amulius,
And Rea entred in to religion,
For to be wympled in that holy house,
Sacred to Uesta wyth virgyns glorious,
There for to abyde & be contemplatife,
With other maydens duryng al her lyfe.

And thys was done whyle she was ponge of age,
By her brother, of false entencion,
That she shoulde haue no maner heritage
Nor clayme no title in that region,
Of her kynred by none occasion:
But stande professed in virginitye
Tofore Uesta, and liue in chastitie.

Yet not withstanding her virginal clennesse,
She hath conceyued by natural myracle:
Gan to encrease in her holynes,
Whose wombe arose, in kide was no obstacle,
Agayne such bolnyng auayleth no triacle:
But the goddes for her so dyd ordayne,
That she at ones had sonnes twayne.

The temple of Uesta stode in wildernesse,
Where Rea had holy the gouernaunce
Of priestly honour done to the goddesse,
Wyth many straunge vncouth obseruaūce:
But by her brothers mortall ordinaunce,
Her yong sonnes might not be socoured,
But cast out to beastes to be deuoured.

But a she wolfe whych whelped had late,
To yeue thē soke dyd her businesse,
By god ordained or by some heauenly fate,
Thē to conserue fro deth in their distres:
For holy write plainly beareth wytnes,
God can defende as it is well couth,
Childzen frō mischefe in their tendre youth.

But in this whyle this sayd Amulius,
That was their vncle, as made is mencion,
Agayne his suster frowarde and furious,
Made her be shyt in a ful derke prison:
And there complaynyng the distruction
Of her two childzen borne to her repzefe,
For very sorow dyed at great myschefe.

These sayde chyldzen deuoyde of al refute
Besyde a riuer lay pitiously crying,
From al socoure naked and destitute,
Except a wolues vpon them waityng
At whose wombe ful styl they lay soukyng,
Unto nature a thyng contrarious,
Childzen to souke on beastes rauenous.

But he that is lorde of euery creature
Ryght as hym lyst can both saue & spyl,
And beastes which ben rage of their nature
He can aduert, & make them lye ful styl,
Tigres & lions obedient at his wil:
The same lorde hath made a fel wolues
Unto twey childzen her bigges for to dresse.

And whyle thys wolues had thē in depose,
Ther came an herde called Faustulus,
Behelde their soukyng & saw thē lye ful close,
Whych cheperde was of kyng Amulius:
Caught vp these chyldzē the story telleth thus
And brought thē forth with great diligence,
Unto his wyfe that called was Laurence.

And she for loue dyd her busy payne,
Them to fostre, tyl they came of age,
Gaue them souke of her brestes twayne,
Fro day to daye of hert and hole corage:
And they were called as in that langage,
After the storye that one of them Remus,
And the seconde was named Romulus.

Of whych brethern brefely to termyne,
The towne of Rome toke originall:
Of false disclaundze fyrst began that lyne,
The rote out sought ful vicious foūde at all,
Clerely remēbred for a memorial
Their begynning grewe of such incōtinence,
As clerkes call Incestus in sentence.

Incestus is a thyng not fayre nor good
After that bokes wel deuise conne,
As trespassyng wyth kyn or wyth blode
Or frowarde medlyng w̄ her that is a nonne:
And thus the line of Rome was begon,
For slaughter, murder, and false robbry
Was these begynnynge of al their auncetry.

Of Couetyse they toke their auauntage,
Lyggers of waies and robbers openly,
Murdzers also of their owne linage,
And stronge theues gate to their company,
Spoiled al tho that past them forby,
Under shadowe of kepinge their beastayle,

Al maner people they proudly dyd assaile.

To slee marchaūtes they had no conscience,
And for to murdre folke of euery age,
Women to oppresse of force and violence,
In al that countre this was their vlage:
Where they abode ther was no sure passage.
And these two brethern lyke as it is founde,
Fonde first ꝑ maner of speares sharpe groūde.

A speare in greke called is quiris,
And for that cause the sayd Romulus,
As bokes say,and sothely so it is
He afterwarde was called Quirinus.
Which w̄ his brother ꝑ called was Remus,
Was in al thyng confederate & partable,
That tofore god was vicious & dampnable.

And as it was accordynge to their life,
For lacke of vertue they fyll in great diffame,
And atwene thē ther was an vncouth stryfe,
Which of both should yeue the name
Unto the citie,atwene ernest and game,
After theyr names Rome to be called,
Thus fyll the case afore or it was walled.

And therupon ful longe lasted their striues,
Which should of them haue dominacion,
Shewing their titles and prerogatyues,
Who should of them yeue name to the toun,
And reigne as kyng in that region:
There was no reason who should go before,
Bycause they were both at once borne.

But to fynisshe their fraternal dyscorde,
They haue prouyded atwene thē anon ryght,
Thus condiscendyng to put thē at accorde,
Nouther by force,oppressyon,nor myght,
That whych of them sawe greatest flyght
Of byrdes flyeng high vpon an hyl,
Should name the citye at his owne wyl.

Of this accorde for to be wytnesse,
They w̄ them lad a ful great multitude,
Therof to yeue a dome of rightwisnesse,
Both of wyse and of people rude,
Al at ones thys mater to conclude:
And to an hyl called Auentyne,
They ben assended this matter for to fine.

And byrdes syxe to Remus dyd appere,
By augury as they gan procede,
Called vultures ful fierce in their manere,
But in numbre the double dyd excede
That Romulus sawe whan he toke hede:
Wherof ther fyll a great contrauersy,
Which of thē should preuayle on his party.

Thus first of al Remus had a syght
Of sixe birdes called Vultures,
And for to auaunce & prefer hys right,
He ful proudely put him selfe in prees:
But Romulus was not recheles
His brothers clayme playnly to entrouble,
Afforced hys title with the numbre double.

Yet of his purpose one of thē must fayle,
Though it so be that they euer striue:
But Romulus gan finally preuaile,
And to the citye he forth went blyue,
And as auctours lyst echone discryue,
And in their bokes as they reherce al,
After his name Rome he dyd it cal,

And al forein to exclude out
And agayne thē to make stronge defence,
Fyrst he began to wal it rounde aboute,
And made a lawe ful dredful in sentence,
Who clymeth the wal by any violence,
Outward or inwarde there is no more to sey
By statute made he must nedes dey.

This was enacte by ful plaine ordinaūce
In paine of deth which no man breke shal,
But so befyll Remus of ignorawnce,
Which of the statute knewe nothynge atal,
Of auenture went ouer the wal,
For whiche a knyght ordained in certayne
The saide Remus hath with a pykeis slayn.

His brother lyst not in no maner wyse
Againe the lawe to be fauourable,
But assented parcel for couetyse,
Upon Remus to be more vengeable:
Of thys entent to make his reigne stable,
That he alone myght gouerne & non other
By no clayme brought in by his brother.

And that the people should thē more delite
There to abyde and haue possession,
As olde auctours of Romulus do write,
Within the boundes of the same toun,
That he deuised by great prouision,
In compas rounde so cronicles compyle,
A terytory that called was Asyle.

Thys

This Asylum by Romulus deuised,
Was a place of refuge and socours,
Like a theatre with liberties fraunchised,
For to receiue all forayne trespasours,
Theues, murdrers, wayliggers, & robbours
By great resort within the walles wide,
To foster all brybers ỹ durst no where abide.

And with fled people fro diuers regions,
The citye gan to encrease and multiplye:
And banished folke of straunge nations,
To finde refuge thither gan them hye.
And thus by processe gan their chiualry,
First through tyrantes retcheles of worshyp
Till all the world obeyed their biddyng.

Of wilfull force without title of right
They brought all people vnder subiection,
I claime they made by violence and might,
And toke no hede of trouth nor reason,
And the first auctour of their foundation,
Was Romulus, that gathered all this route
Within the citye and walled it about.

And many day as made is mencion
He had this citye in his gouernaunce,
And was the first kyng crowned in that toun,
And raigned there by continuaunce,
Full many yeres, till the variaunce
Of fortune through her false enuye,
In Campania made him for to dye.

Upon a day whan it gan thunder loude,
His name forever to be more magnified,
Some bokes saye he was rapt in a cloude,
High vp in heauen to be stellified,
With other Gods stately deified,
There to be stalled by Jupiters syde,
Like for his knightes as Mars list prouide.

Lo here of panyms a false opinion,
To Christes lawe contrary and odious,
That tyrantes should by false oppression
Be called goddes or named glorious,
Whiche by their liue were founde vicious:
For this playne trouth I dare it well tell,
They rather ben fiendes ful depe in hell.

For but in earth their domination
Conueyed be by vertuous nobles,
And that their power and hygh renoun
Be set on trouth and rightwilenes,
Like their estates in prince or princesse,
I dare affirme of them bothe twayne,
For vicious liuinge they must endure payne.

But whan they ben faythfull of entent,
Right and trouth iustly to maintayne,
And in their royall power be not blent,
Wronges redressyng and pore folke sustene,
And so contune with conscience so clene:
Such life more rath than pompe of warres,
Shal make thē raigne in heuē aboue ỹ stars.

For whiche let princes vnderstand at ones,
And worldly princesses w all their riches,
That their high hornes fret w riche stones,
To heauen their passage dothe not dresse,
But vertuous life, charitye, and mekenes:
Whan they list pride out of their hart arace,
That cauleth thē in heauen to winne a place.

There is no more straunge abusion,
Ne to fore god greater ydolatry,
Than whan princes list catche affection
Creatures falsly to deifye,
By collusion brought in by sorcery,
Now god defende all princes well disposed,
With suche false craft neuer to be enoysed.

And their eyen by none illusions
Be not avieugled neither with hoke nor line,
Nor by no boytes of false inspections
Wrought by Cyrenes by drinke or medicine,
Whiche of their nature resemble to a chrine,
Through riches outward & beauty soueraine
And who loke inwarde be like to a caraine.

God of his grace amende all suche outrage,
In noble princes, & saue thē from such werre
And them enlumine disposyng their courage
In suche false worschyp they no more ne erre:
Like to Argus that they sene a ferre,
That no false fagyng cause thē to be blynde,
Gods nor goddesses to worschip againe kynd.

And though ỹ Romains did worschip & honor
To Romulus by a constraynt drede,
Let no man take example of their errour,
But to the lorde whose sides were made rede,
To saue mankinde and on a crosse was deed.
Let men to hym in chefe their loue obserue,
Which can thē quite better than they deserue

¶ The xxix. Chapter.

¶ Howe Mecius kyng of Albanoys beynge false of his othe and assuraunce, was drawen into pieces.

NExt Romulus ẅ teares al besprainct,
Unto John Bochas appered Mecius,
Of chere and loke & of his port sayntc,
His fall declaryng frowarde & dispitous,
And he was called eke Sufficius,
Lowe of byrthe and simple in upgrowyng,
Of Albanoys tyll fortune made him kyng.

Agaīn whose pride the Romains gan warrey
Full mightely oppressyng his countree:
And for kyng Mecius list them not obey,
They cast them fully auenged for to be,
Because his byrthe was but of lowe degre,
And was risen up unto estate royall,
They thē purpose to yeue him a sodayne fall.

Hasty clymbyng of pouert set on hight
Whan wronge title maketh him to ascende,
With unware peyse of his owne might
A sodaine fall maketh him to discende,
Whan he list not of surquedy entende
Fro whence he came, nor him selfe to knowe,
Till god & fortune his pōpe hath ouerthrow.

For this Mecius of presumption,
Thought again Romayns his pride might a-
Gan warre againe thē by rebellion, (uaile,
Was not fearfull their nobles to assayle,
Till on a day was signed a battaile:
Bothe their hostes within a felde to mete,
To take their part be it soure or swete.

That tyme in Rome raigned Hostilius,
A manly man and a ful worthy knyght,
Twene him concluded and kyng Mecius
They twayne to mete in stele armed bryght,
For bothe battayles to trye out the ryght,
By iust accorde and therin not vary,
The party vaynquished to be tributary.

And wholy put him in subiection
Without entreatyng or any more delay,
And finally for short conclusion
Kyng Hostilius the triumphe wan that day,
That Albanoys coulde not say nay,
But that Romayns as put is in memory,
By linguler battayle had wonne the victory.

Thus had Romayns first possession
Of Albanoys, to obey them and to drede,
Mecius yelded and swore ne to the toun
Neuer to rebell for fauoure ne for mede,
But for he was double founde in dede
Of his assuraunce, and falle to their citie,
He was chastised anone as ye shall se.

Agaynst Fidinates a countrey of Itaile,
King Hostilius for their rebellion,
Cast he woulde mete them in battayle,
For common profite and for diffension
Bothe of his citye and of his royall toun:
And for to affarce his party in worskynge,
Of Albanoys he sent unto the kynge

To come in haste with his whole chyualry,
And tary not in no maner wise,
But make him stronge to sustaine his party,
Like his behest as ye haue hearde deuise.
But kyng Mecius full falsly gan practice,
A sleighty treason and a couert wyle,
Agaynst his promise the Romayns to begyle.

Yet he outwarde pretendyng to be true,
Came to the felde with a full great meyny,
Liuyng in hope to se some chaunges newe
That he on Rome might auenged be:
And specially that he myght se
Kyng Hostilius of frowarde enuy,
That day outrayed with all his chyualry.

First when he saw the Romayns enbattailed
And Fydinates on that other side,
Their wardes ready for to haue assayled,
He couertly did on an hyll abyde,
And to nor fro lyst not go nor ryde,
Nor his person put in ieopardy:
But who was strongest to holde on ỳ partye.

Wherof the Romayns fyll in suspection
Of kyng Mecius whan they toke hede,
Tyll Hostilius of hygh discrecion
Through his knighthode put thē out of drede.
And gan dissimule of Mecius the falsehede,
And to comfort his knyghtes of entent,
Sayd what he did, was done by his assent.

He was full lothe that his chyualry
Should know the effect of Mecius treason,
Whiche cause myght in all or in party,
Full great hinderyng by some occasion,

To

To deme in him falsenes or treason:
yet of trouth the story beareth witnes,
Ill that he ment was vntrouth and falsenes.

Thus of manhode and of high prudence
He to his knyghtes yaue hart & hardines,
Made them set on by so great violence
That he the felde gate of high prowes
On Fidinates, brought in so great distresse
And so outrayed of force on euery side,
To fore Romayns that they ne durst abide.

And whan Mecius saw them thus outrayed
By a maner of fayned false gladnes,
Like as he had in hart be well apayed,
To Hostilius anone he gan him dresse,
Him selfe reioysyng by counterfayte likenes:
And for his meanyng playnly was conceiued
So as he came, tyght so was he receyued.

Thus whan Mecius stode in his presence
With a pretence of faithfull stablenes,
And all the appoyt of trouth in apparence
He shadowed hath his expert doublenes,
Under sote hony couert bitternes:
Frendly vysage vd wordes smothe & playne,
Tho mouth & hart departed were in twaine.

But Hostilius hath all his fraude espied,
And his compassed falsenes and treason,
And therupon hath iustly fantasied
A paine accordyng ypeysed of reason,
Him to punische by a double passion:
This to mean, like as he was deuided,
A double torment for him he hath prouided.

This was his dome and his fatall payne
By Hostilius contriued of iustice,
His fete, his armes, atwene charets twayne
Naked and bare the story dothe deuise
To be bounde and knit in trauers wise,
Contrariously the hoyse to drawe and hale,
Tyll all his body were rent on pieces small.

And right as he was cause of great trouble,
Founde aye in dede most full of variaunce,
Therfore his payne was in maner double,
Right as him self was double in gouernaūce
False of his othe, of hest, and assuraunce,
And double in menyng as he hath perseuered
So in his ende his mēbres were diseuered.

His fete were drawe from the head asunder,
There was no ioynt with other for to abide:
Here was a legge and an arme lay ponder,
Thus eche member frō other gan deuide
And for he coulde holde in outher syde,
By false pretence to outher party true,
Him to chastice was founde a payne newe.

The .xxx. Chapter.

¶ A Chapiter howe prynces shoulde of their othes and promises be true, anoydyng all doublenes and deception.

LO here the ende of double false meanyng
Whā worde & hart be contrarious:
O the and beheste false founde in a kyng,
Of Albanoys as was this Mecius,
O noble prynces prudent and vertuous,
Let neuer story after more recorde
That worde & dede shoulde in you discorde.

For kyng Mecius variaunt of courage,
Whose inward menig was euer on treasō set,
Traynes contriuyng with a fayre vysage,
His thought, his harte, vd double cordes fret,
By Bochas called disceyte & false baret:
Whiche vyce discriuyng concludeth of reason,
Fraude of all fraudes is false deception.

For with a face flatteryng and peacible,
Pretendyng trouth vnder false pleasaunce,
With his panteris perillous and terrible
Trappeth innocentes vd gryns of mischaūce:
I meane disceite, that vd her countenaunce,
Folkes englueth simple and retcheles,
And than warreth vnder a face of pees.

Puissaūce of prynces famous & honourable,
Hath ben disceaued by this traytouresse,
And folke most prudēt in their estate notable
Hath be distroubled by suche doublenes:
And many a knyght victorious of prowes,
Hath ben entryked for all his hygh renoun,
By traynes founde of disceyte & treason.

Disceyte deceyueth & shalbe deceyued,
For by disceyte who is disceyuable,
Though his disceyte be not out perceyued,
To a disceyuoure disceyte is retournable:
Fraude quit vd fraude is guerdon conenable
For who with fraude fraudulent is found,
To a defrauder fraude wyll aye rebounde.

¶ The .xxxi. Chapter.

Of

¶ Of kyng Hostilius that first weared purple hewe, consumpt with fiery leuin.

What shoulde I more of disceite endite,
Touching the fraude of kyng Mecius,
For I me cast now finally to write
The fatall ende of kyng Hostilius:
Whiche was the first as sayth Valerius,
In Rome citye that auctours knew,
Among kynges that weared purple hewe.

But after all his tryumphall noblesse,
And many vncouth knightly high empryse,
Fortune to appall the pryse of his prowesse,
Made him to be in full frowarde wise,
Retcheles and slowe to do sacrifice,
To Jupiter, for whiche sent from heuin,
He was consumpt with sodaine firy leuin.

Here men may se the reuolutions
Of fortunes double purueyaunce,
How ỹ most mighty of Romayne champions
Haue sodainly be brought vnto mischaunce:
And their outrages to put in remembraunce,
Great conquest turned to wo frō ioye,
For a rebuke I sende them this lenuoye.

¶ Lenuoy.

Rome remember of thy foundacion,
And of what people thou toke thy beginnynge:
Thy buildyng gan of false dissencion,
Of slaughter, murdre, & outragious robbing
Yeuyng to vs a maner knowlegyng
A false beginnyng auctours determine,
Shall by procesle come vnto ruyne.

Where be thy ẽperors most souerain of renoun
Kinges exiled for outragious liuyng:
Thy Senatours with worthy Scipion,
Poetes olde thy tryumphes rehearsyng:
Thy laureat knightes most stately ridyng
In high honour: for al their noble line,
Is by long procesle brought to ruyne.

Where is now Cesar that toke possession
First of the empyre the tryumphe blurpynge:
Or where is Lucan that maketh mencion,
Of all his conquest, by serious writyng:
Octauian most solemnely raignyng:
Where is become their lordshyp or their lyne,
Procesle of yeres hath brought it to ruyne.

Where is Tullius chefe lanterne of thy toun,
In rethorike all other surmountyng:
Horall Senec or prudent sadde Caton
Thy common profite alwaye preferryng:
Or right ful Traian most iustly in his deming
Whiche on no party list not to declyne,
But long procesle hath brought all to ruyne.

Where is the temple of thy protection
Made by Virgil, most curious of buyldyng:
Ymages erect of euery region
Whan any lande was founde rebellyng
Toward that part a smal bell heard ringing,
To that prouynce the ymage did enclyne,
Which by long procesle was brought to ruyne

Where is also the great extorcion
Of consules and prefectes oppressyng:
Of Dictatours the falle collusion:
Of Decemuir the frowarde disceyuyng:
The great outrage in their liuyng:
Of all echeone the odious rauine,
Hath by procesle them brought vnto ruyne.

Where is become thy domination,
Thy great tributes, thy treasures shynyng,
The worlde all whole in thy subiection,
Thy sword of vēgeaunce al people manacing
Euer ready to encrese in thy gettyng
Nothing by grace whiche that is diuine,
Which hath the brought by procesle to ruyne.

In thy most hyghest exaltation,
Thy proude tyrantes prouinces conquering,
To god contrary by long rebellion,
Goddes, goddesses, falsely obeiyng,
Aboue the starres by surquedous climbyng:
Till vengeaunce thy nobles did vntwyne,
With new complaintes to shewe thy ruyne.

Lay downe thy pride and thy presumption,
Thy pompous bost, thy lordships encreasing,
Confesse thine outrage & lay thy boast adoun,
All false Gods playnly defyng,
Lift vp thine hart vnto the heauenly kyng,
Whiche w̄ his bloude thy sorowes for to fyne,
Hath made thy raunsum to saue the fro ruyne

From olde Saturne drawe thine affection,
His golden worlde fully despisyng,
And from Jupiter make a digression,
His siluren tyme hartely displayfyng:
Resort agayne w̄ will and whole meanyng,
To hym that is lorde of the orders nyne,

Whiche

Whiche mekely dyed to saue the fro ruyne.

Though Mars be myghty in his affection,
By influence victories dispolyng,
And bright Phebus yeueth consolation
To worldly princes their nobles auaunsing:
Forsake their rightes and thy false offryng:
And to that lorde bowe downe thy chyne,
Whiche shed his bloude to saue the fro ruyne.

Winged Mercury chiefe lorde and patrone
Of eloquence and of fayre speakyng,
Forsake his seruice in thine opinion,
And serue the lorde that gouerneth all thyng,
The sterred heauen the spheres eke meuyng,
Whiche for thy sake was crowned w a spine,
His hart eke pearced to saue the fro ruyne.

Cast vp of Uenus the false derision
Her fiery brande her flatteries renuyng,
Of Diana the transmutacions, (dreppyng
Nowe bryght, nowe pale, nowe clere, nowe
Of blynde Cupide the fraudulent mockyng
Of Juno, Bachus, Prolerpina, and Lucine,
For none but Christ may saue the fro ruyne.

Voyde of Cirses the beastiall poyson,
Of Cyrenes the furious chauntynge:
Let not Meduſa do the no treason
And fro Gorgones turne thy lokyng.
And let Sindereſis haue the in keppyng,
That Christ Jesu may be thy medicyne,
Agayne suche raskayle to saue the fro ruyne.

Of false ydols make abiuracion,
To Similachres do no worshyppyng:
Make thy resort to Christes passion,
Whiche may by mercy redresse thyne errryng,
And by his grace repare thy fallyng:
So thou obey his vertuous discipiyne
Trust that he shall restore thy ruyne.

His mercy is surmountyng of forson,
Euer encreaseth without amenusyng,
Aye at full ethe time and ethe season,
And neuer waneth by none eclypsyng:
Whan men list make deuoutly their rekening
To leaue their sinne & come to his doctrine,
He ready is to kepe them from ruyne.

O Rome, Rome, all olde abusion
Of ceremonies falsly diſusyng,
Lay them aside, and in conclusion
Crye god mercy thy trespace repentyng,
Trust he will not refuse thy askyng,
The to receyue to laboure in his vine,
Eternally to saue the from ruyne.

O noble prynces of high discrecion,
Sithe in this worlde is none abidyng,
Peyse conscience against wil and reason,
While ye haue leasure of hart ymaginyng,
Ye beare not hence but your deseruyng:
Let this conceite aye in your thoughts mine,
By example of Rome, how all goth to ruyne.

¶ Thus endeth the seconde boke.

LIke a Pilgryme which ỹ goeth on fote,
And hath no hoꝛſe to releue his trauail,
Hote, dꝛye, wery, and may find no bote
Of well colde whan thꝛſt doth him aſſayle,
Wine noꝛ lycoure that may to him auayle:
Right ſo fare I whiche in my buſines,
No ſuccour finde my rudenes to redꝛeſſe.

I meane as thus, I haue no freſche lycour
Out of the conduites of Calliope,
Noꝛ thꝛough Clyo in rethoꝛyke no flouꝛe,
In my labour foꝛ to refreſhe me,
Noꝛ of the ſiſters in number thꝛiſe thꝛe:
Whiche with Citherea on Pernaſo dwel,
They neuer gaue me dꝛinke of their well:

Noꝛ of their ſpꝛynges clere and criſtallyn
That ſpꝛange by touchyng of the Pegaſe,
Their fauour lacketh my making to enlumin
I fynde their balme of ſo great ſcarcite
To tame their tunnes wꝭ ſome dꝛop of plente
Foꝛ Poliphemus thꝛough his blyndnes,
Hath in me darked of Argus the bꝛightnes.

Our life here ſhoꝛt of wyt the great dulnes,
The heuy ſoule troubled with trauayle,
And of memoꝛy the blaſyng bꝛotilnes:
Dꝛede & vncunnyng haue made a ſtrong bat-
With werines my ſpirite to aſſayle, (tayle
And wꝭ their ſubtill crepyng in moſt quaynt,
Hath made my ſpirite in making foꝛ to faint.

And ouermoꝛe the fearfull frowardnes
Of my ſtepmother called obliuion,
Hath a baſtyle of foꝛyetfulnes,
To ſtoppe the paſſage, & ſhadow my reaſon,
That I myght haue no clere dyꝛection
In tranſlatyng of newe to quycke me,
Stoꝛies to wꝛite of olde antiquitie.

Thus was I ſet and ſtode in double werre,
At the metyng of fearfull wayes twayne,
The one was this who euer liſt to lere,
Where as good will gan me conſtrayne,
Bochas to accomplyſhe foꝛ to do my payne,
Came ignoꝛaunce with a manace of dꝛede,
Wy penne to reſt, I durſt not pꝛocede.

Thus my ſelfe remembꝛyng on this boke,
It to traunſlate I had vndertake,
Full pale of chere aſtonied in my loke,
Wy hand gan tremble, my pen I felt quake,
That diſpayꝛed I had almoſt foꝛſake
So great a labour dꝛedefull & impoꝛtable,
It to perfoꝛme I founde me ſo vnable.

Twene the reſidue of this great iourney
And litle therof that was begonne:
I ſtode checkmate foꝛ feare whan I gan ſe
In my way how litle I had ronne,
Like to a man that fayled day and ſonne,
And had no light to accompliſhe his vyage,
So farre I ſtode abacke in my paſſage.

The night came on darked with ignoꝛaunce,
Wy wit was dull by clerenes to diſcerne
In Rethoꝛyke foꝛ lacke of ſuffiſaunce,
The toꝛches out & quenched was the lantern,
And in this caſe my ſtyle to gouerne
Me to further I founde none other muſe,
But hard as ſtone Pierides and Meduſe.

Suppoꝛt was none my dulnes foꝛ to gye,
Pouertie appꝛoched in ſtale croked age,
Mercury ablent and Philologie,
Wy purſe aye lyght & voyde of all coynage,
Bachus farre of to glad my courage,
In ebbe of plente, ſcarcete at full
Which of an olde man maketh the ſpirite dull.

But hope and truſt to put away diſpayꝛe,
Into my mynde of new gan them dꝛeſſe:
And cheſe of all to make wether fayꝛe,
Wy loꝛdes fredom & bounteous largeſſe,
Into mine hart bꝛought ſuch gladneſſe,
That thꝛough releuyng of his benigne grace,
Falſe indigence lyſt me no moꝛe manace.

O how it is an hartly reioyſing,
To ſerue a pꝛynce that liſt to aduertiſe
Of their ſeruaũtes ỹ faythful iuſt meanyng
And liſt to cõſider to guerdon their ſeruice,
And at a nede liſt them not deſpyſe:
But fro al dañger ỹ ſhould them noy oꝛ greue,
Beth euer redy to helpe them and releue.

And thus releued by the goodly hede,
And thꝛough the nobles of this moſt knightly
All miſtes clered of diſpayꝛe and dꝛede (man
Truſt, hope, and fayth, into my hart ran:
And on my laboure anone foꝛthwyth I gan,
Foꝛ by cleare ſuppoꝛt of my loꝛdes grace,
All foꝛaynes lettyng fro me I did enchace.

Foꝛ folke that vſe to make great vyages,
Whiche vnderfonge long trauell and labour,
Whẽ thei haue don gret part of their paſſages
Of werines to aſſwage the rygoure,

Againſt faintyſe to fynde ſome fauour,
Loke oft agayne parcell to be releued,
To ſe how muche their iourney is atchieued.

Cauſe why they ſo oft loke ageyne
Backeward turne loke, and eke vyage
Is only this, that it may be ſeyne
To them how much is done of their vyage:
Eke wery folke that gone on pylgrimage,
Reſt them ſome while a full large ſpace,
Laborious ſweate to wipe fro their face.

Their heauy fardell among they caſt adoun,
At certaine boũdes to do their backes eaſe:
At welles colde eke of entencion (apeaſe
Drinke freſhe water their greuous thurſt to
Or holeſum wynes their appetite to pleaſe,
Reckenyng the myles by computacions,
Whiche they haue paſt of caſtels & of townes

It doth them eaſe the number for to know
Syth they began, of many great iourneys,
Of hye mountayns, and of valeyes lowe,
And ſtraunge ſightes paſſyng by countreys,
The vncouth buildyng of borowes and cities
Counting ỹ diſtaunce frõ townes & the ſpaces
This is their talking at their reſtyng places.

The reſidue and the ſurpluſage
They reken alſo of their labour commyng,
Thinke it is a maner auauntage
To haue and ſe a cleare knowlegyng
Of thinges paſſed, & thinges eke folowynge:
For to their hartes it doth full great pleſaũce
Whan all ſuche thing is put in remẽbraunce.

And ſemblably John Bochas as I fynde,
Gan turne backe his loke and countenaunce,
And to remember appoyntyng in his minde
To the ſtories rehearſed in ſubſtaunce,
In his two bokes of forowes & diſpleſaũce,
Him ſelfe aſtonied marueilyng a great dele
The fall of prynces from Fortunes whele.

Of their vnhap as he dothe rehearce,
Towarde thẽ ſelfe the cauſe dothe rebounde,
Their climbyng vp the heauens for to perce,
In worldly riches to encreaſe and abounde,
Their gredy etike doth them ſelfe confounde:
And their thirſt of hauyng vnſtauncheable,
Cauſeth their nobles to be ſo variable.

Hygh climbyng vp of reaſon who can ſe,
Dulleth of braines the memoriall,
Blunteth the ſight of hygh and low degre,
Whiche from aloft maketh them to haue a fal:
Men ſaye of olde, who that couet all
At the vnlet houre ſuche one ſhall not cheſe,
But all his gadryng at once ſhall he leſe.

For worldly folke whiche ſo hye aryſe
Wyth the great peyſe of worldlye abundaũce,
And with the weight of frowarde couetiſe,
Namely where Fortune holdeth the balaũce,
With vnware turne of ſome vnhappy chaũce,
This ſtormy quene, this Double Goddeſſe,
Plungeth thẽ downe from all their riches.

Wherfore Bochas hereof to make a preſe,
Sheweth to purpoſe a ſentence full notable:
A clere example of ſuche vnware miſchefe,
Writeth of an auctour by maner of a fable,
Albe the menyng be full commendable,
And well accordyng in concluſion,
To the clere purpoſe of his entencion.

Finis.

¶ Howe Andalus doctour of Astronomy concludeth how Prynces shoulde not atwite constellacions nor Fortune of their vnhappy fallyng, but their demerites and vycious liuyng.

¶ The first Chapter.

AT Naples whylom as he dothe specify
In his youth whan he to schole went,
There was a doctour of Astronomye,
Famous of cunnyng and right excellent,
Of hym rehearsyng shortly in sentment,
His ioy was most to study and wake,
And he was called Andalus the blake.

He redde in scholes the meuing of the heauen,
The kinde of starres and constellacions,
The course also of the planets seuen,
Their influence and their mocions:
And helde also in his opinions,
The fall of prynces the cause well out sought,
Came of them selfe and of fortune nought.

Nor the starres was nothing to wite
By their meuyng, nor by their influence
Nor ỹ men should of right the heauen atwite,
For no froward worldly violence:
For this clarke there concluded in sentence,
How men by vertue longe may contune,
From hurt of starres or of fortune.

Their owne desert is chefe occasion
Of their vnhappe who so taketh hede,
And their demerites vnwarely put thē doun,
Whan vycious life doth their bridle lede:
Course of fortune nor of the starres rede,
Hindreth nothing agayne their felicitie,
Syth of free choyse they haue full libertye.

God punished sinne in many maner wyse,
Some he chastiseth for theyr owne auaile,
Wen may of reason in suche case deuise,
Sinne aye requireth vengeaūce at his tayle:
God of fortune taketh no counsayle,
Nor from her meuyng no man is more fre,
Is clarkes write, than is glad pouertee.

And vnto purpose this auctour full notable,
To his scholers there beyng in presence,
Full demurely gan reherse a fable,
With many a coloure of fugred eloquence,
Theron concludyng the sume of his sentence,
Touching a strife whiche he did expresse,
Atwene glad pouert, & this blinde goddesse.

¶ A disputation betwene Fortune and glad pouerte.

WHod Andalus whilom of fortune
In straite place there sate glad pouert
Whiche resembled of loke & of figure
A retcheles woman most vgly vnto se,
At a narow metyng of hye wayes thre,
All to torne, to ragged, and to rent,
A thousand patches vpon her garment.

She was hydous bothe of chere and face,
And in semyng voyde of sorow and dred:
And by that way as Fortune did pace,
And of glad pouert sodaynly toke hede,
She gan to smile and laught at her in dede,
By a maner scornyng in certayne,
Of her aray she had so great disdaine.

Whose froward laughter whā pouert did espy
How she of her had indignacion,
She rose her vp of hygh melancholy
Playnly to shewe her entencion,
Without good day or salutacion,
Doyng to Fortune no maner reuerence,
Under these wordes, declaryng her sentence.

O thou Fortune moste fole of foles all,
What cause hast thou for to laugh at me,
Or what disdayne is in thyne hart fall:
Spare not a deale tell on let se,
For I full little haue ado with the,
Of olde nor new I haue none aquayntaunce
Neither with the nor wyth thy gouernaunce.

And whan Foztune beholdeth the manere
Of glad Pouert, in her to tozne wede,
And knew also by countenaunce and chere,
How she of her toke but little hede,
Like as she had to her no maner nede,
The whiche thinges conceyued and seyne,
To pouerty she answered thus ageine:

My scornefull laughter plainly was foz the,
Whan I the sawe so megre, pale, and lene,
Naked and colde, in great aduersitie,
Scabbed, scozuy, scalled, and vnclene,
On backe and body as it is well sene,
Many a beast walke in their pasture,
Whiche day by day of new thou doest recure.

Hauyng nothing to wzap in thy head,
Saue a bzode hatte rent out of nattes olde,
Full of honger foz defaute of bzead,
Slepyng on strawe in the frostes colde:
And where thou comest as men may behold,
Foz fear of the, childzen them withdzawe,
And many a dogge hath on thy staffe ygnaw.

To all estates thou art most odious,
Men with the will haue no daliaunce,
Thy felowship is so contrarious,
Where thou abidest may be no pleasaunce:
Folke hate so deedly thi froward acquaintaūce
That finally I dare conclude of the,
Where euer thou comest thy felowshyp mē flie.

Whan glad pouert gan plainly vnderstand
The rebukes rehearced of Foztune,
The rude reasons that she toke on hande
Whiche frowardly to her she did entune,
As Pouert were a refuse in commune,
By the reprzeues that Foztune on her layde,
Foz whiche pouerte, replyed agayne & saide.

Foztune (quod she) touching this debate
Whiche of malice thou doest againe me take,
Be well certaine touching my poze estate,
I of frewyll thy fauour haue forsake,
And though folke saye thou maiest men ryche
Yet had I leuer be poze w̄ gladnes, (make
Than with trouble possede great riches

Foz though thou seme benigne & debonayze
By a maner counterfaite apparence,
Fatte and well fedde w̄ rounde chekes fayze,
With many colours of trouth as in pzetence,
Is therof fayth were very existence,
But vnder all thy floures of freshenes,
The serpent glydeth of chaunge & doubleness

And though thy clothing be of purple hewe,
With great awaytyng of many chamberers,
Of golde and perle eche day chaunged newe,
Clothe of golde and sundzy fresh attires,
And in thine housholde full many officers,
Yet I dare well put in ieoparty
With the to pleate and holde champarty.

Thus glad pouert gan waxe impoztune,
Of chere contrary of loke and of langage,
Agayne this ladye whiche called is Foztune:
That of disdayne she fill into a rage,
Beholde quod she of pouerte the courage
In wzetchednes standyng disconsolate,
How agayne me she is now obstinate.

She can not se how she stant outrayed
Farre from the fauour of my felicitie,
Yet of pzide she is not dismayed
Noz list not bowe foz to obey me,
Though she be cast in mendicite:
Farthest abacke I do you well assure,
In mischefe set of any creature.

But truely pouerte foz all thi truaundise
Maugry thy pzide and thine outrage
I shall the punische in full cruell wise,
To make the loute vnder my seruage,
Whiche resembleth a deadly ymage
That were newe risen out of his graue,
And yet of pzyde dareth ayenst me raue.

But whan Foztune had these wozdes sayde,
Glad pouerte gan fall in great gladnes,
And agayne Foztune with a sodayne bzayde,
She gan her conceit out shewe and expzesse:
Foztune (quod she) though thou be a goddesse
Called of foles yet learne this of me,
From thy seruage I stande at libertie.

But if I shall algates haue ado
With the in armes moste cruell & vengeable,
Touching the quarell ꝑ is atwene vs two,
There is one thinge to me right comfoztable,
That thy courage is flikeryng and vnstable,
And where an harte is in him selfe deuided,
Victozy in armes foz him is not pzouided.

We list nether flatter the noz fage,
Noz the to anoynt by adulation,
Though flattery and fayned false langage
Ippzopzed be to thy condition:

And

And in dispite of thy presumption,
I haue forsake of my fre voluntie
All the treasures of worldly vanitie.

Whylom I was as thou hast deuised
Seruaunt to the, and vnto thy treasours,
But frō thy daunger now ꝑ I am fraūchised
Seking of the nether for helpe nor succours,
Manace kynges and mighty emperours,
For glad pouerte late neither sone
With thy riches hath nothing to done.

For though thou haue embraced in thy cheine
Worldly princes and goodes transitorye,
And ryche marchauntes vnder thy demeyne,
Yeuest to knighthode conquest and victory,
The fadyng palme of laude and vayngloy:
But whan echone thy fauour haue recured,
Thā is glad pouerte fre fro thy lure assured.

All thy seruauntes stande vnder drede,
Quakyng for feare of thy doublenes,
For neither wisdome, force, nor manhede,
Fredome, bountie, loue, nor gentilnes,
May in thy fauour haue no sykernesse,
They be so posted vp windes in thy barge:
Where as glad pouert goth fre at his large.

Thy manacyng dothe me no duresse,
Whiche worldly princes dreden euerychone,
They may well quake for losse of riches,
But I glad pouerte therof desire none:
As flow & ebbe all worldly things must gone,
For after floudes of Fortunes tide,
The ebbe foloweth and will no man abide.

Flowe and ebbe to me both aliche,
I drede nothing thy mutabilitee:
Make whō thou list either poore or ryche,
For I nothing will require of the,
Nether lordship nor great prosperitie,
For with thy gyftes who that hath to done,
Of chaunges braydeth ofter then the Mone.

Out of pouerte came first these emperours
That were in Rome crowned with laurere,
Fredom and larges made them first victours
Causyng their fame to shine bright and clere,
Till couetise brought them in daungere:
Whan they of foly in their most excellence
To thy doublenes did reuerence.

For whan fredome a prynce dothe forsake,
And couetise put awaye largesse,
And straytnes into houshold take,
And nygardshyp exileth gentilnes,
Than is withdrawe from their hye noblesse
The peoples hart, and playnely to deuise
Of their seruauntes farewel al good seruice.

All suche sodayne chaunges in commune,
In this worlde vsed now fro day to daye,
Echone they come by fraude of false fortune,
Experience hath put at assay:
Loue, trouth, and fayth, be gone farre away,
And if that trust with princes will not tary,
Little maruayle though the people vary.

For through thy chaūges of fraudulēt faire-
There is now vsed in euery region (nes
Glad chere outshewed vō couert doublenes,
Under the curtayne of simulation:
So secrete is now adulation,
That in this worlde may be no surete,
But if it rest in glad pouerte.

Yet of thy perillous frowarde variaunce
I set no store truely as for me,
For all thy frendshyp cōcludeth vō mischaūce,
With sodayne mischefe of mutabilitie:
Which yeueth me hart to haue ado with the,
For fulfilaunce in my pore estate,
Shal to thy chaūges lay sodainly chekmate.

Fortune with anger almost dispayred,
Of these wordes toke full great greuaunce:
Pouert (quod she) which maist not be apayred
But I now shew agayne the my puissaunce
Men would little accompt my substaunce,
O mighty pouerte, O stronge Hercules,
Which against me puttest thy selfe in prees.

Suppolest thou it should the auayle,
Other by force or by hardines
To haue ado wyth me in battayle,
Whiche am of conquest & of hygh prowes,
In armes called lady and prynces:
For there is none so myghty conqueroure
That may preuayle without my fauour.

Of these wordes' pouerte nothyng aferde,
Answerde agayne thus playnly in sentence:
Though I ne haue spere, shelde, nor swerde,
Nor chosen armure to stande at defence,
Pollax nor dagger, to make relistence,
But bare and naked, anone it shalbe seyne
If thou vō me darest wrastle on the pleyne.

Whiche shal be done vnder condicion
That none of vs shall him selfe withdrawe,
But styll abide of entencion
Till he that vaiquisheth ordeined hath a law
Such as him liketh against his felawe:
The whiche lawe shall not be delayed
To be accomplished on him that is outrayed.

Of whose wordes Fortune again gan smile,
That pouert profered so proudly to assayle,
And vpon this she stynt a little whyle,
And to pouert she put this oppolayle.
Who shall (quod she) be iudge of this battaile,
Or yeue dome iustly atwene vs twayne,
Of this quarell that we shall darayne?

I aske also another question,
Touchyng thy profer of furious outrage:
Where as thou putteſt a condicion
And a lawe with full proude langage,
Where shalt thou fynde pledges or hostage,
To kepe the promise which thou doest ordain
Therof to abide the guerdon or the payne?

I meane as thus if there be set a lawe
Atwene vs two, or a condicion
By surety whiche may not be withdrawe,
As vnder bonde or obligation:
But there is neither lawe nor reason
May bynde a begger if it be well sought,
Whan it is proued ỹ he hath right nought.

The secte of pouerte hath a protection
From all statutes to go at libertie,
And from all lawe a playne exception:
Than foloweth it if thou bynde the
To any lawe that may contriued be,
It were fraude playnely to endite,
Which hast right nought thy party to acquite

Thou art so feble if I came therto
That thou were brought vnto vtteraunce,
For no power whan that all were do
Thou shoulde fayle to make thy finaunce,
Bothe destitute of good and of substaunce:
And sithe no lawe now thy person may coart,
It were foly with suche one to ieoparte.

If I woulde compulse the to wracke,
To aske of the treasure of kyng Dary,
On that party thou standeſt farre abacke,
My payment so longe shoulde tarye
Indigence would the to vary:
And if I woulde thy person eke compare
To Alysaunder, thy sydes ben full bare.

And finally thou standeſt in suche caas
Of misery, wretchednes, and nede,
That thou mighteſt of reason synge alas,
Bothe forsake of frendshyp and kynrede,
And there is none dare pledge the for drede:
Yet like a fole suppriſed with vayngiory,
Hopeſt of me to wynne the victory.

Quod glad pouerte I doubt neuer adele
That the victory shall passe on my side,
Pledge and hostages let them go, farewele,
I aske no more of all thy great pryde,
But to thende that thou wylt abyde,
Pledge thy fayth, albe that some men sayth,
To trust in fortune there is full little fayth.

And for my part in this hye empryse
Sith I haue pledges nether one nor twayne
More sure hostage can I not deuise:
But if so be the victory thou attayne,
Than yelde I my body bound in a chayne,
Perpetually, like the condicion
With the to abyde fettred in pryson.

Than Fortune laught more thé she did afore
Whan she saw Pouerte so presumptuous,
In his aray all to ragged and to tore,
And had neither rent, lande, ne houle:
It is (quod she) a thing contrayous
Unto nature, who that can aduert,
To a begger to haue a sturdy hart.

And if I the vainquished in battayle,
It were to me no worshyp nor aduauntage,
What should thy body vnto me auayle
The to enpryson straytly in a cage?
It should be a charge and a costage
Thine empty wombe eche day to fyll,
If thou mighteſt haue victayle at thy wyll.

And if I would my selfe to magnify,
Token of tryumphe after my chare the lede,
Men would deme it a maner mockery,
And say in scorne take of that fole good hede,
How she a begger hath ouercome in dede,
Fought with her for to encreale her name,
Which cõqueſt turneth to disclaũder & shame.

Yet whan I haue brought the to vttraunce,
My power shadowed and my great might,
And thine outrage oppreſſed by vengeaunce,
After all this as it is skyll and ryght,

It

It chalbe couthe in euery mans syght,
Out declared the great difference,
Atwene thy feblenes & my great excellence.

Than to repzesse thy surquedy at ones,
Cruel Ozchus the tydogge infernall,
Shall rende thy skinne asunder frō the bones
To shew my power whiche is imperiall:
And to declare in especiall
Pouerte reclaymed vnto pzydes lure,
With me to plete may no whyle endure.

And sodenly oz glad pouerte toke hede,
Foztune pzoudly first began tassayle,
And vnwarely hent her by the hede,
Demyng of pzide ỹ she may nat fayle,
Thzugh her power to vēquish this batalle:
But it may fall, a dwerye in his right,
To outray a gyaunt foz all his gret might.

God taketh none hede to power noz strēgth,
To highe estate, noz to high noblesse,
To squares limes forged on bzede oz length,
But to quarels grouded on right twisnesse:
Foz out of wzonge may growd no pzowesse,
Foz where that trouth holdeth champarty,
God wyll his cause by grace magnify.

Wherfoze pouerte stronge in her entent,
Light, and delyuer, voyde of all fatnesse,
Right well bzethed, & nothing cozpulent,
Small of dyette, surfettes to repzesse,
Agayne foztune pzoudly gan her dzesse:
And with an vgly sterne cruell face,
Gan in armes her pzoudly to enbzace.

Pouert was slender & might well endure,
Foztune was roude, shozt of wynde, & bzeth:
And wombes great oppzessed with armure,
Foz lacke of wynde the great stuffe thē sleth,
And many a man bzingeth to his dethe:
Foz ouermoche of any maner thing,
Hath many one bzought to his vndoyng.

I meane is best with good gouernaūce,
To moche is nought, noz ouer great plente,
Gretter rychesse is founde in suffysaunce,
Than in the flodes of superfluyte:
And who is content in his pouerte,
And grutcheth nat foz bytter noz foz sote,
What euer he be hath foztune vnder fote,

Couetyse put hym in no dispayze,
Wherfoze pouerte in herte glad and lyght,
Lyft foztune full hygh vp in the eyze,
And her constrayned of very foze & myght:
Foz glad pouerte of custome and of right,
Whan any trouble agayne her dothe begyn,
Aye of Foztune the laurer she dothe wyn.

Maugre Foztune in the eyze a lofte,
Constrayned she was by wylfull pouerte,
That to the earthe her fall was full vnsofte:
Foz of pouert the bony charpe kne,
Slendze, and longe, & leane vpon to se
Hyt foztune with so great a myght,
Agayne ỹ hert, she myght nat stand vpryght.

To signify that pouerte with gladnesse,
Which is content with small possession,
And geuyth no foze of treasour noz richesse,
Hath ouer foztune the domination,
And kepeth her euer vnder subiection:
Where wozldly folke wt their rych aparaile,
Lyue euer in dzed lest foztune wolde fayle.

The pooze man afoze the thefe dothe synge,
Under ỹ wodes with fresh notes shzyll,
The ryche man full fearfull of robbyng
Quakyng foz dzede rydeth fozthe full styll:
The pooze at large goth wher he list at wyll,
Strongly fraūchysed frō all debate & stryfe,
The ryche aferde alway to lose his lyfe.

Thus glad pouerte hath the palme ywonne,
Foztune outrayed foz all her doublenesse,
Upon whome pouerte in haste is ronne,
And strayned her wyth so great duresse,
Tyll she confessed & playnly dyd expzesse,
With fayth & hande in all her great payne,
To abyde what lawe pouerte lyst ozdayne.

And in haste after this discomfyture,
Foztune began to complayne loze,
But glad pouert which al thing might indure
Charged foztune scozne her no moze:
Foz it was sayd sythe go full poze,
He that reioyseth to scozne folke in vayne,
Whan he is lothest, shall scozned be agayne.

Yet quoth pouert though thou were dispitous
Wozdes rehersyng whyche were nat fayze,
Straunge rebukes full contrarious,
And repzeues many thousande payze,
Thou shalt me fynde agaynwarde debonaire:
Foz though a tong be slaundzous & vēgeable,
To slaunder againe, is nothing cōmendable.

Thou muſt conſidre touchyng oure batayle,
The ordinaunce and impoſycion
That whiche of vs in conqueſt do preuayle,
To bringe his felowe to ſubiection:
He ſhall obey the ſtatute of reaſon,
And accomplyſche of very due det,
What lawe the victoure lyſt vpon hym ſet.

For whiche thou ſhalt the ſayd lawe obey,
Wyth circumſtaunces of the condicion,
By me ordayned, and nothynge agayne ſayt
Make no grutchynge nor replycation,
Conſydred firſt the falſe opinion
Of them that ſayne all worldly auenture
Of good and bad, abyde vnder thy cure,

Some poetes and phyloſophers alſo,
Wold in this cale make the a goddeſſe:
Which be diſceiued I dare ſay both two,
And their errour and foly to redreſſe,
I ſhall withdrawe in very ſykerneſſe,
Unhappy auenture away fro thy power,
That the no more ſtand in thy daunger.

This lawe of newe vpon the I make,
That firſt thou ſhalt al open in ſome pleyne,
Iuell auenture bynde to a ſtake,
Or to ſome pyller where the may be ſeyne:
To ſhewe example to folke in certeine
That no man ſhal loſe her ne diſcharge,
But ſuch as lyſt with her to go at large.

Herof to make a declaration,
Touching thy might of yuell auenture,
Thou ſhalt forgo the domination,
To hyndre and harme any creature,
But only foles which in thy might aſſure:
They of their foly may fele great domage,
Nat of thy power, but of their own outrage.

For thylke foles which that liſt vnbinde
This wretch called vnhappy auenture,
Of wyt and reaſon they make thē ſelf blinde,
Like as the world ſtode in fortunes cure,
As though ſhe might aſſure them ꝑ vnſure:
And them diſpoſe to welthe or wretchedneſſe,
In their errour calling her a goddeſſe.

Such wilful wretches that them ſelf betake,
To put their fredom in her ſubiection,
Of god aboue the power they forſake,
And ſubmitte them agayne all reaſon,
Under fortunes tranſmutacion:
Their lyberte full falſly for to thrall,
Namely whan they a goddeſſe lyſt her cal.

With a derke myſt of variacion,
Fortune hath clouded their natural lyght,
And ouerſhadowed their diſcretion,
That they be blent in their inward ſyght,
For to conſydre and behold a ryght,
Howe god aboue put vnder mannes cure,
Fre choyce of good his reaſon to aſſure.

The lord enlumined of his bountuous larges,
With minde and wyt his memoryall,
Toward all vertue his ſteppes for to dreſſe:
Endued his reaſon for to be naturall,
Of frowardeneſſe tyll he waxe beſtyall:
To bynde him ſelfe contrariouſly in dede,
To ſerue fortune, atwene hope and drede.

Thus beſtyall folke made her a goddeſſe,
Falſly wening ſhe might them moſt auayle,
Wyth her plentyes of habundaunt rychelle:
And ſome deme in their ſuppoſayle,
Vnware chaūge ſhe dare the great aſſayle,
Whoſe truſt alwaye medled is with trouble,
And her pleſaunce includeth mening double.

And ſome affyrme that ſhe may auaunce
Conqueſtes great and diſcomfytures,
And howe it lyeth alſo in her puiſſaunce
To forther and hynder all maner creatures,
And call her princeſſe of al aduentures,
The rich to enhaunce by royal apparayle,
And by diſdayne to hinder the porayle.

when ſhe maketh moſt fulſome her profers,
Her blandiſching is farced with falſhede:
whan her riches ben ſtuffed vp in cofers,
They ben aye ſhet vnder a locke of dred.
Wherfore ye rich of one thyng take hede,
As your gathering came in wyth pleſaunce,
Right ſo your loſſe departeth vnto miſchaunce.

Your gredy thurſt treaſour to multiply
Cauſeth an etyke of no ſuffiſaunce:
In you engendring a falſe dropſye,
With a charp hunger of worldly abundaunce
Making of you a maner reſemblaunce
With Tantalus, whan ye do depeſt ſynke,
Thā is your nature moſt thruſtlew to drink

who clymbeth higheſt on fortunes whele,
And ſodainly to rychelle dothe aſcende,
In vnware turne afore ſene neuer a dele,
Whan he leeſt weneth maketh him deſcende:

Fro

Fro suche chaunges who may hym defende,
But they that be wyth power nat dismaide,
And can with lytell holde them selfe apayde.

The firste Chapiter.

¶ Howe kyng Hostilius worshyppyng false goddes was consumpt with firy leuyn.

Whyle Bochas gan muse in thys matter.
Consydred fyrst all worldly thynge muste fayle,
Wyth wepyng eyen there dyd apere
Pryncys ỹ whylom were famous in Itayle,
Whiche gan their fall full pitously bewayle:
For more contrarye was their falling lowe,
That they tofore had no mischefe knowe.

For more vncouth is thylke aduersyte
Namely to prince whan it is sodayne,
Which euer haue liued in prosperite,
Hauyng on Fortune no mater to complaine,
Than of a wretche that lyuith aye in payne:
Of custome causeth conceyued the sentence,
Of ioy and sorowe a full great difference.

Of ioy passed the newe remembraunce
Whan folke ben fall from theyr felicite,
In treble wise it dothe them great greuaũce:
The vnware turne from theyr tranquilyte,
The vnsure trust and mutabilyte
In worldly power whiche they haue founde,
Unto their hertes yeueth a greuous wounde.

But to a wretche whiche in wretchydnesse
Hath euer liued, & neuer was partable
Of no welfare nor of wyelfulnesse,
Nor neuer found Fortune fauorable,
His sorowe his myschefe ben so costomable,
That of hys paynes longe continuaunce
Dothe to his greues a maner allegeaunce.

But to Prynces whiche sate so high alofte,
Sodayne fall is moste contraryous,
And their dispendynge wel the more vnlofte,
In their trymphes ỹ they were glorious,
Recorde I take of kynge Hostylius,
Which in Rome from his royall stall,
Whan he sate crowned, moste sodenly is fall.

It is remembred of old and nat of newe,
Of all Rome that he was lorde and syre,
The firste of kynges ỹ weared purple hewe,
And of that Citye gouerned the empyre:
Had of Fortune all that hym lyste desyre,
Tyll that he fyll in all his regaly,
In to a frowarde deedly malady.

And of his paynes to synde alleyeaunce,
To the temples he went on pylgrymage:
His offeryng made with deuoute obeysaunce,
Wherby somdele his paynes dyd aswage,
And he was restored of corage,
Felt hym selfe that he dyd amend,
To comon profyte agayne he gan entende.

Upon the Albaynes reignyng in hys glory,
To great anayle of Rome the cytie, (tory:
Thzoughe hys knighthode he had a gret vic-
After the whiche by full great cruelte,
He berafte them fraunchyse and lyberte,
And made thẽ after thzugh his high renoune,
To be to Rome vnder subiectyon.

After hys conquest the story doeth deuise,
In hys nobilesse full stately and royall,
He gan make a ryche sacrifyse
To queme and please for a memoriall,
After the rightes ceremoniall,
To Jupiter, by full great reuerence,
Afore his auters wyth fyres and encence.

But for that he in hys inward intent
By circumstaunces of his oblacyon
Was recheleſſe founde, and also neglygent,
By some frowarde false affection,
The goddes caught an indignacion:
And sodaynly dispendyng from the heauin,
He was consumpt with a firy leuin.

Hys false goddes might hym nat auayle,
Jupiter, Saturnus, Mars, nor Venus,
Let all chrysten defye suche raskayle,
For to our faythe they be contrarious:
And among godds a thyng most outragious
Is whan that princes bleut in their foly,
Lyst erthly thynges falsly deify.

For vnto God is hatefull and odyble
A withdrawyng of his reuerence,
To magnify thynges corruptible
with vndue honour, with false concupiscẽce:
Wherfore ye prices beware, of high prudẽce,
Lest god vnwarely punysche your nobilesse,
Make you in erth no false God nor goddes.

¶ The second Chapiter.

¶ Howe Anchus kynge of Rome was murdred by Lucinyo by the assent of his wyfe.

Howe Inchus kyng of Rome was murdred by Lucinio by the assent of his wife.

THynke on Inchus kynge of Rome toune,
Whyche was so noble chynynge in glorye,
Weared a crown, ful famous of renoun,
Next Hostilius as put is in memory,
Wan the palme of many a great victory:
But for al that with a ful sharpe knyfe,
He murdred was by assentyng of his wife.

He loued her best aboue eche creature,
Considred not her flatery nor falsnesse,
Her double meaning vnder couerture,
Fully blent this princes worthynesse,
To robbe & reue him of his great richesse
Was her labour, with counterfete pleasaunce,
In her entent to bring hym to mischaunce.

This Inchus had a great affection
Unto his goddes to make sacrifyses,
And to augment the religion
Of paganysme, made in sondry wyses,
Through his manhode & circūspect deuyses,
Upon Latines rebel to his citye,
For comon profyt he made a great armye.

One of their cities called Polotory,
He knightly wan maugre al their myght:
And whan he had of them ful victory,
He abode no lenger, but anone forth ryght
Made al the people in euery mannes syght,
As prisoners, thys romayne champion,
Brought afore hym boūde in to the toun.

Eke as I fynde this Inchus nolde cease
For cōmon profyte in his affection,
Their teritories to augment and encrece,
In al the countreis about enuyron,
Towarde ỳ riuer where Tiber renneth doun
At the which place he let edifye
A ful stronge citie, which called is Ostye.

But not withstanding al his worthynesse,
He was depriued, the story telleth so,
Of his kyngdome and his great richesse,
By a forayne, called Lucinio:
His wife Tarquild assented was therto,
By whose outrage and gredy couetyse,
Inchus was murdred in full cruel wyse.

The.iii. Chapiter.

Howe Lucinio that murdred Inchus was after murdred.

THus fro the whele of fortune he is fall,
Lucinio in Rome is crowned kyng:
And the Romayns after dyd hym cal
Tarquin the olde, by recorde of writyng.
Which hath atayned by fraudulent worbyng,
And by his subtyll forged eloquence,
Unto the state of royall excellence.

He fyrst ordayned in his estate roiall,
Turneys, iustes, in Castels and cities,
And other playes called marcial,
With many famous great solempnitees,
Sessions for states and degrees:
This Tarquin eke was fyrst ỳ did his payne
In open stretes, tauernes to ordayne.

Eke to preserue his citye out of doute
If their enemyes lyst them to assaile,
He was the fyrst that walled Rome about,
With mighty toures vnlykely for to fayle:
And had also many a strong batayle
With Sabynes, in their rebellion,
And made them subiect vnto Rome toun.

But for he was assented to depriue
Worthy Inchus from his estate royal,
And after that toke Tanquylde vnto wyue,
Which slough her lorde by treason mortal,
God would of right that he should haue a fal
The lord wyl not, which euery thinge mayse,
Suffre murdre long to be secre.

For Lucinio for his great offence
Touchynge the murdre of kyng Inchus,
Yslayne was by sodayne violence,
Of two sheperdes, the story telleth thus,
Which of entent were contrarious
Atwene them selfe by a fayned strife,
To fynde a way to reue hym of hys life.

For while the kyng sate in iugement
Upon their quarel for to do iustise,
Full sodaynly they being of assent,
Fill vpon him in full cruell wise.
And with an axe the story doth deuise,
One of them or any man toke hede,
On two parties rofe the kynges heed.

This thing was done by the procuryng

Of two chyldze, ſonnes to Anchus,
Whyche were exyled by falſe compaſſyng
Of Lucinio, agayne them moſte yzous,
To hym their yzeſence was ſo odyous:
But they chope tho they were out of ſyght,
Theyz fathers deth to auenge if they might

Foz of nature blode wyll auenged be,
To recompence the wzong of his kynrede:
In thys chapter lyke as ye may ſe,
Blodſched foz blode thus bothe dyd blede,
By whyche example let pzynces take hede
Howe murdze done foz ſupplantacion,
Requireth vengeaunce foz his guerdon.

Lenuoye.

THys tragedie by clere inſpection
Openly declareth in ſubſtaunce,
Howe ſlaughter of pzices cauſeth ſubuercyon
Of realmes, cyties put out of ozdynaunce,
Of mortall were longe contynuaunce,
Blode by ſupplãting ſhed of kinges twayne,
By exãple ſhewed falſe murdze to reſtrayne.

The fyne declaringe of murdze & falſe treſon,
The dede hozryble cryeth aye vengeaunce,
To god aboue to caſte hys eyen doune,
To puniſhe thys ſinne thzogh his puiſſaunce:
Foz it is mother of myſchefe and miſchaunce,
Wherfoze ye pzynces do ſome lawe ozdayne
Within your boundes thze vyces to reſtraine.

The vyce of ſclaundze, murdze, and poyſon,
Where euer theſe thzehaue acquayntaunce,
They bzyng in ſozowe and deſolacyon:
Put at a pzeſe by newe remembzance,
Of falſchede vſed vnder fayze countenaunce,
Wherfoze ye pzynces do your buſy payne,
Within your boũdes theſe vyces to reſtrayne.

God defende thys noble regyon,
With theſe thze vyces to haue alyaunce,
Foz ſlaundze firſte deuoureth hygh renoun,
And ſleeth good fame thzughe falſe daliaunce,
Harme done, to late foloweth repentaunce,
Wherfoze ye pzinces do a lawe ozdayne, (ne
To puniſh their malice falſ tõges to reſtray-

God hath of murdze abhominacyon,
And falſe poyſon dothe to hym diſpleſaunce,
There is no payne in compariſon
Condygne to murdze, payſed in balaunce:
Wherfoze ye princes make an ozdynaunce
Within your boundes of ſome pzeuy payne,
By due puniſching falſe murdze to reſtrayne.

O noble pzynces pzouyde of reaſon
Agayne theſe vyces to make puruey aunce,
Of rygour ſhewe due execucion,
With your labour and hertely inſtaunce,
Let deth be guerdon foz their fynall penaũce:
To warne other by cõſtraint of their payne,
Frõ theſe.iii. vices their cozages to reſtrayne.

The.iiii. Chapiter.

Howe foz the offence done to Lucrece by Tarquyn, was neuer after crowned kyng in Rome.

TOuchyng this Tarquin of whõ I told
As myne auctour maketh mencion,
He called was Tarquinius the olde,
Whyche longe in Rome had dominacyon:
Tyll hys kynrede and generacyon
Foz the offence done vnto Lucrece,
Cauſed of kynges the names to ceſe.

Foz his ſonne which after dyd ſuccede,
Foz his outrages and his extozcions,
And foz many an other cruell dede,
Foz hys hatefull vſurpacions,
Hys frowarde lyfe and falſe condycions,
Among the people bothe ſkyll and loude,
He called was Tarquinius the pzoude.

Full obſtinat he was in his entent,
Ambicious taccroche great rycheſſe:
Tyll that foztune wexed impacient
Agaynſt hym, in all his great nobleſſe,
Gan her ſnares and her crokes dreſſe,
Thought ſhe woulde but he kept hym wele,
All ſodaynlie caſt him from her whele.

A ſonne he had full vycious as I fynde,
To all vertue moſte contrarious:
To be froward it came to hym by kynde,
And of nature pzoude and diſpitous,
Agayne the people fell and malycious,
Nat loued but dzed, foz tyzany of ryght
Is thyng moſt hated in the peoples ſyght.

Thys pzoude Tarquin ẏ ſtozy is well couth,
Agayne Lucrece dyd a great outrage:
Oppzeſſed her beuty in his vnbzidled youth,
Her trouth aſſaylyng in a furious rage.
Foz which hys father and hys lynage

Exyled

Eryled were, and for this hatefull thynge
Ther was neuer after in Rome crowned kig.

Her body corrupt the clene of hert & thought,
By force allayled was her innocence:
Oppreſſed her beaute, but her ſpirite nought,
Her chaſte wyll dyd none offence,
But entred is in to her conſcience
A greate remorſe, for all her wyfely trouth,
To ſle her ſelfe, whych was to great a routh.

And for that Bochas remembreth pyteouſlye
Her deedly ſorowe and lamentacion,
Write her complaynt in ordre ceryouſlye,
Whyche that ſhe made for her oppreſſion:
I folowe muſte and make mencion,
After myne auctor percell reherſyng,
Touchyng her wordes ſayd in her dyinge,

Albe it ſo by byddyng of my lorde,
Reherced haue in my tranſlacion
After Pierms here and there a worde,
Of a full dolefull declamacion,
By hym remembred of entencion,
For her ſake men myght ſe and rede
What wyfely trouth was in her womanhed.

And John Bochas lyſt nat ſet aſyde
But that he would reherſe in ſentence,
Her wofull complaynt, and therupon abyde,
Of wronges done to her innocence:
And though I can nat folowe his eloquẽce,
I ſhall ſue the trouth of reherſyng,
As in ſubſtaunce theffect of his writyng.

The morowe nert after thys foule dede,
Lucrece vp roſe wt a full deadly chere,
Out of her face gone was all the rede,
And darked were her heauenly eyen clere:
All clad in blake after the maner,
Of thylke folke whyche in eſpeciall,
Be wonte to go to feaſtes funerall.

All her frendes beyng in preſence
Huſbande, Father, with other eke alſo,
By and by reherſynge in ſentence
The circumſtaunces of her hartely wo,
And or that I any further go
Under hope my Lorde wyll me ſupporte,
What that ſhe ſayd I wyll to you reporte.

The.b. Chapiter.
¶ The greuous complaynt of Lucrece vpon her oppreſſion.

For as moche (quod ſhe) as I Lucrece
Am by the lawe ioyned in maryage,
To the my lord whole loue ſhal alle encreaſe
Towardes the, wt all the ſurpluſage
Of wyfely trouth, to endure all myne age
As humble ſubiect wt faythfull obeyſaunce,
Under thy lordſhyp & thy gouernaunce.

O Collatyn my Lorde and true huſbande,
Beſt beloued, of hole affeccyon,
I wyll no more no quarell take on hande
Nor in no wyſe take none accion,
Without that thou lyſte enclyne doune
Goodly thyne eares to yeue me audyence,
To that I ſhall reherce in thy preſence.

Iniury done or any maner wronge
Agayne my worſhyp or myne honeſte,
By the lawe my ſentence is made ſtronge,
It toucheth you alſo wele as me,
I am ſo holy yolden vnto the,
Thou art my heed who clerly can diſcerne,
Lorde and huſbande my body to gouerne.

Parciall cauſes in ſothe there may none be
Atwene vs twayne nor no diſſeueraunce,
For ſote and bytter, ioy and aduerſyte,
We muſt them way both in one balaunce:
Counterpayſe our ſorowes, & our pleſaunce,
Entermedle all thynge that ſtant in doubte,
Receyue our Fortune as it commeth aboute.

There may atwen vs be no meaning double,
But one herte, one wyll, and one corage,
And as a woman ỹ ſtandeth now in trouble,
Wythout polyſſhyng of any fayre langage,
I muſt diſcloſe to you the greate outrage,
Done vnto me, and playnly it diſcure,
Whyche to redreſſe lyeth holy in your cure.

For the mater to ſpeake in wordes playne,
Aright outſerched and the trouth out found,
As a iuſte cauſe indifferent to twayne,
Towarde vs both the quarell doth rebounde:
And more ſtrongly your mater for to groũde,
Reherſe I wyll ſo that ye ſaufe it bouche,
A mortall wronge which ye & me doth touch.

In a caſtell whiche called is Collace,
Of which my lorde here hath ỹ gouernaunce,
Tarquyn the yonge came in to that place,
I full diſware to make purueyaunce,
Agayne hys commynge, or any ordinaunce,
Tofore nat warned of his officers,

Sate

Sate vnpurueyed amonge my chamberers.

Of entent to eschewe ydelnesse,
We sate and span wolles softe:
For she of vyces is a chefe maystresse,
Where she is cherysshed and yset alofte.
But of custome as I haue done full ofte,
I and my women duly as we ought,
To auoyde slouthe full bulily wrought.

His entryng was meke and debonayre,
Benygne of porte, of loke, and of vysage,
With a pretence of many wordes fayre,
In whose meanyng was full great outrage,
His chere contrary vnto his corage:
In thys wyse there he was receyued,
Wherby alas I falsly was disceyued.

At prime face, as me thought it due
I hym receiued at his in commyng,
Rose vp mekely, and gan hym to salue,
As apertayned in all maner thyng,
Unto the sonne of a worthy kyng:
And truly Tarquine, for whiche I say, alas,
Ye to traysh stode in the same caas.

I kynges sonne shulde of duety,
Be to women wall and protection,
Preserue and kepe them in all surety,
That no man shulde of no presumpcion
Do them no wronge nor oppression:
Rather dye than se them suffer vnryght,
Auertysinge the office of a knight.

But contrary to knighthod he hath wrought,
By false outrage done agaynst me,
Wronge wayes and croked meanes sought,
Of lawes twayne to breake the liberte:
And to deface the auctorite
Of lawe Ciuile and naturall also,
In my person offendyng bothe twoe.

First by his subtyll compassyng
He gan espy the stresys of the place,
And whan a bed alone I lay slepyng,
Lyke a lyon, full sterne of loke and face,
With his left hande my throte he dyd enbrace:
And in his other helde agayne all lawe,
Ye to oppresse, a naked sworde ydrawe.

Thus afforsyng my wifely chastyte,
Agayne knighthod he dyd this great offence,
My lyfe, my worshyp, put in perplexite,
Hauing no might to make resystence,
Ye manasyng by deadly violence,
The one of twayne, to dye in his entent,
Or to auoutry falsly to consent.

Thus I stode sole atwene dethe & diffame,
My body corrupte, my spyrite abode clene,
My spousayle broken, and my good name
For euer disclaundred, ỳ whilom shone shene:
Yuell fame of custom wyll alway wax grene,
Neuer dye, the people so them disporte.
The worste of thynges gladly to reporte.

Alas, alas, amonge my sorowes all
This one the moste ỳ dothe my hert agryse,
I am nat worthy that men me shoulde call
Or haue the name in no maner wise,
For the offence whiche ye haue herde deuyse,
To be called in this wretched lyfe,
Of Collatyn from henseforthe the wyfe.

Myne eyne also be blynded with derkneste,
Only for shame to lyfte vp their syght,
Outher their stremes or beame vp dresse,
Of the clere heuen to loke vpon the lyght:
Nor I may neuer be of the nombre of ryght
Of true matrons, amonge them ferre or nere
For to be reken ed in their kalendere.

Let myne iniury, and this mortall cryme
Be so punysshed of ryght and equyte,
Without delay of any lenger tyme,
That euer after it may example be
Through all the worlde, and eke in this cyte,
With suche a payne therupon deuysed,
That all auoutrors may be therby chastysed.

And if it seme in your opinyon
In this case I shulde be vnpure,
I wyll receyue iuste punycion,
And the payne pacientlỳ endure:
If it so stande that perauenture,
Ye deme of reason, that am so iust and stable,
In this mater that I be culpable.

Her tale tolde whan they longe had mused,
On this complaint in their inward sight,
Of trouth echone they helde her full excused,
Made all beheste, with all their full myght
To auẽge her wrong, and Lucrece anonright
Toke a sharpe knyfe or they might aduert,
And roue her selfe euyn through the hert.

☞ The complaynt of Bochas vpon the luxury of prynces, as by examples of many dyuers myschaunces.

Bochas in hert brennyng hote as fyre,
Of very ire and indignacion,
Agayne tho prynces which in their delire
Haue fully set their delectacion,
Their felycite, and their affection,
To folowe their lustes of false lechery,
Froward spoulebreche, and of auoutry,

He writeth again them that seketh occasiõs,
Places of lustes, to haue their libertees,
For to fulfyl their delectacions,
And for taccõplyth their great dishonestees,
Deuyse out tauernes in borowes and citees
And sitting there among their company,
After the dede, they boste of their foly.

If any man pynche at their outrage,
Or them rebuke for their transgressions,
They wyl answer vb froward false langage,
And for their party alledge great reasons
First how it longeth to their condicions
By right of nature, as it is well couth,
Frely to vse lechery in youthe.

Affyrme also howe lawe of kinde is fre,
And so afforce them to sustain their party,
By exãple of Dauid which ꝑ toke Bersabe,
And for her sake how he slough Urie:
Dyd manslaughter, and false auoutry,
For them allegyng, agayne right and resõ,
For Dalida the luxurye of Sampson.

The story also they frowardly apply,
How for a woman prudent Salomon
The lord offendyng did ydolatry:
And in diffence of their opinion,
Reherse these stories for their excusacion
Of their errour, therby a price to wynne,
As tofore God lechery were no sinne.

They not consydre in their entencion,
Of these stories of euery circumstaunce,
First of kyng Dauid the great contricion:
Nor vpon Samson how god toke vẽgeaũce,
First how he lost his force & his puissaũce,
For his offence: they haue not this in minde,
Nor how both his eyen were made blynde.

Nor their reasons they lyst not to enclyne
For to conceyue in their discrecion,
The spyrite of wysdome heuenly and diuine,
Was take away fro prudent Salamon,
In chastising for his transgression:
And some doctours affyrme ouermore,
How Salomon repented hym ful sore.

The play of youth folke calleth lechery,
Say it is a game of nature,
And to sustayne and beare vp their party,
Howe it sit well, by recorde of scripture,
Unto euery lyuely creature
That stant in helth, and is corragious,
Of very kynde to be lecherous.

Uicious report they haue in remembraunce,
But vertuous thynge is ferre out of mynde:
Flechly lustes and lecherous plesaunce
In their desires be not lefte behynde,
Iauauntyng, lying, they can of new out fynd,
And nowe a dayes they hold it curtesy,
Othes horrible, flatering, and ribaudy.

In their auice they take lytel hede
Unto the doctryne of noble Scipion,
which commaunded in story as I rede,
To Massinissa full famous of renoun,
Not to touche by no condicion
Sophonisba fayrest of bylage,
But it were by way of maryage.

Though she were borne of the blod royal,
Her youth was set to all honeste,
Doughter and heire to noble Hasdruball
Duke of Cartage, the story ye may se:
And for her vertues of feminyte,
She wedded was of byrth as she was lyke,
To king Syphax, which reigned in Affrike.

And for to preue the great lyberte,
Which is in vertue conueyed by reson,
And the false thraldom of dyshoneste,
Of bothe to make a playne comparison,
After the doctryne of Censorin Caton,
Shewed by him to folkes commune,
That vertue neuer is subiect to fortune.

Uertue conserueth measure and reson,
Consydereth thinges afore or they befal,
Taketh none empryses but of discrecion,
And on prudence foundeth her werkes al,
Aye to her counsayle attemperaũce she doth cal
Warely prouiding in her selfe within
The end of thynges, tofore or she begyn.

This

This was the doctrine taught forth of Catõ
Lecherous lustes to put them vnder fote,
Graunting to vertue the domynacyon,
Plucke vp vyces braunche, crop, and rote:
Frute of goodnes groweth vp so sote
Whan it is planted of youth in corage,
It neuer appalleth in eld of his tarage.

Caton of vertue was a chefe officer,
Preferring euer common commodites
Tofore profites that wer synguler:
To enhaũce the comon in kingdõs and cites,
Their wyttes peysed and their habylytees,
Persons promoting in whõ it was supposed,
That they in vertue were naturalli disposed.

Manlye in hert he was aye to sustene,
Indifferent trouth, and all iustyce:
Fleshly delytes of folke that were vncleane,
He was aye redy by rygour to chastyce.
And set lawes in full prudent wyse
For to punysh flaterours and lechours,
And such as were open auoutrours.

He had of women none opinion
With them to deale, for luste nor for beaute,
But if it were for procreacion,
So stable he was found in his degre:
The boke redyng of immortalyte
Which Plato made, the trouth well sought,
Therin concludyng how soules dye nought,

But lyueth euer in ioy or in payne,
Thus wrote Plato in his originall.
Men may the body bi deth ful wel constrain,
But the soule aye abydeth immortal,
For which this Caton stedfast as a wal,
For comon profyte to dye was not aferd,
whan he him self slew with a naked swerde.

But to fortune afore his dethe he saide:
O thou princes of worldly goodes vayne,
To thy flateries I neuer did abrayde,
Thy fauour is so falle and vncertayn,
That neuer I faught no fraunchise to atain,
As for my selfe no perciall syngulerte,
But all for profyte touching the comonte.

Agayne Cesar I made relystence,
To conquere fredome to me, and to the toun,
Frely to eschewe his mortal vyolence,
This world dispising in mine opinion,
Our fraunchise thralled vnder subiection
Iustly forsakyng the varyaunce of this life,
My soule conueyed to be contemplatyfe.

This philosopher this prudent old Caton
Tendring in hert common comodytees,
Tofore his dethe wrote of compassyon
To them that sate in royall dignitees,
Which had of vertue lost the libertees,
Princes be sechyng that were luxurous,
To take ensample, and folow kyng Dyrsus.

The which Dyrsus by succession,
Was heir to Augustus & next him emperour
Set all in vertue his affection,
And it to cherysshe did holy his labour:
To lust vnlefull he neuer gaue fauoure,
And touching loue, duryng al his lyfe,
He neuer had lust, but onely to his wife.

And in his palayes amyd of his royall se,
Of noble princes dwellyng in Rome toun,
He asked was for all his dignyte,
What maner corage of temptacyon,
Or what feruence or delectacion
Within hym self he had of loues play,
Sole by hys wyfe whan he a bed lay.

And lyke a prynce fulfylled of hye nobles,
Answered agayn wyth sobre countenaunce,
Touchyng such lust as foloweth fleshlynes,
Lyke as nature me put in gouernaunce,
In one alone is set al my plesaunce:
For with none other for no concupiscence,
Saue with my wyfe I neuer dyd offence.

Princes echone folowe nat the trace
Of noble Dyrsus, as ye shal vnderstand.
For some haue stande all in another case,
Such as can hold two or thre in hand,
Now here, now there, as botes come to land:
Not consydring their degrees nor disauayle,
Whan newfangylnes bloweth in their sayle.

Eke Bochas writeth, sõe prices haue be fond
which viciously haue done their busy payne
Vertuous women by flatery to confound,
And tendre maydens to bring in a trayne,
Suche manaces and tormentes to ordayne,
Thẽ to transforme from their perseueraũce
And interrupt their virginal constaunce.

But of such folke that yeue no force of shame,
Nor drede God, such traynes to deuyse,
Husbandmen forsoth are most to blame,
with forayne women to trespace in such wise:

I trow their wiues thē may inough suffise,
For many be feble their dettes for to quite,
Though they in chaūge thē self falsly delite.

Some affyrme for them self allegyng,
To such outrage that they haue licence
Freely of nature to vse their own thing,
And in such case to no wight do offence:
But froward is their errour in sentēce, (ble,
Fro bond of wedlock whan they be so vnsta-
And tofore God most hatefull and dāpnable.

For she that is through her hye noblesse,
Named of clerkes which clerly can cōcerne,
Doughter of God, Lady and princesse,
Reason called to gyde folke and gouerne,
Atwene good and yuell iustly to discerne,
She hath departed playnlye to conclude,
The lyfe of man from lyfe of beastes rude.

This Lady reason sith ago full yore
Gaue vnto man wyt and discrecion,
Taught him also by her souerain lore,
Twene vyce and vertue a great diuision:
And that he should in his election
Unto all vertue, naturally obey,
And in contrary al vicious lyfe werrey.

And to enprinte in his memoriall,
How of luxurie the great dishoneste
Dissourme a man, and make him bestyal,
And disfigure, of what estate he be:
For whan that reason of high or lowe degre
Is fled away, folke may affyrme than
He is lyke a beast, rather than a man.

wherfore let princes that haue ben defectife,
To folowe their lustes of sensualite,
Shape them bi reson for to amend their life,
And to conserue and kepe their chastyte,
Both of virgins and wifely honeste:
And to punyche al tho that lyst labour,
The honest fame of women to deuour.

For when a lechour by force, or by maistrye,
Defouled hath of virgynes the clennesse,
Widowes oppressed, and by auoutry
Assayled wiues that stande in stablenesse,
who may thā their sclaūdrous harm redres,
Whā their good name is hurt by such reporte
For fame lost ones can neuer haue his resort

A thefe may robbe a man of his ryches,
And by some meane make restitution:
And some men may disherite and oppresse
A poore man frō his possession,
And after make satisfaction:
But no man may restore in no degre,
A mayden robbed of her virginite.

A man may also beate a castell doun,
And build it after more freshly to the syght,
Exyle a man out of a regyon,
And him reuoke wher it be wrong or right:
But no man hath the power nor the might,
For to restore the palayes virginal
Of chastyte, whan broken is the wal.

Men may also put out of seruise
And officers remeue from their place,
And at a day whan fortune lyst deuyse,
They may agayne restored be to grace:
But there is nouther tyme set nor space,
Nor neuer in story nouther read nor seyne,
That maydenhed lost recured was ageyne.

For which men shuld haue a conscience,
Rewe in their hert and repent sore,
And haue remorse in their great offence
To rauish thing, which thei mai not restore:
For it is sayd, and hath ben sayd ful yore,
The emeraud grene of perfyte chastyte,
Stolne ones away may not recured be.

And hard it is to rauysshe a treasour
Which of nature is not recuperable,
Lordshyp may not of kyng nor emperour
Reforme a thing which is not reformable,
Rust of dyffame which is not seperable,
And maydenhed lost of newe or yore,
No man alyue may it agayne restore.

Romayns old through their pacience,
Suffred tyrauntes in theyr tyrannies
And in their cyties to do great vyolence,
The people to oppres with their robberyes:
But to punyche they set strayte espyes,
On falce auoutrours, as it is wel couth,
Widowes to rauish & maydēs in their youth.

Upon this mater the story bereth witnesse,
Touchyng the exyle of king Tarquinius,
Afore rehersed by writing ful expresse:
The hateful death of Apius Claudius,
For his trespase done to Virginius,
The iudgementes rehersed and the payne,
And fro their office depriued bothe twayne.

Was

Was nat the cytie whylom desolate
Of Sychemites for the ribaudry
Of one Sichem whiche gan a great debate,
To haue accomplyched his foule lechery,
Whan yonge Dyna as bokes specifye,
Went rechelelly walkyng vp and downe,
To se the maydens of that royall towne.

But whan Sychem this Dyna dyd espye,
Sole by her selfe, walke in the cytie,
He begane anone assayle her by maystry,
And for to aforce her virgynyte,
Bycause she had no leyser for to flie:
Whose great offence and transgressyon,
The cytie broght vnto destruccyon.

Her father Jacob and holy her kynrede,
Agayn this Sichem gan inwardly disdayne:
Whan the fury of Mars was most to drede,
To be venged they dyd theyr busy payne:
And specially her worthy brethern twayne,
Fyll on the cyte, Symeon, and Leuy,
To auenge their luster, and stroy it fynally.

So mortally they gan with them stryue
With their swordes, ground charp, and kene,
Of male childzen they left none alyue,
They were so vēgeable in their furyous tene:
The Sychemytes might not sustene
That day agaynst them to stand at defence,
So importable was their violence.

For wher that God list punich a man of right
By mortall swerde, farwel al resistence:
Whā grace faileth force goth away & myght,
Febleth of princes the magnificence,
Chaungeth their power into impotence,
Reuerseth the kynges their stately regalye,
Example in Sichem for his false auoutry.

It was an hard dredfull punycion
That one princes trespas in lecherye,
Caused afore God that all a regyon
Distroyed was without remedy:
This story is told for to exemplify
Whan noble princes to women them submit,
Grace & al fauour anon doth from thē flyt.

Of this mater what shuld I wryte more
In Genesis the residue ye may rede,
The dethe of Sichem and of kyng Hemore,
And howe their kingdome distroyed was in deede
Of Sychemites, lo here þ finall mede
Of lechery & of his false plesaunce,
Which many a realme hath brought to myschaunce.

What shuld I eft reherce agayne or write
The false auoutry of Paris and Helayne:
Their woful fate Guido dyd endyte,
Poetes echone eke dyd their busy payne,
To declare howe only by these twayne
The worthy blode, for short conclusyon,
Of Troy and Grece came to distruccion.

But oft it falleth that muche abundaunce
Of worldli good, with great ease and riches,
In folke that set all holy their plesaunce
To folow their lusts, & froward wylfulnes,
Hath caused in landes gret mischef & distres:
Whan vicious life their corages did encōbre,
Distroied kingdoms, & people out of nombre

For whan the people through fals obstinacy
Is indurate to amend them and correct,
And wil not turne them from their lechery,
But aye be redy their soules to enserte:
And vnto purpose my style I wyl dyrect,
To exemplify howe Gabaa the town,
Was for his sinnes brought to confusion.

Whylom this people called Gabanytes
From Beniamin discended in their line,
Were aye disposed to folowe their delytes:
And of custome their wyttes dyd enclyne
In worldly plentie to flour and to shyne,
And dempt alway to them it was most due,
Of wylfulnes their lustes for to sue.

In lechery was set al their plesaunce,
And in that vice they lad moste their lyfe:
Wherby they were brought vnto mischaūce,
And many slayne by full mortal strife,
Whan the Leupte came forby with his wife,
Full excellent of fetures and beaute,
And toke his lodging within the greate cyte.

He was ful old, and she was inly fayre,
He impotent, and she but tendre of age,
Through Gabaa making their repayre,
The cytesyns of importune rage,
Shewyng the fury of their great outrage,
So long that nyght her beauty dyd assayl,
Tyll lyfe and brethe atones dyd her fayle.

Contagious the sclaundre and the diffame,
In Judicum the story ye may rede:
Which to reherte is a maner shame,
To here the abusyon of that foule dede,

And how ỳ Leuite a mozow gan take hede,
With piteous chere, and saw his yong wyfe,
Tofore the gate depziued of her lyfe.

He hent her vp and layde her on his asse,
To noyse this cryme vpon euery side,
Thought in such case he myght do no lasse,
Toke a sharp swozd, & lyst no lenger abyde,
On twelue partes he gan her to deuide:
And to eche tribe of Jacob he hath sent,
A certayne parte, to se their iudgement.

Which thing to them was hateful & terrible,
And in their sight full abompnable,
And in all haste lykely and possible,
All of one wyll and one cozage stable,
On Gabaonytes foz to be vengable,
They gathered haue shoztly to conclude,
Tassayle that towne, a ful great multitude.

whan they first met atwen thẽ thus it stode,
The twelue tribes were twise put to flyghte
On either party great quantity of bloud
was shed among them in that moztall fyght:
Foz sixty thousand (who that coupt a right)
Were slayne there, the stozy wyll not lye,
To auenge the sclaundze of false auoutry.

Lo here the guerdon of the froward fyzes
In lecherous folke, ỳ wyl not staunched be,
That bzent so hote thzough bestiall desyzes,
In Gabaa the mighty stronge cyte:
Which was distroyed foz his iniquite,
And almoste bzought of Beniamin the line,
Thzough his offence to eternall ruyne.

Eke foz his feruent dzonken lechery,
Holophernes by Judith lost his hede:
And al his hoste and al his chiualry
Left the felde, and fled away foz dzede,
And he lay bathed in his bloud al rede,
Thus thzough their vyce if it be wel sought,
Ful many a pzice hath be bzought to nought.

These sayd stozies ought ynough suffyse,
If men wold confydze and take hede,
The great vengaunces in many sondzy wise
Which God hath take foz this sinne in dede,
As in their bokes they mai behold and rede:
Warnynges afoze full oft put at pzefe,
How they them self shal saue fro mischefe.

Lenuoye.

This tragedy yeueth vs gret warnig
Bi clere eramples of manifold relõ,
Howe many a pzince foz their mist-
And many rych royal mighty toune, (ning
Many a citie and many a region,
Haue bene euer sith full notable infamous,
Foz syune of pzinces that were lecherous.

The chosen of god Dauid the wozthy king,
Pzophet of pzophets most souerain of renoũ,
On Bersabe foz a sodayne lokyng,
To slee Uzye caught occasyon,
Foz which he suffred great punicion:
Chastysed of god, he and all his house:
Foz cause only that he was lecherous.

Great repentaunce he had & great sozowing,
And made psalmes of great contricion,
with woful teares and manyfolde weppng,
To make a sheth foz his transgression:
yeuing to pzinces full clere dyzection,
Foz to eschewe the flattery odious
And the false fraude of women lecherous.

Where was ther euer of science oz conning
So renomed as was king Salomon:
yet women made him thzugh false flatering
To fozaine goddes done oblacion, (doun,
Which clipsed his honoz & bzought his fame
That was whilom moste vertuous,
Tyll he thzugh women fyl to be lecherous.

Is it not eke remembzed by wziting
Of Israel howe the chefe champion
Which goddes people had in his leadyng,
I mean the famous mighty strong Sãpson,
That thzugh his fozce torent the lion:
But Dilada with teares plentuous,
His grace bereft him, & made him lecherous

Sichem was slayne eke foz the raupshyng
Of yonge Dyna, as made is mencion:
His father Hemoz bzought to his endyng,
Lost his rychesse in that diseencion,
And his kingdom bzought to distruccion:
Lo here the end of pzinces vicious,
Which them dispose foz to be lecherous.

It is in earth one the most perylous thinge,
A pzince to be of his condicion
Effempynate, his wyttes enclynyng
By false desyzes of fleshly mocion
To put him self vnder subiection,
And thzal relõ, his tresour most pzecious

To

To the vnlefull luſtes hatefull and lecherous.

This is the ſentence full playnly in menyng,
Where women haue the domination
To holde the raine, their hokes out caſtyng,
That ſenſualitie hath iuriſdiction,
To enter on reaſon by falſe intruſion,
Warre agaynſt vertue moſt contagious,
To be vaynquiſhed, of luſtes lecherous.

It taketh fro men their clerenes of ſeyng,
Cauſeth great ſickenes and corruption:
And to all vertue it is greateſt hyndryng,
Maketh men ſeme olde as by inſpection,
Appalleth their minde and diſpoſition,
Shorteth their life, thing dredfull & piteous,
Whan they diſpoſe them to be lecherous.

Noble princes in your ymaginyng
Conceyue of women the falſe deception,
Namely of them that loue but for winnyng,
And labour aye for your poſſeſſion:
Whoſe lugred flattery is falſe colluſion,
Like to Syrens, with voyce melodious
Enoynt your eares to make you lecherous.

¶ The.vi. Chapter.

¶ How Cambyſes aſſentyng to the murder of his brother Mergus, at the laſt ſlough him ſelfe.

After the death of mighty king Cirus,
Next came his ſonne called Cambiſes,
Heyre by ſucceſſion, full victorious,
Whiche tofore Bochas put him ſelfe in prees,
And gan his complaynt, this is doubtles,
That they of Egypt in many vncouth wyſe,
To ſundry Goddes did ſacrifice.

Firſt vnto Apis they dyd Sacrifice,
Called Serapis their greateſt god of all,
Raygnyng in Egypt moſt of excellence,
And god of goddes foles did him call:
And of his nobles thus it is befall,
Slayne by his brother, whiche is a wonder,
Seuered on peces, and ful farre caſt aſunder.

And they of Egypt made their ordinaunce,
Upon payne of death in their ſtatute olde,
A god to call him, and do their obſeruaunce
Within his temple, like as they were holde:
Wherof Cambiſes tofore as I you tolde,
All the temples of that region
Caſt him by force for to throw doun.

The temple of Jupiter to robbe it by rayne,
Called Hammon, without exception
His knightes ſent to bryng it to ruyne,
But they echone for their preſumption,
With ſodaine lenin were ſmit and beat down:
Wherof Cambiſes in Aye tho raygnyng,
Had this dreame as he lay ſleepyng.

He dremt his brother ỹ called was Mergus
Should in the kingdome after him ſuccede,
Wherof in hart he wart ſo enuious,
That he purpoſed of rancour and hatrede
By ſome meane to make his fides blede:
And that his purpoſe ſhould take auayle,
A magicien he toke to his counſayle.

And he was holde a full great Phyloſopher,
Called Comares, full ſleyghty and cunnyng:
To whō Cambiſes made a full large profer,
Of golde & treaſure, to make him aſſentyng
To execute this horrible thing,
And that he would in moſt cruell wiſe,
The murder of Mergus to cōpas and deuiſe.

And while Cambiſes ordeyned this treaſon
To ſlea Mergus his owne brother dere,
God from aboue caſt his eyen downe
Hym to puniſhe in full cruell manere:
For he waxed wode who ſo liſt to lere,
Caught a ſwerde, & roue his thigh on twaine
And ſodaynly he dyed for the paine.

For two cauſes god toke on him vengeaunce,
As mine auctour Bochas doth expreſſe,
For his preſumptuous & falſe diſobeyſaunce,
Spoyling the gods of their great riches:
And for the froward great vnkyndnes
To yeue aſſent to the contagious caas,
Whan ỹ Mergus his brother murdred was.

The death of whom was chefe occaſion
Of full great warre, ſtriues, and debate,
Eke fynall cauſe why all the region
Of mighty Perce, ſtode diſconſolate:
For heyre was none of high nor low eſtate,
By title of right, through his vnhappy chaūce
To be their kyng and haue the gouernaunce.

For the magycien called Comares,
Which ſlue Mergus as ye haue herd expres,
Toke his brother called Smopaſtes,
And made him kyng, the ſtory bereth witnes:

Because that he resembled in likenes
Unto Mergus, of face and of stature,
To crowne him kyng therfore he did his cure

The deth of Mergus outward was not know
Nor playnly published in that region,
His body buried, and cast in earth lowe,
Of whom the murder, & frauduient treason,
The piteous slaughter wrought by collusion,
And all the maner by processe was espyed,
So openly, it myght not be denyed.

And in what wyse the noyse gan out spreade
Touchyng this murder, odyous for to here,
Whan that Ozopastes occupied in dede
The crowne of Perce, the story doth vs lere,
There was a prynce full notable and entere,
Called Hostanes that gan his wytte applyy,
Of high prudence this murder out to espy.

While that Ozopastes vnder a false pretence
Of Perciens was receiued for kyng,
The sayd prynce did his diligence
By inquisition to haue knowlegyng,
By what ingyne, or by what sleyghty thing,
The sayd Ozopastes caught occasion,
In stede of Mergus, to occupy the croun.

On this matter he had a coniecture,
That his title was neither whole ne clere:
The trouth to trye he did his busy cure,
And to serche out wholy the manere,
He sought so farre, that he came ryght nere,
And in this case letted for no slouth,
Tyll that he had founde out the very trouth.

The case was thus playnly to termine,
He had a daughter full fayre of her bylage,
Whiche of the kyng was chiefest concubine,
By whom he thought to catche aduauntage,
And vnto her he hath sent his message,
Secretely to enquire how it stode,
Where ỳ the kyng were come of Cyrus bloud.

And bade that she shoulde secretly take hede,
While that he slept to do her busy payne,
With her handes for to fele his hede,
And to grope after both his eares twayne:
And if it fyll, there is no more to sayne,
Upon his head that she none eares founde,
To tel her father of trouth as she was bound.

This mighty prynce Hostanes knewe wele,
Ryght as it is recorded by scripture,
Touching this case how it stode euery dele,
How kyng Cambyses of sodaine aduenture,
By his liue for a forfeyture
Made of Ozopastes, the story sayth not nay,
Both his two eares to be cut away.

And hereupon to be certified,
He was desierous to haue full knowlegyng,
Whiche by his daughter whan it was espyed,
Upon a nyght lyyng by the kyng,
Groppyng his head as he lay slepyng:
Full subtilly felt and toke good hede,
How he none eares had vpon his heed.

And to her father anone she hath declared
The secrenes of this auenture,
And for no feare ne drede he hath not spared,
How that it stode playnly to discure:
And first of all he did his busy cure,
All the prynces of Perre lande yfere,
To counsayle call to entreat of this mattere.

And whan they were assembled euerychone,
Of Ozopastes he tolde them all the chaunce:
And how ỳ Mergus was murdred yore agõe
As here tofore is put in remembraunce:
Wherupon to set an ordinaunce,
And to redresse thele wronges done tofore,
Of Perce lande were seuen prynces swore.

Of one assent in their intencion,
By bonde of othe thei made their assuraunce,
And a full secrete communicacion,
To put Ozopastes frõ his royall puissaunce,
Whiche had all Perce vnder his gouernaũce
By a full false pretence of herytage,
For he was like to Mergus of bylage.

Thele seuen prynces of which tofore I tolde,
All of one hart, and by their othe ybounde,
Prudent, and manly, and of yeres olde,
Haue sought a tyme Ozopastes to confound:
And wh their swerdes sharpe whet & ground,
Under couert in their apparayle,
Came of entent Ozopastes to assayle.

And in the palays whom euer that they met,
Or agayne them made resistence,
All of accorde they fiercely on him set
But the magicien ỳ was there in their presẽce
Came agaynst them by sturdye byolence,
And at the encountre gan thẽ so constrayne,
That of the prynces they haue slaine twayne.

But

But finally the other pryncys fyue,
Whan that they sawe their two ferers blede,
In al the palays they left none alyue,
And kynge Ozopastes quaking in his dzede,
Full vnwarely oz that he toke hede,
Was slayn, ther guerdoned foz al his might,
Of pzetence kinges ꝑ reigne & haue no right.

The.viii. Chapiter.

Howe Dary obteynyng the kingdom of Perce by sleyght, ended with shame.

After the deth of these Magicyens,
Was left no king to haue ꝑ gouernaũce,
Noz foz to rule the lande of Perciens,
Saue fyue pzinces full famous of puissaunce:
Whyche made a statute and an ozdinaunce,
Of one accozde by recozde of wzityng,
Theron concluding who shuld be chosẽ king.

Their sozt, their hap, and all their auenture
Was yeue to foztune of thys eleccion,
And thus the pzince the crowne shall recure
Among these fyue, by theyz conuencion,
Foz to gouern the mighty regyon,
And in that lande to reigne and contune,
Lyke as the fauour lyst ozdeyn of foztune.

Thys was the statute, vpon a moznyng
All atones erly foz to ryde
Atwene Aurora and Phebus vpzisyng,
Up to a hyll to houe and to abyde,
All rancour & dyscozde set aside, (ing,
Whose hozse among them was first herde ney
Without grutching, shulde be crowned kyng.

Upon this mater what shoulde I leger tary:
Hereon was made an othe in sykernesse,
Among these pzices one which was called Da
A prince of Perce excellyng of noblesse, (ry
Whych had a seruaunt ꝑ stozy bereth witnesse
That kept hys hozse, & thought in hery dede
Hys lozde he wolde pzeferre at suche a nede.

The sayd seruant full sleyghtly in werkyng,
His dilygence lyst nothyng to spare,
The day to foze set of their metynge,
At a place, smothe, playne, and bare,
Hys lozdes hozse, he made leape a mare:
And on the mozowe when the pzinces met,
On hozsbacke there hys lozde he set.

And whan the hozse thyder came agayne,
Nature anone affozced his cozage,
To neye loude vpon the same playne
Where as the mare had vsed her passage:
Kynde in suche case had great auauntage,
By whiche sleyght playnly to reherse,
The sayd Dary was crowned kig of Perce.

The pzynces all lyke theyz conuencion,
Oz Phebus shewed his firy beames bzyght,
Without stryfe oz contradiction
From their hozse sodaynly alyght:
And vnto Dary as lowly as they myght,
Sayd in greke oz they vp rose,
Policromtudo Basileos

Which is in latyn to spake in wozdes playne,
And in englysche by expowning of scripture
After the Greke, as moche foz to sayne,
As longe tyme myght the kyng endure
And lyue in helth with good auenture,
By the grace and fauour of fozrune,
Upon all Perce to reigne and contune.

Who wyll consydze euery cyzcumstaunce,
It is a meruayle nat grounded on pzudence,
By such sleyght a king to haue gouernaunce,
Thzough tytle oz clayme as of iust euidence,
So to be rayled to kyngly excellence:
But whan foztune fauoureth suche assay,
Tyll ꝑ she chaunge ther can no man say nay.

Thus was kyng Dary bozne of lowe linage,
Set vp by sleyght in estate honozable,
Thought ꝑ he wolde foz his auauntage,
To make his kyngdom & his reigne stable,
Wed such a wyfe as to hym was most able:
Demyng of trouth hys clayme were well a-
Of Cirus lyne if she were discẽded. (mẽded,

To wede suche one was all his couetyse,
Stable foz to reigne vpon the Perciens,
And as I fynde, in full cruell wyse
By the counsayle of false magicyens,
A werre he gan vpon the Egipciens,
Eke folily he gan foz to werrey
Them of Athenes, whiche lyst hym nat obey.

And as myne auctor maketh rehersayle,
He foz his pzide and false pzesumpcion,
Was discomfyted twoyes in batayle:
And neuer after, as made is mencyon,
He was nat had in reputacyon
Among Perciens, so gan his honoure fade,
Wyth sleyght he gan, with shame an ende he made.

The.

¶ The. viii. Chapter.

Thow Cozolian by Romaynes exiled gan warre agaynst them, and how after they sent out his mother withother foz peace: which had. they eft him exiled, and after was slayne.

After this Dary, as I rehearce can,
And mine auctour liketh to conclude,
To John Bochas came Cozolian,
The most wofull of that multitude:
Which gan complaine vpon the ingratitude
Of the Romayns, how they whilom in dede
Exiled his person of rancour and hatrede.

Whiche in his time would neuer ceace
Thzough his noblesse & hys hygh renoun,
Their common pzofite to augment & encrece,
And foz to bzinge to their subiection
Many a citye, and many a noble toun,
Yet they agayn ward foz all his chyualry,
Him exiled of malyce and emuy.

But whan this Marcus called Cozolian,
Saw of Romayns the great vnkindnes,
Coward a countrey that called was Tulkan
Of high disdayne anone he did him dzesse:
And them entreated of manly fell pzowes,
To gyn a warre sythe they so manly be,
Thzough his cõueyng, againe Rome ỹ citye.

And foz to put them moze in assutaunce
To haue victozy thzough their high renoun,
He tolde them playnly of a great distaunce
Of a false strife, and a discencion
That was of newe fall in Rome towne:
Wherfoze they should (if it be pzouided)
Cõquere thẽ lightly because thei wer deuided

By their assent they made a great armye,
With stuffe foz war richely apparayled,
Pyght his tentes tofoze that great citye,
And in the fielde stode pzoudly battayled:
But the hartes of Romayns haue thẽ fayled,
And durst not passe the gates of their toun,
There was among thẽ so great deuision.

Their citye stode that time destitute,
With feare suppziled foz lacke of gouernaũce,
Them to defende they founde no refute,
So farre enfeblished was their old puissaũce
Foz euer gladly where stryfe and variaunce
In any kingdome haue an entereste,
Touchyng a defence, adue all hardinesse.

Within them selfe they stode at debate,
Afoze their enemies ready foz to assayle,
Comfozt was none in hygh noz lowe estate,
Foz where discozd is what auayleth coũsaile
Their sone wout, within them selfe battayle
Bzought in alas, to their confusion,
By the falle serpent of dissencion.

But at the last assozced and constrayned,
They were coact after peace to seke,
The case stode so, of nede they were payned
Maugre their might their harts foz to meke:
And their mischefe moze to encrese and eke,
In augmentyng of their cruell fates,
They saw their enmies armed at their gates

They sent out first pzestes of the toun,
With their enemies foz to entrete of pees,
With humble pzofers, & lowe subiection:
But Cozolian this is doubtles,
Againe the Romayns was so merciles
That grace none myght in his hart myne,
To their request his eares to enclyne.

Than the Romayns, the stozy tell can,
To Uenturia made their pzayere
Whiche was the mother of Cozolian,
And to Uolumnia his faithfull wife entere,
That they should both go in fere
Unto that pzynce, beseechyng at the lest
Benignly to heare their request.

His mother first full pzudently abzayde,
Unto her sonne makyng this question,
At their metyng to hym thus she sayde:
Shall I (quod she) foz thozt conclusion,
Of faythfull harte and true affection,
To thy pzesence, declare finally,
Be now receyued as mother oz enemye.

After thine aunswere I must my selfe dispose
And my wittes specially apply
Cause of my cõmyng clerely to vnclose,
And tell the effect of mine amballatry:
And my speache so gouerne and gye,
After I am receyued to thy grace,
My selfe declaryng if I haue time and space.

Foz like thy mother if thou receiue me,
And me accept vnto thy pzesence,
I must theraster so gouerned be
To tell my tale playnly in sentence,

So

So that thou geue me frendly audience:
And if I be not receiued in suche wise,
Woze strongly my tale I must deuise.

This noble pzynce, this Cozolian,
When that he heard his mother thus cõplaine
Full like a lozde and a knyghtly man,
Gan her embzace in his armes twayne,
In lowly wise, there is no moze to sayne,
Saue like a sonne of due and ryght
To her he sayd full lyke a manly knyght:

Madame (quod he) be it to your pleasaunce
To hear my concept, as in this matere,
With faythfull hart & humble attendaunce
I you receyue as foz my mother dere:
But and ye lyke benyngly to here,
The ingratitude done in most cruel wise
To me of Romayns, I purpose to chastise.

Thy sonne (quod she) touching their offence
Done to thy nobles, & their great outrage,
They shal by menes their trespace recõpence,
And thinke thou art bozne of their linage,
And suffer ỳ mercy thy rigoure may asswage:
And think of nature thou maist not wel wlay
Thing foz the which thy mother doth pzay.

Thou shalt not close thyne entrayles of pitie
To the requestes of me and of thy wife,
Noz gynne a warre agayne thy countrey
To stroy thy lyne by newe moztall strife,
Thy childzen and me to make vs lose our life:
Wey in balaunce to Romayns thy hatred,
Against the loue of me and of thy kynred.

Sende home agayn thy straunge souldiours
Which ben so redy ỳ Romains bloud to shede,
Let stand in peace our walles & our towers,
Suffer thy grace thy rancour to excede,
So that thy pity may put away all dzede:
And condiscende to receyue foz hostage,
Me to be pledge foz their great outrage.

Behold the wõbe in whiche thou were bozne,
And se also my naked sydes twayne,
By whiche thou were fostred here tofozne,
If there were lack thou woldest cry & plaine:
Remember theron and at me not disdayne,
But vnto mercy receyue this citee,
At the request here of thy wife and me.

Whilom my milke thy cherisching was & fode
To stynt thy cry whan thou diddest wepe,
Their sote dzops full holsome were and good
Thy tender youth foz to pzeserue and kepe:
And like a mother to bzyng the a slepe,
I woke full oft to the I was so kynde,
Wherfoze dere sõne on my request haue mind.

If that thou lyst this city now tozment,
Their demerites by rygour recompence,
Punyshe me foz them, and I wyll assent
To beare the gylt of their great offence:
But dere sonne let thy magnificence
Suffer of knighthode ỳ mercy may in dede,
Attemper thy rygour oz thou to dome pzocede

Suffer Romayns to liue in quiete,
Graunt thẽ peace agayne their great outrage
Some dzope of pity let in thyne hart flete,
And thinke thou art bozne of their linage:
Loke vpon them with mercifull vysage,
Whiche offer them selfes as they shal fulfill,
Their lyfe, their death, all wholy at thy will.

Remember of nature how that the lyon
Set aside his rage and his wodenes
To them that mekely afoze him fall doun,
His ropall kinde will do them no duresse,
To exemplify to knyghtly noblesse,
Ẅ rigozous swerd thou shalt no moze manace
Them that be lowly yelden vnto thy grace.

And whan this pzynce, this Cozolian,
Had heard all that his mother list to sayne,
He goeth to her in all the haste he can,
Besprent Ẅ teares ỳ on his chekes rayne,
And her embzaced with his armes twayne,
And sayde mother there may be no lettyng,
Me hole of hart to graunt your askyng.

The siege he made foz to auoyde away,
And to repayze home to their countrye,
And wyth his mother and wife he was ỳ day
With great gladnes and solemnitie,
Inon receiued into that citye:
Like as foztune him neuer wold haue fayled,
But she sone after of newe hath him assayled.

The gery Romayns, stozmy, and vnstable,
Whiche neuer in one styll coulde abide,
Against this pzynce most knyghtly & notable,
Foz to conspyze of new they gan pzouide:
And banished him to Tuskan there beside,
Where he was slayne within a little space,
Foz he the Romayns afoze toke to grace.

The

¶ The. ix. Chapiter.

Howe Melciades Duke of Athens with ſmall nombre vanquiſhed. vi. C. M. Perciēs and after by his comonte that aye of cuſtome delyzeth a chaung of pzinces new, he was chayned in pzyſon, and ſo dyed.

AMonge other that putte theym ſelfe in pzees.
Foz too bewayle their greuous heauyneſſe,
Came of Athens Duke Melciades,
which thzugh his manhod & hygh pzoweſſe,
And thzugh his knightly renomed nobleſſe,
Like as auctours his triumphes lyſt cōmēd,
Faught many a batayle his city to defend.

And of victozies, as it is compyled,
Foz comon pzofyt of that noble toune,
Faught wyth a tyzaunt ꝑ was tofoze exiled
Called Hippias, which by falſe treaſon
Had to kyng Dary made a ſuggeſtion
Upon Athens in al the haſt he might,
To rayſe al Perce agayn the town to fyght.

Sixe hundzed. M. accounted was the nōbze
Of Perciens armed in plate and maile.
Them of Athenes by foze to encombze,
Echone aſſembled them pzoudly to aſſayle:
But this Duke foz nothyng wold fayle
Melciades, but knightly toke his place,
With ten thouſande he met him in the face.

Foz both he was manly and zyght wyſe,
And of his handes pzoued a ful good knight,
Set vpon them with ſo pzudent auyſe,
That they of Perce foz all their great might,
Were four tymes put vnto the flyght
By thylke Duke, if I ſhall not fayne,
And by the nobleſſe of other knyghts twain.

Themyſtocles ycalled was the tone,
Which of his hand as auctours liſt diſcryue
Was in a felde pzoued on hys fone,
The manlyeſt knight in his time alyue.
Whych thylke day ſo pzoudly dyd ſtryue,
Agayn thē of Perce, & ſuch a ſlaughter make
That fynally the field they haue fozſake.

Cynegirus a knyght eke of that towne
The ſame day thzough his chyualry,
With blody ſwerde, as he went vp and doun,
without nombze in his melancoly
Slough Perciens, bokes ſpecify:
That foz the tyme they no refute can, ran.
Saue to their ſhyppes foz dzede of dethe they

And there he wzought a ſtraunge marueyle
As wziteth Bochas, affyzmyng it certayne:
The greateſt ſhyp that bare largeſt ſayle
with his righthand he gan it ſo reſtrayne,
Lyke as it had be faſtned wyth a chayne,
Maugre Perciens whiche did thē ſoze greue
That by no craft they could it not meue.

But whan that they none other refute wyſt,
Frely to eſcape out of his daungere,
Tyl they his right hand cut of by the wziſt:
But vp his left hand he gan appzoche neare,
And helde it ſtyll, an vncouth thing to heare,
That he had fozce ſo great a ſhip to let,
But than alas his left hand of they ſmet.

yet maugre thē whan he their malice ſeeth,
All were it ſo that he had loſt eche hande,
The ſhip he ſtyll helde with his teeth
That they ne mpght departe from the lande,
Lyke as their veſſell had fal vpon ſand:
Cauſed that day, mine auctour doth reherce,
Two hundzed. M. were ſlain of thē of perce.

And whan this ſinguler mighty champion
Cinegirus moſt vncouth of cozage
Had done this maruaile, as made is mēcion,
Of very anguiſh he fill into a rage,
Lyke a beeſt furious and ſauage
Ran about, alas foz lacke of mynde;
In Bochas boke no moze of him I finde.

But in this pzoces after I beheld
Aye howe that foztune can her frends fayle,
Foz Melciades leder of that fielde
And gouernour of al that great batayle,
Cauſing victozy as made is reherſayl,
yet his people of malice and of yze
Again his nobles, fallly gan conſpire.

They of Athenes ſet him in pziſon,
And in chaynes mightily him bounde:
Unkindly they yaue him this guerdon
Foz al the knighthod they in him found,
yet had he ſuffred many a moztal wound
In their diffence, and foz their libertees,
To ſaue their liues, their toun, & countrees.

This

This was the ende of duke Melciades,
Thzough ỹ constreynt of his stronge bondes,
Eke they exyled the knyght Themystocles
Out of their towne to lyue in straunge lõdes,
That was so wozthy pzoued of his hondes,
To shewe the chaunge and mutabylite
Founde in foztune, and euery comonte.

Lenuoye.

The stozmy trust of euery comonte
Their gery cozages and trobled cõstaunce,
In this tragedy men may behold & se: (ce
Now vp, now doun, as foztune cast her chaũ-
Foz they of custome haue ioy & most plesaũce,
In their desyzes vnstedfast and vntrewe,
To se ech day a chaunge of pzinces newe.

Cozolyan of Rome, a chefe cytye, (saũce,
Was there pzotectour thzugh his mighty pu-
Uenquissyed their enemies, set thẽ in suerte,
Bzought in rebelles to their obeysaunce:
But they agaynwarde of wylfull variaunce
Banysshed hym twyse, and no cause knewe
Saue foz to se a chaunge of pzinces newe.

The knyghtly noblesse, the magnanymyte,
The polyce, the pzudent gouernance
Of Melciades duke of the countre
Where ỹ Athens is chefe towne in substaũce,
Whan he their comon gan most to auaunce,
The moze vnkyndly in honor ỹ they grewe,
Most they wer busy to chaũge him foz a new.

Themystocles hauyng the soueraynte
Of knyghtes all that bare speare oz launce,
Duryng his tyme, I take no moze on me,
Foz cõparisons do oft tyme great greuaunce:
Sixe hundzed thousande he put to vttraunce,
Unto Athens neuer founde vntrewe,
Yet they conspyzed his exyle foz a newe.

What thyng may here flour in felycite
Oz stande stable by longe contynuaunce:
In hyghe estates outher in lowe degre,
Nowe flowe, now ebbe, nowe ioy nowe mis-
After as foztune holdeth the balance, (chaũce,
And specially false feyning and vntrewe,
Comons desyze a chaunge of pzinces newe.

Noble pzinces in your pzosperite
On sodayne chaunges set your remẽbzaunce,
Fresshnesse of floures, of bzaunches ỹ beaute,
Haue aye on chaũge a trẽbling attendaunce:
In trust of comons is no perseueraunce,
As wynter & somer be dyuers of their hewe,
So be they dyuers in chaũge of pzinces newe.

The.x. Chapiter.

How Xerxes kyng of Perce foz his rauyne and couetyse was dismembzed in to small pieces.

And tofoze Bochas pitously weppynge
Foz to declare his deedly heuynesse,
Came Xerxes nexte of Perce kynge,
And gan cõplayne his dole and his distresse:
Which in thze thinges, ỹ stozy bereth witnes
And as the cronycle clerly can vs tell,
All other pzinces in erthe he dyd excell.

In high estate was none so greate as he,
Neyther in ryches, noz wozldly habundaũce,
Noz none that tyme of so great dygnite,
Foz as it is put in remembzaunce
He had all Perce vnder his obeysaunce:
Noz neuer pzince as auctours do conclude,
Hosteyed attones with suche a multitude.

Space of fyue yere he had his ozdynaunce,
Seuẽ hundzed thousãde people he dyd rayse:
Dempt of pzide agayn his gret puissaunce
None erthly power myght counterpayse:
But some auctozs alowe him nat noz pzayse,
Bycause that he people to encombze,
Set all his trust to cõquere vo gret nombze.

But manly pzinces haue this opynion,
In multytude standeth nat victozy,
Foz knightly pzowesse of euery champion
Which manly cast thẽ in armes to haue victo-
Enpzynted hath fire in his memozy, (ry,
Marciall tryumphes god ne doth nat shewe,
In nombze great, no rather than in fewe.

This sayd Xerxes by recozde of auctours,
Had also, in cronycles as I rede,
Thze hũdzed thousande straunge soudeours,
Without other that were of Perce & Mede:
Whiche gan the erthe foz to cure and spzede,
Dzied ryuers that they dyd attayne,
Karfe downe hylles, & made baleys playne.

This was chefe conceyte of his fantasies,
To haue all erthe vnder subiection:
Thought his power raught aboue the skyes,
Of surquedy and false pzesumption:

For as he demeth in his opynion
Howe in his power playnly that it lay,
Fro god of heuin the heuyn to take away.

But thylke lorde ỳ can the meke enhaunce,
And from their sees the proude put doune,
And namely them ỳ haue no remembraunce
To aduertyse of wysdome and of reason,
To knowe the lorde most mighty of renoune,
The lorde of lords which playnly to compyle,
Wyll suffre tyrauntes to reigne but a whyle.

And one the maruayle that euer I dyd rede
Greatest, and vncouth playnly vnto me
Is howe Xerxes kynge of Perce & Mede
For to shewe a specyall synguler te,
Out of Asie ouer the great se
As sayth myn autour, whō I dare alledge,
In to Europe made a myghty bridge.

Some men peraūture will ther at disdayne,
And say it is a maruayle nat credyble,
Yet craft in case to suche thing may attayne,
Whych by nature semeth an impossyble:
And as to me, it is a thing odyble
Thynges to inpugne autentyke and olde,
Whiche notable clerkes in their dayes tolde.

These newe men that haue but lytell seyne
Nouther expert in crafte nor in nature,
For lacke of reason holde all such thyng veyne
Though that it be remembred in scripture:
For euery maruayle and euery auenture
Is straunge to hym, as I reherce can
That lacketh ỳ cause wher of ỳ ground began.

This sayd Xerxes had eke possession
By the tytle of his father Darye
Of all Egypt, as made is mencyon:
But they of Grece were to hym contrary,
Wherfore he cast no lenger for to tarye
This proude prince, but mightely werrey
Lacedemonoys, which wolde him nat obey.

But one that was called Demaratus
Whych of that country had afore be kyng,
And was exyled the story telleth vs,
That tyme ỳ Xerxes in housholde abyding,
Whyche loued that land for all his exyling,
Gaue thē warning to saue thē fro mischaūce,
Of Xerxes power and all his ordynaunce.

He wrote them letters grauen in a table,
All thempryses of Xerxes out of doute,
Of all his stuffe, and people incomperable,
And of his nombre and his great rout:
The whiche table couered was without,
Full subtelly withe wexe yplaned playne,
That of his londe there was no letter seyne.

Thus was thentent of Xerxes first discured
Unto the grekes, and all his false worckyng:
But in one thinge they greatly were assured,
Of trust they had by expert knowlegyng
In Leonidas their noble famous kyng,
Whych amōg grekes of prowes & forsight,
Was in tho dayes holde for the best knyght.

Of chyualry called the lode sterre, (chene,
The sonne of knighthod ỳ chone so bryghte &
The bearer vp both in peace and warre
And strongest pyller, his party to mayntene:
The grekes ryght hande their noblesse to su-
Carboncle of armes, myrrour of policie, (stene,
And surest capitayne a felde to rule and gye.

And as myne auctour remēbreth in his boke
Howe in this case he was nat recheles,
But in all haste four thousand men he toke
To let the wayes and comyng of Xerxes:
And by an hyll called Thermophiles,
Where Perciens began first their voyage,
He knyghtly cast to stoppe their passage.

And secretly espyeng the comyng
Of kyng Xerxes with stronge apparayle,
He lyke a knyght made no tarying
Chase out, vi. hūdred armed in plate & masle,
Whiche in suche case might moste auayle,
And in defence and helpe of their countre,
Wolde rather dye, than from the felde to fle.

And couertly they toke their lodgyng,
And kept them close tyll it drough to nyght,
And at their dyner them selfe refresshyng
So as they sate in steele armed bright,
The kyng abrayde lyke a manly knyght,
In to the felde afore they shulde gone,
Right thus he sayd amonge them euerychon:

Syrs (quod he) nowe dyne merely,
And with good wyne affraye your corage:
Lyke good knyghtes in porpose fynally,
For lyke nor dethe nat turning your vysage,
But of assent caste in your passage,
As ye here dyne nowe in especiall,
To suppe at night with goddes infernall.

Thys

This to meane ye shal your selfe seoparte
As hardy knightes proudly to prouide,
Within the felde alondre nat departe,
But kepe close and for no drede deuide,
De syre of worthyp make to be your gyde,
your expert nobleſſe eternally to auaunce,
By quicke repoyte of newe remembraunce.

And haue thys day nothyng in memory
Nother your ryches, blode, ne your kinrede,
Saue only hope and good trust of victory,
And hardi prowesse you to conducte and lede:
And thinke knightli what shalbe your mede
With marcial palmes your renome & name,
In the highest place set in the house of fame.

And though ye be but a fewe in nombre
Let in your hertes one thyng be fantasyed,
While diuision dothe you nat encombre
Victory in armes may you nat be denied:
For nothyng is to conquest more applied,
Than true accord amõg your self to shew,
Though you in nombre be but verey few.

But by this counsayle syngulerly notable,
And by this knightes kingly good langage,
They recomforted held them selfe able
Agayne their fomen to hold their passage:
And fyrst of al of hertelye proude corage,
The Perciens more mortally to greue,
Within their tentes, they fyll on them at eue.

They of Perce ydrowned were with wyne,
This to say, through their great excesse,
They lay and slept lyke as dronken swyne,
Their watche nat kept: lo how ỹ drõkēnesse
Causeth oft of very recheleſsnesse,
Ful many a man that wyl nat take kepe,
For to be murdred a nightes whan thei slepe

And as this kyng dyd his knyghtes lede,
The Perciens tentes assayling sodaynlye,
Or they were ware or toke any hede
Them for to affray they made an hidous cri:
Defence was none vpon their party,
For men may knowe by olde experyence,
In folkes dronke may be no reſistence.

Out of nombre they slough of their fone,
And ceased nat of all the longe nyght,
Tyll on the morowe that the sonne shone,
That to beholde it was an vgly syght:
And proude Xerxes put anone to flyght,
Euer the last that wold his fone assayle,
And aye the first that fledde in batayle.

In his flight so fast away he ran,
For therin was holy all his trust,
And of great trauayle anon this Xerxes gan
Of coward drede, to haue so great a thurste,
So dry he was of salte, sond, and dust,
And by the way serching ferre and nere,
He nother founde wel ne riuere.

Of auenture a myery ground he fand,
The water troubled, and blody of colour,
And Xerxes there drãke water w̃ his hande
Him to refresh in his deedly labour:
And as he thought he neuer dranke lycour
To him more holsom, so strayt stode the case,
Confecte with spices, pyment, nor ypocras.

This was the first mischefe and the drede
In which Xerxes the mighti prince stode,
Here men may se such as lyst take hede
Howe gery fortune furyous and wode,
Wil not spare for riches nor for goode,
Mighty princes which lyst not God to know,
From their estates to bring them ful lowe,

O hatefull serpent of hygh presumpcion,
Aye vnstable with gredy vsurpyng,
By newe trouble of false sedicion,
Which lyst of pryde receiue no warnyng,
For nowe Xerxes of Perce & Mede kyng,
Purposed hath with odyous apparaile,
The temple of gods contagiously assayle.

For as him thought it myght nat suffise
To great example of his contrarious pryde,
Howe here tofore god did him chastyse
By mannes hande, to set his pompe aside:
But nowe of newe he gan agayne prouyde
By sacrylege his mighty hand to dresse,
To spoyle Appollo, & reue hym his richesse.

There was in Delos a temple thylke day,
Moste stately builded and set vp by masons
Great ymages, relyques, and ryche aray,
Of golde and stones in sondry mansyons:
And there Appollo to sondry questyons
Yaue redy answere, the story telleth thus,
And he was called Appollo Delphicus.

Four thousand men Xerxes thyder sent
By his auice chose out for the nones,
Ful clenly armed, and as they thether went
To spoyle the temple of gold and rich stones,

with sodain leuin thei wer bꝛẽt flesh & bones,
With tempest, thundꝛe, hayl, & hydous rein,
Consumpt echone, and neuer after seyne.

The great Apollo whiche shineth bꝛyghte in
Had of this Xerxes great indignaciõ, (heuin
Which made his people be consũpt w̃ leuin
In cruel punishing of his pꝛesumption:
Yet he purposed to his confusion,
Syth on the land he nothyng myght wyn,
Upon the see a new werre to begin.

Gan to make so great an oꝛdynaunce,
That his nauy couered all the see:
Yet Neptunus thought him not to enhaunce
Within her boundes to haue no lyberte.
Foꝛ Themystocles with a small meyny
Besyde a cytie called Salamine,
Him and his shyppes bꝛought vnto ruyne.

Yet as I fynde this pꝛoud kyng Xerxes
Had on his party Themydoꝛa, the quene
Of Halcarnois which put her self in pꝛees
Armed in plates that shone ful bꝛight & shene,
And the narme of Xerxes to sustene,
This woman faught lyke a fell wolues se,
And many a greke that day she did oppꝛesse.

It was a straunge meruayle foꝛ to here:
To se a woman so sturdy of bysage,
Yet men expert all day may se and lere,
They be by nature ful cruell of coꝛage,
And no cowardes found of their langage:
Set at assay and than it shall be sene
Wher they be kerfull their quarell to sustene.

They mai of mekenes shew a fayꝛe pꝛetence,
Some serpent is of colour syluer shene:
And some floures ful fresh of apparence
Growe on thystels rough, sharp, and kene.
And some that ben angelyke to sene,
And very heuenly with their golden tresses,
Ben at a pꝛefe verye lyonesses.

To say the sothe a pooꝛe man may be shent,
I dare no moꝛe speke of this matere,
But kyng Xerxes foꝛ all his pꝛoud entent,
All his nauy and his people yfere
Were put to flight, & outraied of their chere:
Their shyppes dꝛowned amonge the waues
That none abode of al that multitude. (rude

Kyng Xerxes hurt and wounded moꝛtally,
Unnethes he might the great payne endure.
His quakyng hert quit him so cowardly:
On see and lande suche was his auenture.
And yet agayne his damages to recure,
Thꝛe hundꝛed. M. of keyghters her gan call,
Upon grekes of newe foꝛ to fall.

A mighty Duke called Mardonyus,
Was captayne made his people foꝛ to lede,
But Themistocles (min auctoꝛ telleth thus)
Knowing of Xerxes the cowardnes & dꝛede,
A lettre made foꝛ to be sent in dede:
Enfourming him by grekes greate outrage,
How of his bꝛidge was bꝛoken the passage.

Of which maruayle when ther came tidinge
To king Xerxes, he after anon ryght
As he that was aferde of ech thynge,
Full lyke a cowarde tooke him to the flyght:
Fled in a bote lyke a coward knyght,
Of al his people there were no moꝛe yseyne,
To awayte vpon him saue a chamberleyne.

All his people departed here and yonder
Standyng in mischefe & great indygence,
To many a coast they wẽt and rode a sonder,
Pyned with hunger, lacked their dispence:
Punished also wyth vnware pestylence,
Feble of trauayle, myght not endure
Foꝛ impotence to carye their armure.

Alas eche way lay ful of caraynes,
The soyle with blode stayned, and the grene,
The ayꝛe terrible of pathes and of plaines,
That no man might it endure noꝛ sustene,
The sauour was so odyous and vnclene:
Rauenous foules ful homely in their sight,
Them selfe to fede vpon the coꝛse alyght.

Thꝛe hundꝛed. M. of Perciens were slayne,
Which Mardonyus afoꝛe full pꝛoudly lad,
Of which tiding king Xerxes was not fayn,
But foꝛ distresse and soꝛow gan to mad:
And one the last mischefe that he had
Was whan Thimon, a noble grekish knight,
Xerxes discomfited, and put his men to flight

This Thymon was sonne to Melciades,
His father whilom of Athenes kyng,
Which last of all outrayed hath Xerxes,
Saue of his ende there fyll another thyng:
Artabanus full sleyghty of werkyng
Which to Xerxes was not suspect in dede,
Compassed his dethe, in Bochas as I rede.

Thys

This Artaban was prouest of hys house,
And an officer most especyall:
With his seuen sonnes, strong, and dispitous,
Upon a nyght furyous and fatall,
Fyll vpon Xerxes in his palayes royal:
And in his story as it is remembred,
On pieces small they haue him dismembred.

This was of Xerxes the last fynal mede;
Of his high pride the funerall guerdon:
Frō his two kingdomes of Perce and Mede
Froward fortune hath hym plucked doun:
What may auayle the domination
Of such princes as hold them selfe eupn
For to be egall with goddes hyghe in heupn-

Men list not know such chaūges for no preke,
And namely princes in their puissaunces,
Against erthly parels & all worldlye mischefe
They can prouyde theim, & set ordynaunces,
As they that drede fortunes varyaunces:
But to God ward they take ful lytel hede,
For the great riches which they do possede.

If they may heare of an erthe quaue
Tofore it fall, or any token se,
Than wyl they go anon them self to saue
Out of their houses, & from the townes fle
To put their life the more in suerte,
Lest their building made of so great costage,
Fyll vpon them in that mortall rage.

Or if an horse ronne oute of his stable,
Breke his colere, thicke, double, and longe,
Men wyl ordayne a locke of yron able
To kepe hym in, be he neuer so stronge:
And thus men can redresse euery wronge
Touching the body by great auysenesse,
Saue for the soule they wyl nothing redres.

Whan a ryuer passeth ferre his boundes,
Boyleth vpward, fyndeth no resistence,
Wynneth land, and ouerfloweth groundes,
Drowneth townes with his vyolence,
yet men wyl trauayle to fynde a defence:
To turne her cours som way shal be sought,
But toward god mē thike lytell or nought.

Agaynst sickenes men seke medicines,
Letwaries, and dyuers potions,
Serche in physike sondry disciplynes,
Them to dyete in their transgressions,
Restoratyues, and eke confeccions,
But vnto Godward in this present lyfe,
Wenot trauayle for no conforteatyke.

Men their bodies wyl put in distresse
Of false desyre, and couetous feruence,
Only tacroche and wyn great ryches,
Suffre colde, labour, and vyolence,
And nother spare for gold, nor for dyspence,
To vnderfonge perylles, of vaynglory
Only for thynges that ben transitory.

They passe mountains, & many hidous roch,
In hope it shuld to their entent auayle,
To many mortal monstre they approche,
And many vncouth sea they sayle,
Jeopart their lyfe in warre and in batayle,
By many a daunger, & many strept they ride,
For worldly treasor which wyl not abide.

But toward goodes that ben perdurable,
Full lytle or nought their herres they encline:
Nor to the heuenly company most notable,
They wyl not lyft vp nother heed ne eyne,
Toward the spheres of Phebus and Lucine,
Castyng their stremes to vs from ferre,
Which to consider all worldly men done erre.

What myght auayle the great couetyse
Of kyng Xerxes, in his estate royale
Of the gret people which ye haue herd deuise
Ten hundred. M. the people was nat small,
But for all that he had an hydous fal,
Whan that he was (as tofore is remembred)
On pieces smale pitously dismembred.

¶ Lenuoye.

THis tragedi put vs in remembraūce
Of ỹ vnstiker flatering & blyndnesse
Both of fortune, and of her variaūce,
And of her vgly froward doublenes,
In Xerxes shewed for all his ryches:
To vs declaring plainly in figure,
A raupnous prince may no whyle endure.

Kyng Xerxes had vnder his obeysaunce
Al Perce and Mede (the story bereth witnes)
Thought all erthe to lytell in substaunce
To staunche the etyke of his gredynesse:
A fret of hauing put him in such distresse,
Whose fyne declared by recorde of scripture,
A rauinous prince may no whyle endure.

He made also an odious ordynaunce,
Of surquedy his power for to dresse,

To robbe the gods, maugre their puissaunce,
And spoyle the temples, of their frowardnes
Take their treasors agayn all rightwisnes:
But they him shewed, of sodayne auenture,
A rauinous prince may no whyle endure.

Great Appollo toke on his men vengeaunce,
With vnware tempest for al their sturdines,
Leuin & thunder brought them to mischaūce:
Guerdon most able agayn the falsnes
In princes hertes, aye playnly to expres
Who by rayne riches wyl recure,
God wyl nat suffre him longe to endure.

Noble princes stable in your constaunce,
Ye that desyre to stand in sykernes,
Remembre oft vpon the fatal chaunce
Of proud Xerxes, and his cursednes,
Your life disposing in your hygh nobles:
If that ye lyst your states to assure,
Eschue rayne, and ye shal long endure.

The .xi. Chapter.

How Artabanus murdred king Xerxes, and howe hym selfe was murdred after.

NExt these tragedies weping & dolerous
While Bochas stint & wold haue be in
A knight appered called Artabanus. (pees,
Whyche had afore murdred king Xerxes,
And gan his complaynt for to put in prees:
Full concludyng, to speke in wordes playne,
Who vseth murdre by murdre shal be slayne.

This Artabanus by record of writing,
With Xerxes prouost whylom as I rede,
Falsly conspyred by sleight of his workynge,
For to be kynge bothe of Perce and Mede:
Hauing seuen sonnes which that wer in dede
Worthy knyghtes, manly, and right stronge,
Albe their father was set to do great wrong.

For he presumed by vsurpacion,
In Perce and Mede to quench ỹ clere lyght:
And trouble the lyne of iust succession.
For so as he of force, and nat of ryght
Nothyng resemblyng to a trewe knight,
The murdre of Xerxes falsly did ordayne,
Right so he cast to murdre his sonnes twain.

And to conclude playnly, and not tarye,
This sayd kyng that called was Xerxes,
Had two sonnes, the yongest called Dary,
And that other colled Artaxerxes:
which as the story rehercety, doutles
Were by discent borne to succede
After their father, to reign in Perce & Mede.

The murdre of Xerxes outward was vnknow
Nor how Artabanus had ỹ treson wrought,
Tyl afterwarde within a lytel throwe,
He had of newe forged out and sought
Fals odious trains, that wer neuer thought,
Told Artaxerses as he gan with him rown,
Howe Dary cast to occupy the croun.

And how the dethe of Xerxes was ordained
Only by Dary, and by none other wight.
wher vpon, which ought be complayned,
Artaxerxes prouided anon right
The slaughter of Dary, & so agayn all ryght
This younge brother in his innocence,
Was falsly slaine and did none offence.

Ye wote by whom this treson was compassed,
Twene brethern twain to make diuision,
The yonger slayne and nothyng trespased,
Moste redy way to the distruccion
Of Artaxerxes, for in conclusyon,
Whan the bretherne murdred were in dede,
Artabanus thought to succede.

But Artaxerxes by playne instruccion
Of one that was called Baccarus,
By tokens knewe the couert false treason
Of this aforesayd double Artabanus:
And howe that he by traynes outragyous,
Had Xerxes slayne (as ye haue herd tofore)
And Dary appeched, wherby he was lorne.

But this vncouth straūge treason wrought
Whan Artaxerxes had knowlegyng,
By great aduise wayes he hath sought,
Artabanus to bryng vnto rekenynge:
But specyally he dred him of one thyng,
He feble was to bryng this thing about,
Of hys seuen sonnes he had so great doute.

But for to accomplyshe fully his entente
Ful secretly this was his ordynaunce,
To al the worthy he hath his letters sent
Dwellyng in Perce, vnder his obeysaunce,
Without excuse or lenger attendaunce
Armed echone, and inespecyall
To come in haste, vnto his courte royall.

Cause

Cause of their cõming was to them not know
The kynges purpose was holden secre,
And kept so close both from hye and lowe,
That to his meanyng no man was pryue:
Except the kyng sayd he woulde se
What number of men, if it come to nede,
In his defence he myght gather and lede.

And among other came Artabanus
Unto the court, and list not for to fayle,
A man that was cruell and couragious,
Full of sleyghtes in all his gouernayle,
Whiche thilke tyme armed was in mayle,
For he with him none other armure lad,
Saue on his backe an haburion he had.

Than Artaxerses beyng in his strength,
To him abrayed of false affection,
For that my mayle wanteth of his length,
I woulde with the chaunge myne haburion:
The tother hauyng none euyll suspection,
Ungyrt him selfe would no lenger abide,
Bothe swerde & dagger cast thē farre aside.

And while that he threw of his haburion
And with the mayle stopped was his sight,
He being naked, for short conclusion
The king out pulleth a swerde kene & bryght
And through the hert he roue him anon right:
And after that of indignacion,
Toke his seuen sonnes, & cast them in pryson.

Of their ende what shoulde I more endite,
Nor of their death make digression:
God may his vengeaunce a while respite,
But murder wyll out & all suche treason:
And for Artabanus had a condicion
Falsely to murder (as ye tofore haue seyne)
Wt vnware murder guerdoned was ageyne.

Thus euer murder requireth for his wages,
Slaunder inportable odyous to heare,
I worde diffamous most foule in all lãgages
The sounde horrible by report to appeare,
Eclips during whose darkenes may not cleare
For this worde murder most vgly & vnfayre
By a rehearsyng infecteth all the ayre.

¶ The.xii. Chapter.

¶ How duke Palantes & Spartenoys warred theim of Myssene for rauishyng their maydens.

After the death and fatall caas,
And piteous murder of Artabanus,
Next in order appeared to Bochas
A mighty duke called Palantus,
Sonne of a knyght named Arathus,
Which was exiled, though he no treason ment
Out of his citye that called was Tarent.

Upon his exyle he sore gan complayne,
Beseechyng Bochas to get him a space
Within his boke to write his greuous payne,
Albe though he whilom stode in grace,
By glad aspectes of fortunes face:
For she him raysed by fauour of her might,
To dukes estate from a pore knyght.

But cereously this matter to conuey,
How he was made duke and gouernour,
Whan Sparteyns gan mortally warrey
Against Myssenes, as sayth mine auctour,
With great costage and diligent labour,
And cause was this, for they wt mighty hand
Rauished by force all maydens of the lande.

For this people now named Spartenois,
As the story clerely can deuise,
Were called afore Lacedemonois,
In armes proued manly and ryght wise:
And while they did a solemne sacrifise
Unto their goddes, the people of Messeny.
Rauished their maydens or they it did espy.

On whiche wronge for to do vengeaunce,
The Spartenois caught indignacion,
And of assent with all their whole puissaunce,
They layed a siege rounde about the toun:
And of one wyll and one affection
They made a vowe ỹ siege when they begon,
Neuer to depart tyll the towne were won.

Afore the towne fully ten yere they lay,
And fro the siege as they had made their othe,
They nor departed neyther night nor day,
But styll abode and not a sunder gothe:
Therof their wiues at home were wrothe,
To their husbandes a messengere they sent,
Under these wordes, declaryng their entent.

Sayd it was not accordyng with reason
They like widowes to liue disconsolate,
Without comfort or consolation,
Farre frō their husbandes to stande desolate,
Wilcheues cõsidred that fal in eche estate,
By long absence (which eche man shold drede)

Thzugh diuers sickneſ ỹ fal in womanhede.

The tyde abydeth nat foz no maner man,
Noz stynt her courſe foz no creature:
And harde it is as we reherce can,
Thynge to withstand that cometh of nature:
Harme done by kynde is froward to recure,
And there is founde full lytell syckernes,
Where as nature assozceth bzotylnesſe.

This lytell sonde ought ynough suffyſe,
To declare domage that may fall
By longe absence, folkes that ben wiſe
Somtime departed agayn men may nat cal.
That seldome is sene in loue doth appall.
And nothing maketh moze wyues erre
Than dilceueraũce of folke that be in werre.

This was theffect plainly insubstaunce,
Sent to their husbandes which at ỹ siege lai,
Complayning they had had no pleſaunce
Space of ten yere, as in loues play:
But deſolate, in sozowe, and great affray,
Their lyfe they lad, affyzmyng in sentence,
Cauſe of their cõstrait, was their lõg ableẽce.

And whan the letters were at the siege rad
Tofoze the cytie in all their moztal strynes,
They were astonied and gan to waxe sad,
And very wery almoſt of their lyues,
Foz to conſidze the complaint of their wiues:
Tyl their captayne a remedy out sought,
By whole counſayl euen thus they wzought.

First old knightes that the siege swozne
At foz to accompliſh, and cast them to be true
His counſayl was as they had hight befozn
To hold their pzomiſe, & therfoz nothing rue:
But yonge knightes that were come of new,
Wyght as they lyſt freely at their wyll
Chose whether they wold go oz byde styll.

And herupon foz their moſt auayle (braũce
In haſte their captayne as made is remem-
Of high pzudence gaue them this counſaile,
That knyghtes old, lyth their assuraunce,
Shuld of the siege haue the gouernaunce:
And yong knightes moſt freſh & welbeseyne,
Shuld from the siege home be sent ageyne.

They made among thẽ a straũge ozdinaunce,
At their home comyng, without difference
To enterchaũge their wyues foz pleſaunce:
And take her first that came to his pzeſence,
This was thaccozde among them in sentẽce,
Moſte redy way to their opinion
To engendzure and pzocreacion.

There was amonge thẽ quarel nother stryfe
In this mater, noz no baryaunce,
Foz euery man miſuſed others wyfe,
To their delyzes as was to them pleaſaunce:
And thus childzen thzugh this ozdynaunce
That were engendzed, the caſe is thus befal,
Parthenois men did them after cal.

Which in our tong to speke in wozds plain,
After the greke who lyſt conſydze and se,
Is no moze playnly foz to sayne,
Than thilk chyldzen which engendzed be
In auoutry: wherfoze in that countre
Parthenois of custome they were named,
Bozne of wombes which that were diffamed

The falſe occaſion of thys auoutry
Cauſed after great miſchefe and domage,
That no man coude as foz his partye,
By ſucceſſion whan he came to age,
By tytle of right clayme his herytage:
Foz where a lyne falſly dothe pzocede,
Hard is to know by right who shal ſuccede.

The diſturbaunce of falſe ſucceſſion,
And tytels claimed affozced wt great myght,
Where that auoutry hath dompnacion
And is suppozted of wyl and not of tyght,
And claym of trouth hath loſt his clere light:
Though their parties might be and strong,
God wyll nat ſuffre they shall endure longe.

And Parthenois paysing all theſe thynges
Howe falſe aſſuraunce was in their lynage,
The gentle bloud troubled first of kynges,
Foz no man knew of high noz lowe parage
His owne father, by lykelyneſſe of vi sage:
Noz father none by his great erroure,
Coude yeue no tytle to his ſucceſſour.

Wherupon folowed a great miſchaunce,
Hateful to heare, thzough the countre:
Eche man troubled in his countenaunce
Who shulde clayme by any tyberte
To entre his lande, oz to stande fre:
Such doute they had eche man foz his party,
So impoztable was their auoutry.

This great miſchefe, who ſo taketh hede,
By longe pzoces made thẽ to know and ſe

How

How they were able, as by likelihede,
For their outrages to fall in pouertie:
And of assent they cast them for to flie
Under a captain by strong and mighty hand
For that countrey to wyn some other lande.

How they of Rome wer contrarious
And felly wrought to his destruction,
And full vniustly banished him the toun:
And notwithstandyng he was a dictatour,
Him to cõfounde they did their busy labour.

And as I rede, they chase duke Palantus
Of whom I spake, to gouerne the passage,
Takyng no leaue the storye telleth thus:
At their departyng begynnyng their vyage,
They were so confuse of chere and of vysage,
For there was none of that great route,
To chose his father but ẏ he stode in dout.

Cause of his exyle compassed as I rede,
That he was slowe they sayd and negligent,
Him to defende, touchyng appeale in dede
Which again him was wrought of falle entẽt:
Yet Cyncinatus his father, by assent
Payde for amendes as sayth cronyclers,
Yet out of lande dzaught of thze arblasters.

They held them selues very ashamed,
And for shame out of the lande they went,
Like people disclaundered and diffamed,
Thzough the auoutry to which they did assẽt:
And to a citye that called was Tarent,
Which stant in Poile a mighty stronge coũtry
This duke Palantus came with his meyny.

Yet his enemies would not be content,
But pzocede that he was exiled,
Did extozcion of his iudgement,
As in his stozy full playnly is compyled:
He after neuer myght be reconcyled,
Whiche I haue pitye to put in remembzaũce,
So litle offẽce should haue so great vẽgeaũce

And there he put thzough his great myght,
The citizyns out of that citye,
And gate Tarent full lyke a manly knyght,
And there abode in long pzosperitie,
As gouernour and duke of that countrey,
Tyll that his people by false collusion,
Him to depziue sought out occasion.

Graccus of Rome called Cloelius
Pzince of Equois mine auctour saith ẏ same,
Was in his time notable and glozious,
And a great duke full renoumed of fame:
But how ẏ people of Equois toke their name
Under suppozt that no man haue disdayne,
I will the pzocesse here declare in certaine.

They him exiled whan he was fall in age,
Lo what it is in commons to assure,
Stormy of hart, vnsure of their courage,
That selde oz neuer their frendshyp dothe en-
dure:
Men may to day their fauour recure,
And to mozow (let set it at a pzefe)
They rathest hinder whã men be at mischefe.

John Bochas sayth there is a nacion
Whiche that first were called Hunoys,
And secondly also by succession
Of full long tyme named Anathois:
And alderlast men called them Equois,
Like as I trow (mine auctoz saith the same)
Of hozse most swyft, they toke first the name.

☙ The. xiiii. Chapter.

☞ Of Celon Quincius exiled, and Graccus taken pzy-soner.

I Can no moze rehearce of Palantes
Duke and leader of Parthenois,
But I wyll tell how Celon Quincius
Came befoze Bochas w̃ a full piteous voyce,
His tale gan how Graccus pzince of Equois,
Bothe at ones gan their songe entune,
Most dolefully to playne on foztune.

This myghty pzynce Celon Quincius
Complayned first as made is mencion,

And as it is remembzed in sentence,
By their manhode, and famous hardines
Agayne Alexander they made strong defence
On hozsbacke thzough their great swiftnes:
Besyde the hyll (playnly to expzesse)
Whiche in cronicles is called Cautasus,
Thys people of Equois were bytozyous.

To theyz nobles playnly as I fynde,
Nothyng in earth was moze expedient
In their cõquest of Ethiope and Inde,
As hozse most swyft, seruyng their entente:
Therby conquerynge all the Ozyent,
So great pzowes was in their passage,
That Equois bzought all Egypt to seruage.

Thus

Thus where euer Equois did abyde,
They gate great good to their poſſeſſion:
And Graccus was their gouernour and gide
Whiche by his ſtrength and falſe ſuggeſtion,
Againe the Romayns fyll in great rebellion,
But to wſtand him they ſent out anonryght,
Cincinatus proued a full good knyght.

He was well truſted and knowe in the toun,
And for his prudence cholen a Dictatour,
His lyuelode ſmall and his poſſeſſion,
Albe he was a worthy warriour: (bour,
Whiche hath vainquiched by his knyghtly la-
The ſaid Graccus, for all his worthy power,
And home to Rome brought him priſoner.

Cyncinatus in his chare was ſet,
Called Quincius for this great victory,
And moſt ſolemnely wyth Senatours met,
Which paue to him for to encreace his glory,
Laude of trymphe, to put him in memory:
And Graccus after for his rebellion,
With chaynes bounde, caſt in darke priſon.

And there he dyed in full great miſchefe,
After his conqueſtes, firſt famous & notable,
In euidence to vs and a great prefe
How fortune is aye falſe and vnſtable,
Euer double, frowarde, and deceyuable,
The fall of Graccus declare gan full wele,
That whylom late ſo hygh vpon her whele.

The.xiiii. Chapter.

Here Bochas reheatſeth the tyranny of Appus, and falſeneſ of iudges.

Notwſtandynge Bochas before hath tolde,
Of Apius the falſenes importable,
And his outrages & ſurfetes many folde,
To be remembred hatefull and repreuable,
Yet as hym thought it was here cõuenable,
To more rebuke and ſpottyng of his name
New to rehearſe his ſlaunder and defame.

The great offences of this Apius,
And oppreſſion that he vpon him toke,
Made hym grow ſo inly couetous,
Through his rauyne ẏ all the people quoke:
As ye may ſe in the ſeconde boke,
Where myne auctour doth clerely ſpecify
His fraude in domes, and his lechery.

Eke thys tyrant remembred ye may rede,
Chiefe iudge he was with other officers,
Called decembir, & through his pryde in dede
Agayn the cuſtome of theim ẏ were his feres,
He made be borne ſtanderdes and baneres,
In otherwyſe, of hygh preſumption,
Then vſed were before in Rome toun.

Theſe iudges had a cuſtome and manere
Like their eſtates, in theyr gouernaunce,
Eche after him to haue borne a bannere,
Where they went, ſuche was their ordinaũce
By twelue ſergeaũtes numbred in ſubſtaũce:
But Apius of pryde and great outrage,
Ychaunged hath that cuſtome and vſage.

He fyrſt ordeyned eche ſhould in his place
Of Decembir, haue a banner borne
In their walkyng the people to manace,
In hundred men of armes them before,
And twenty ouer (by a ſtatute ſworne)
Wherby the citye bare great coſte in dede,
And all the people were put in feare & drede.

To ſe the ſargeaũtes walke in plate & mayle
They thought it was a maueylous worſking
Iudges to go wyth ſuche apparayle
In their proceadyng as eche had ben a kyng:
And whole the entent of Apius menyng
Was that he ſhould of power and myght,
Do what hym lyſt were it wronge or ryght.

The ryghtfull punyſhe, and the gylty ſpare,
Fauour wronge for bybes and for mede,
The people oppreſſed ſtode in ſorow and care,
Founde no ſuccoure to helpe thẽ at their nede:
Lawe was there none, for realõ lay by dede,
Wyll was iudge, and pleaſaunce equitie,
And thus by maiſtry was gouerned the citye.

And as it is remembred by Bochas,
Apius was lecherous of nature,
And caught a quarel as ye haue herd the caas
Agaynſt Virginia, a mayde clene and pure:
And for he ſhould nothyng in her recure
Touchyng his luſt, her father in that ſtryfe
With a charpe ſworde made her loſe her lyfe.

And for thys tyrant by falſe rybaudry
Cauſed her death by haſty vyolence,
And for he ſhould her beauty not maiſtry
Dyyng a mayde in her chaſte innocence,
Therfore he was demed in ſentence
As is to fore made cleare mencion,

For

for to be chayned and dye in pryson.

Eke Decembir lost their power,
And neuer in Rome after bare no name,
Nor of that sect was made none officer:
And among all Apius bare the blame,
Whose cryme reboũdeth to his eternal shame
As ye haue heard, who that can discerne,
And thã Tribunes were chose for to gouerne.

And in Bochas like as it is found,
The sayd iudges in mischefe did fyne,
While Apius lay in pryson bounde
Exiled were all that other nyne,
The good, the treasure of them & their lyne,
Ichoted was for short conclusion,
To cõmon profite and encrease of the towne.

Lenuoy.

THis little tragedy dothe shortly deuyse
What mischefe foloweth for the great vn-
vsed in iudges, in many sundry wise: (right
For whan fauour blinded hath their syght,
And innocence is borne downe wyth mysght,
In hys quarell pouerte may not procede,
Bicause that trouth oppressed is with mede.

A iudge should of equitie despyse
To take gyftes of any maner wyght,
And ready be all wronges to chastice,
From all gyftes turne away his syght,
His hondes close, his eares stoppe aryght,
And be aye ware for frendshyp, hate & drede,
That trouth be not oppressed wyth mede,

The noble doctryne and vertuous empryse
Of philosophers that had so great insyght,
Was to these iudges ỹ prudent were & wise
For frende or foe their domes be so dyght
Of ryghtwisenes that the sunne bryght
Eclypsed neuer, lest men for their falsehede,
Report the right was put abacke for mede.

Noble prynces supportours of iustise,
Called lode starres to yeue the people lyght,
On Apius let iudges not practise,
Let trouthes lãpe be clere both day & nyght,
Your office payed that longeth to a knyght,
Hold vp the balaũce of dome in your mãhede,
That law in iudges be not corrupt with mede

Bochas agaynst the vntruth of iudges.

SUyng vpon the death of Apius,
And hys rebukes for hys greate outrage,
Bochas by writyng wext somwhat yrous,
Againe iudges false, & thought in his corage,
They should be sad and demure of age,
And their lyfe by vertue shoulde drawe
To kepe the preceptes & statutes of the lawe.

They ought of reason them selfe to habyle
To haue science of phylosophy,
And know theyr textes of canon and ciuyle,
And therupon their wittes whole to apply:
For cunnyng iudges by prudent policy
Cause ordinaunces in lawe comprehended,
Through rightful doom gretly to be cõmẽded

Justice of lawe dothe realmes enlumine,
Sustayneth trouth, supporteth innocence,
Of rauynours boweth down the eyne,
Punysheth robbers for their great offence:
Sluggy truauntes for theyr negligence,
And fayned beggers that greatly disauayle,
Constrayneth them to labour and trauayle.

Founders of lawe by antiquitie,
Causeth in landes was suffred none erroure,
And made of princes the royall magestie
To shyne in worshyp, by diligent labour:
Worthy courages of many conquerour,
That their tryũphes no further shuld attaine
Than lawe of god and nature dyd ordaine.

Wyll was that tyme vnder subiection
Of ryghtwisnes, by trouth full wel cõreined:
Sensualitye was seruaunt to reason,
And froward lust was vnder locke ykeyed,
Sentence of statutes was not disobeyed:
The ryche did ryght through euery lande,
Pore folke lyued by labour of their hande.

Lordshyp ỹ tyme auoyded mayntenaunce,
Holy churche lyued in perfitnesse,
Knighthode tho dayes for trouth whette his
And false extorcion had none entresse, (launce
Marchaũtes winning came al of rightwisnes
Artificers the worke day were not ydell,
And busines of labour helde the bydell.

Women that age farced were nor horned,
Nor theyr tayles were not serpentyne,
Wise men of foly, nor clarkes wer not scorned
Whythe in sepence most freshely dyd shyne,
Lawe disherited none heyres from theyr lyne:

Le-

Lesyngmongers found ỹ time no socours,
And flaterers were made thã no cõfessours.

This golden worlde flouryng in vertue,
Borne vp by loue, grounded on stablenes,
Of auoutry sprange out none issue:
Prices wt doctrine established their nobles,
Preesthod in prater, knighthod in worthines
Ech thing by law stode vnder gouernaunce,
Marchaũts by mesure & iust peis of balaũce.

First Phoroneus by dyligent laboure
Fonde out lawes, ỹ kyng was of Argyues,
The grekes study he glit wt great honoure,
This politick price auoided thẽ from striues,
His statutes kept duryng all their lyues,
Found first the maner (Bochas doth deuyse)
Howe to Iupyter was made sacrifyse.

Eke mighty Minos whilom kinge of Crete,
Ordayned lawes agayne transgressions,
To feare by rygour soles that were vnmete,
And staunche of surfetes all occasyons,
Made for robbers mightye stronge prisons:
And Dedalus his cheefe artificere,
Made labyrinthes by diligence entere.

And Mercurie borne by the flode of Nyle
As writeth Lactance, was of Egipt kynge,
Unto marchauntes dyd lawe firste compyle
Of weight and mesure, to vse in chaffaryng:
And for his wisdome and excellent connyng,
Of olde poetes that whilom were so wyse,
He called was God of marchaundyse.

Solon also the best lawes made
As Valery writeth, him self to magnify:
Athenienses therof were full glad
His great wysdome whan they did espy,
They fonde therin so muche policy,
And euer he was redy for to debate
Agayne tyrauntes, so sore he dyd them hate.

Kyng Lygurgus yet whilom dyd his cure
To make lawes to comon auauntage,
And that they shuld perpetually endure
He made his people be sworne of euery age,
While that he went out on pilgrimage
Fro point to point to kepe them in certaine,
Unto time that he came home agayne.

And for his lawes wer of great substaunce,
And profitable to euery comonte,
He chase to liue in exile and penaunce,
Neuer to resort againe to his cite:
That his statutes by eternite
Shuld nat be broke, as ye haue herd tofore,
By the cõuencion to which they were sworn.

To comon profite had he such tenderneſſe,
That he forsoke his kingdome and kinrede
To liue in exile, his story beareth witnes:
But or he dyed, as he lay bedrede,
He bad his bones shuld be cast in sede
Amid the see, fer out from the strande,
That his statutes might in their strẽgth stãd.

He eschued euerych occasyon
As a thyng hatefull, which was not fayre,
That his forsayd royall mighty toun
Shuld breke their oth, because of his repair:
But touching that he put them in dispayre,
Cast him neuer resort in their dayes
Lest they wold breke the sẽtẽce of his lawes.

The.xv.chapter.

Here Bochas maketh an exclamacion of the extorcion of the officers of Rome.

IOhn Bochas here maketh a digressiõ,
And by rebuking cast him to assayle
Thylke officers ỹ wer in Rome toun,
Which by extorcion oppressed the porayle,
And agayne iudges also of Itayle,
And namely them that for lucre or mede
Set trouth asyde and toke of it none hede.

He maketh agayne them an exclamacion,
Such as to vertue were contrarious:
And vnder colour and occasyon
Of their offyce lyst to be lecherous,
Like condicioned vnto Apius,
And fynally as it was after sene,
Falle in their domes, & of their life vnclene.

O (quod Bochas) O trouth, o thou iustise,
Whych in your nobles whilom dyd excel,
Where in effect is now your exercyse,
Wher is your wonning alas wher do ye dwel,
Of your practike ful few men can tel,
So fer put backe is nowe your disciplyne,
Your kyn expyled, and your noble lyne.

Aduocates that nowe done occuppe
Your olde sees, and places full royall,
All to falshede their wyttes they apply,

Such

Suche couetyse now reigneth ouer all:
Causes of ciuile, and causes crymynall
Their domes take, wher they be fals or true,
All after wyll, by statutes chaunged newe.

There ben eke other called accessours,
Syttyng by iudges, to yeue them counsayle,
Which may full well be called rauenours,
For they nat labour but for theyr auayle:
A nombre of robbers folow at theyr tayle,
To pylle the people, as ye haue hard to forne,
Bare as a chepe, that is but newe chorne.

There is no more in this matter to sayne
Saue onely this, trouth stant desolate,
And rightwisnes dare to no wight cõplayne,
With wrong oppressed, weping & desolate,
Wherfore ye princes that syt in high estate,
Such thing to mẽde, but ye better hede take,
God shal w you a full harde rekenyng make.

Your office is in your magnificence
Twene man & man all wronges to redresse,
And wher a matter is agayne conscience
It to refourme onely of ryghtwysenesse,
To stãde by trueth, mayntayne no falsenesse,
And let wise counsayl such matters examine
Or ye of haste theron determine.

Haue suche thynges in your mynde amonge
Thynke god wyll quyte lyke as ye deserue,
Ye spot your noblesse yf that ye do wrong
His sworde of punishyng drede or it kerue:
Let your reason and conscience conserue
Your noble estates, & thinke like your werkig
The lord of you wyl aske a rekenyng.

The.xvi.Chapiter.

Of Alcibiades exyled, and after brent in hys bedde.

After other that put them selfe in prees
To forge Bochas their cõplayntes to dis-
Came of Athenes Alcibiades, (cure,
That time alyue the fayrest creature:
And as it is remembred by scripture,
He was discrete, and was at all assayes
One the strongest and manly in hys dayes.

He was first borne of full high linage,
Aboue all other of most semelynesse,
Well proporcioned and hardy of corage,
Loued and fauoured for his great fayrenesse:
Famouse in knyghthode for hys worthynesse
Subtyll witted, and coude by eloquence
Moche comprehende vnder short sentence.

His wyt enclined to manyfolde sciences,
Had of conyng a passyng retentife,
Loued clerkes, & fond them theyr dispences,
Suche as in practise he saw most inuentife,
To rede in bokes reioysed all hys life,
Kept what he redde in his memoriall,
And of wyse counsaile was none to hym egal.

An vncle he had ycalled Pericles
Which stode in daunger of excessife spendyng,
Yet in hys youth thys Alcibiades
Seyng hys vncle penslefe in lokyng,
Cast of wisdom to remedy that thyng,
And for to alwage hys heartes heuynesse,
Gaue hym this counsail by great auisenesse.

Fyrst to rehearse how the matter stode
And of hys vncles wofull hygh distresse
Ther was to him delyuered a sũme of goode
To repayre the temple of a goddesse
Called Minerua, but for the great excesse
Of hys dispences he stode somwhat in drede,
Touching thacoũpt, ẏ he muste yelde in dede.

Alcibiades here vpon musyng,
To hys vncle gaue counsayle in sentence:
Uncle (quod he) let be your thynkyng,
And for your selfe shape thys diffence,
Nat for tacoũpt by meane of your prudence:
Afore prouided, with face & chere vnfayned,
To suche durelle, that ye be nat constrayned.

And whan Pericles his coũsaile aduertiseth
Fonde to his worshyp it was resonable,
And by good layser, him selfe ful wel auiseth,
And by prouision prudent and notable
Saued hys estate frõ eche thyng reprouable:
So that he stode, touching thys matter,
As for accomptes out of all daunger.

Alcibiades of Athens chefe capteyne
From day to day wart vp to great encres,
Suche another was ther no where seyne,
Them to gouerne, bothe in werre & pees:
And all the citye by assent hym chees
Of theyr nauy in especiall
Upon the see, to be theyr admyrall.

For his knighthod they sent hym out aferre
To Cathenoys to be theyr gouernour,

Gayne Cyracuſenes for to gin a werre:
Firſt there receiued w̄ glory & gret honoure,
But in the end of his great laboure,
Fortune that is aye varyaunt and vnſtable,
Was to this duke nat founde fauourable.

He was accuſed to them of the toun,
Which in Athenes had gouernaunce,
That he was gilty in party of treaſon,
By thē reuoked for al his great puiſſaunce
Of Capitaynſhip, and by their ordinaunce
And fortunes falſe mutabylitie
Unwarely depriued from all dignitie.

But for him ſelfe thus he gan prouide,
Went into exyle not fer from that countre,
In to a cytie that called was Elyde,
There for to haue fredom and lyberte,
And of hys lyfe, to ſtand in ſuerte:
For in Athenes they wolde haue him deed,
Unto their goddes to offre vp his heed.

But whan he was of their entent certayne,
To Lacedemone he toke the ryght way,
And by relacion there he herd ſayne
Howe Cathemenſes were put to affraye
In a batayle vpon a certayne daye,
Which that they held to their aduerſytee
Gayne Cathenoys, as they fought on the ſee.

But the cauſe of this diſcomfyture
Is was tolde Alcibiades,
Was by thre captayns through miſauenture,
Which in their leading were found recheles,
The chefe of them named Demoſthenes
The tother called the ſtory telleth vs,
The tone Niceas, the tother Eurilocus.

Alcibiades hauyng herof tiding
To auenge his wrong put him ſelfe in prees,
Of Lacedemon he gothe fyrſt to the kyng
Which of trouth was called Agydes,
Beſeching him to graunte to his encres
Certayne ſoudyours out of hys countre.
For to werrey of Athenoys the cyte.

Thus he warte ſtronge of noble prouydence,
Had great people vnder his gouernaunce,
And lyke a duke made ſtrong in hys defence,
The people gadred to his obeyſaunce,
That other princes that wer of hye puiſſaūce
Gan haue enuy of wylful frowardneſſe,
And to malygne agayne hys hyghe nobleſſe.

For ſelde or neuer in any regyon
Proweſſe of armes, nobleſſe of chyualry,
Encreaſe of ryches, report of high renoun,
Fame of connyng in craft or in clergy,
May no wher dwell without ſome enuy:
From whoſe malyce as folke expert may ſe,
Saue only wretches no man hath lyberte.

For which this prince as put is in memory,
Eſcaped nat for all his hygh parage,
But that ſome enuyed at his glory:
For in this life no man hath auauntage
Agayne tonges, nor odyous falſe langage,
To ſtop ſuch venym this is the beſt obſtacle
That mē with ſuffraūce tempre their triacle,

The clere proweſſe of Alcibiades
Stayned the nobles of other prynces al,
His eure hym raiſed vp to ſo great encres,
To the higheſt trone of fortunes hall:
Such fatal grace is vnto hym fal
That in tho dayes playnlye this is no fable,
There was no knight to him reſemblable.

In his exyle ſo clere his renome ſhone,
And through Grece gaue as gret bryghtnes,
As doth a ruby aboue eche other ſtone:
Yet for to clips and ſhadow his worthyneſs
Lacedemonois dyd their buſyneſſe,
Such as nat myght to his nobles attayne,
By falſe report his renome to reſtraine.

Awayt was layd to take him at miſchefe,
And many traynes wer ſerched out & ſought
Of entent to put him at repreue,
But al ỹ euer agayn him they haue wrought
At the end the purpoſe came to nought:
For God prouideth of his magnificence,
Agayne ſuch malice to ſaue innocence.

He was lykely to fal in great daungere
Lacedemonois gan ſo at hym dyſdayne,
Becauſe his honour & nobles ſhone ſo clere,
That to his fone it was a deedlye payne:
And thus his lyfe ſtode in no certayne
For all be it he manly was and wyſe,
He knew nothinge their purpoſe nor malyce.

Hee had almoſte ywarned be to late,
And lyke to haue ſtand in great perplexitie,
And more his grace and fortune to abate
By thoccaſion of hys great beaute,
He wyth the quene was woren full prime:
For in her grace ſo well ſtode there none,

Whiche gaue to him warnyng of his fone.

And by the counsayle onely of the queene
Fro Lacedemon he wysely toke his flight
Towarde Athenes, & thought he wolde sene
His owne countre, full lyke a manly knyght,
And though thei had nat gouerned thé a right
Towardes hym, beyng in distresse,
To auenge his wronge, he dyd thé no duresse.

For he thought it was agaynst nature
To be vengeable, or shewe his cruelte
By thoccasion of any auenture,
Or ginne a werre vpon his countre:
His natiue bloud meued him to pyte,
And of very naturall gentlynesse
Was debonayre, agayne their vnkindnesse.

The cale was this, for short conclusion,
How king Dary with great apparayle
Thought to werrey, of indignation
Them of Athenes, & their towne tassayle,
And in purpose proudely to preuayle:
Thessifernes, a prince of great puissaunce
Of Daries power had al the gouernaunce.

Final caule and grounde of all this werre
That Darius gan on them so hastelye,
And that he sent his puissaunce from so ferre
For to destroy Athenes vtterly,
Was to holde vp and sustayne the party
Of Lacedomone, whiche of olde hatrede
Were euer enuyous thē to oppresse in dede.

But by meane of Alcibiades
And his treatie founded on prudence,
Thessifernes, enclined to the pees,
Therby in party to appease his violence:
And all was done of noble prouidence,
And fro the place, to which he was exiled,
He to Athenes shoulde be reconciled.

Unto the citie he dyd signify
How Darius had made his ordinaunce,
And by his letters he gan them specify
If they would stande at his gouernaunce,
To condiscende playnly in substaunce:
He woulde labour, and no lenger tary,
To make accorde atwene them & king Dary.

This was the meane that he ment:
Within Athenes that the senatours
Shoulde of the citie, after their entent
Haue ful lordship, & be their gouernours:
But as cleare wedder troubled is vp shours,
Right so vnwarely, within that royal toun
Through his treaty fyll a discention.

The cōmeners gan sodaynly disdayne
To be thralled vnder subiection,
And so by assent the commons dyd ordayne
Onely tappease all false discention,
For to reuoke agayne into their toun
Alcibiades, as they thought it mete,
Through this prudence to set them in quiete.

First in his commyng myne auctour doth re-
He was made duke againe of ỹ cite, (porte
And gan the partie of cōmons to supporte,
And them restore to theyr old liberte:
Where through the senate dreding ỹ cōmonte
Fled to exile, full ferre out of all prees,
Onely for drede of Alcibiades.

They stode that time in so great disioynt
Their towne deuided, & out of gouernaunce,
That they were brought euen to the poynt
To yelde the citie vnto the obeysaunce
Of Lacedemons, through their vnhappy chaū
Within thé selfe, when they can debate (ce,
Under their duke, the senat bare such debate.

But the commons chase in theyr dyffence
Alcibiades, to gouerne that voyage,
And to the see with cost and great dispence
Without abode he holdeth hys passage,
In mighty shyppes, made for auauntage:
Well enarmed, and cast yf he myght
With Lacedemonois proudly for to fyght.

Thre mighty captains were on the other syde
The fyrst Zestro, Bochas telleth thus,
And the second that was their lorde & gyde,
Called Mydare, the thyrde Pharbanasus
On the see & lande, in armes full pompous:
But of knighthode and magnanimite
Alcibiades toke them all thre.

Strong was the fight or ỹ they were take,
Of all theyr meyny away there scaped none,
The duke ỹ day, gan suche a slaughter make
Of high prowesse vpon hys mortall fone,
Cast ouer borde almost euerychone:
And after that, when he came to lande,
A new battel met hym on the strande.

Such wayte was layde about hym enuyron
Of hys enemyes, by sodayne auenture,

But of Athenes this mighty champion
Whiche might in armes moste louerainly en-
Made of his fone a new dilcõfyture: (dure
Thus in shozt time this pzince in his eſtate,
On land and water was twyſe laureate.

And after that he lyſt nat foz to ceaſe
Noz to abyde the ſpace of halfe a day
The comon pzofite of his towne tencreaſe,
Towarde Aſye he toke the right waye
Townes & caſtels that were take away
Which apperteyned to Athenes of ryght,
He gate agayne full lyke a manly knyght.

Maugre all that to hym were contrary
Oz wzought agayne hym by rebellyon,
Thzoughout Aſye in the lande of Dary
He knyghtly bzought them to ſubiection:
Agayne whoſe ſwozde holpe no pzotectyon,
And fynall labour was of his entent,
The comon pzofyte of his towne to augment.

And with this glozy and with this nobleſſe
He to Athenes repayzed is agayne,
And al the city with ioy and great gladnes
Came out to mete him vpon a fayze playne:
And that his triumphes ſhuld openly be ſain,
Both old and yong with full glad vylages,
Of their goddes bzought out the ymages.

This was their cry and noiſe of al the pzees,
Victozious pzince whoſe triumphes marciall
Shal euer be ſong w laud and new encrees,
To ſoze the goddes which ben immoztall,
Welcome, welcome, our pzotectour and wal,
Shelde of our welfare, agayne all violence,
Phebus of knighthod, & ſwozd of our defẽce.

Thus w their goddes they made hym egall,
By vncouth pzaiſing of paganiſmes rightes,
Lyke as he had been very immoztall
And ſonge refreytes to cõmend his merytes:
And to enhaũce his glozy they ſet al their de-
And with the lyght of eternal fame, (lites,
Set vp tozches to enlumyne with his name.

Thus certayne dayes they halowed of entẽt
Thzugh all the cyte, foz his hyghe pzoweſſe,
Tyll foztune hath his eyen blent
With new fauour of wozldly falſe ſwetnes,
Foz all her ſuger is meynt wyth bytterneſſe:
A bayte of hony chedde out at pzime face
With moztall venym hyd vnder to manace.

Foz in his hyghest clymbyng vp aloſte
And in thalcence of foztunes whele,
After her cuſtome, as ſhe hath full ofte,
Whan he beſt wend foz to ſtande wele,
She dzewe her fauour from hym euery dele:
Made the people vnder his obeyſaunce,
To fall in miſchefe foz lacke of gouernaunce.

Thus fro this duke foztune gan to vary
And hys nobleſſe go backe and eke fayle,
Whan kyng Cirus ſucceſſour to Dary
Full vnwarely fyll on him in batayle,
And gan his knyghtes pzoudly to aſſayle:
Whan he diſpurueyed boyde of pzoupdence,
Was ouerlayde to make reſyſtence.

Foz fynally this Alcibiades
At miſchefe take which he mighte nat recure,
Whan thzugh veynglozy he was made reche
His noble eſtate teſtablyſh and aſſure, (les
Lacke of fozeſight cauſed his dyſcomfyture:
And to encreaſe of moze aduerſitye,
Banyſhed agayne out of his cyte.

Thus diſfaced and clypſed was his glozy,
His cytie put in ſtraunge gouernaunce
By Lacedemonoys, after this victozy,
So that he knewe no maner cheuyſaunce
To refourme his vnhappy chaunce,
Saue foz refute myne auctour dothe reherce,
How that he fled vnto the kyng of Perce.

From Athenes of newe he was exiled,
And thirty perſons all furious and vengeable
Chaſe in their cyty, as Bochas hath cõpyled,
The toun gouerned albe they were not able:
Vſyng a maner hatefull and repzeuable,
Thzugh theyz rauyne tempouerich their cite,
A thyng moſte odyous to all comonte.

A wozme of dzede was bzed vp in their hert
Which ſuffred not them to lyue in pees,
Amonge them ſelfe whan they dyd aduerte
The great pzudence of Alcibiades,
Howe in manhode he was pereles,
Leſt he wold after foz all their multitude,
Knightly acquyte their ingratitude.

And of aſſent to abzidge his lyue dayes,
They agayne hym of malice haue conſpyzed,
After his exyle to make no delayes, (red
Foz to accomplyſh that they longe haue deſi-
With bzennige hate their hertes faſtlye fyzed
To murdze by enuy cauſeles agayne ryghte,

Alcibia-

Alcibiades the noble worthy knight.

Thus the time approched, and the date
Terme afore set by constellacion
Of his periody, and hys lyues fate,
Which was concluded (as made is mencyon)
By cruell murdre to his distruccion:
Alas what prince with golde or soudyours
May him prouide agayn fals conspiratours:

Fortune of newe gan at hym enchace
From her traynes that he ne scape myght,
Daily pursued from place aye vnto place
In Perce and Mede, tho he wer out of sight
Tyl that his enemies fyll on him by night,
Slepyng, alas, to sone they were sped
Whā they him found they bṙét him i his bed.

Thus bi murdre their purpose was atcheued
Alas it was to horrible a dede,
So good a knight so wel in armes preued,
So renomed, so famous in manhode,
For to be brent among the coles rede,
First vnwarely in his bedde ytake,
And so consumed amonge the coles blake.

This was the ende of Alcibiades,
Which in knighthod was most soverayne:
In werre a lyon, and a lambe in pees:
As Mars victorius, his fate so dyd ordayne,
To fames palaies he stieth wᵗʰ wyngs twain,
Son to Mynerua to speke of hygh prudẽce,
And lyke Mercury by notable eloquence.

The.xvii. chapter.

Here Bochas maketh an exclamation vpon the dethe of Alcibiades.

O fatal sustren which span ẏ lyues thred,
So short a term, why did ye determine
To suffre him brenne among the coles rede:
Ye were to hasty to breke and vntwyne
His web of knighthod ẏ so clere dyd shyne,
And cast of noblesse his beames out so cleare,
Alas that euer he fyll in your daungere,

Out on Stix and on Attropole,
That haue of malyce slayn so good a knyght
Out on yon thre that kepe your selfe so close
Doughters ycalled of the derke night:
And thou Letū that queyntest eke the lyght,
Of Alcibiades, myrrour & lãtern, (gouerne.
To speke in knighthod, how men shuld them
Ye slee the worthy, and wretches ye do spare,
Thercites lyeth Hector is slayne in dede,
Your funeral smokes maketh helmes so bare
To race vp Cedris their braunches may nat
Ye pul the laurer, ye make ẏ firs sede, (spredе
Ful lytel thanke in kyngdoms ye deserue,
Caytiues to foster and do the worthy sterue.

Alcibiades is passed into fate,
Light of knighthod lyeth clipsed in the shade
The Parcas susterne to soone set hys date,
Of his high noblesse to make the laurer fade:
Lacedemonois of his dethe wer glad,
Funerall fyre his body hath dyffied,
For hygh prowesse his soule stellifyed.

Lenuoye

Alas this tragedy doth my hert to blede
My pen quaketh of ruth and of pyte,
In my writyng, whan that I take hede
To se the straunge fearfull dyuersyte
Of all worldly vnsure felycite:
Howe from their sees shortli to comprehend,
Froward fortune doth princes down discend

Alcibiades of corage and of manhed
As is rehersed (in bokes ye may se)
Of genitylnes, and of goodly heed,
Of semelynes, of fredom, and of bounte
Of hygh prudence, and magnanymite,
Was most famous as auctours him cõmẽd,
yet from hys seate fortune made him discend.

All the people both of Perce and Mede,
Whyle he gouerned Athenes the cyte
Stode in his daũger and gan his sworde to
And al that were rebel to his countre (drede
He chastised them in their most cruelte:
But whan his fame gan hyghest vp tascend,
From her whele fortune made him discend.

Murdre & treson, with prudent frendlihede,
Outward fayre chere, couert iniquite,
Plesaunt in speche, and vnder that falshede
Honysshed out sharpe tayled lyke a bee,
Songe of Sirenes to drowne men in the see,
In one combyned their malyce can extend,
To cause princes from their sees discend.

Noble princes that se so much and rede,
Remembring storyes of antiquite,
Afore prouidyng that treason not procede:
Be aye moste dredfull in hygh prosperyte,

Let others fallyng a myrrour to you be.
The turne of fortune al auctors reprehend,
That who syt hyghest is rediest to discende.

The.xviii.Chapter.

Here Bochas writeth agaynest the desyres of people.

After this proces, if ye list to lere,
Lyke as Bochas maketh mencion,
That worldly folk moste souerainlye
To haue in lordship great exaltacion, (delier
And vp to climbe in their entencion
Of worldly worshyp to the hyghest place,
All erthly treasours atones to embrace.

The feruent flame of their gredy desyres
In muche gatheryng findeth no sufficiaunce,
Their hungry etyke kyndleth so the fyres
Of auarice, by longe continuaunce,
That theyr thyrst with worldly habundaūce
On Tantalus ryuer abraydeth euer in one:
Drowned i drikyng, & deme their parts none.

There may no tresour their dropsy staunch,
The more they drike ꝑ more they lyst in dede:
In Tagus flodes the deper that thei launche
The gretter drinesse doth i their brests brede.
The higher water an ebbe moste they drede:
Falle indygence their hert hath so cōfounded,
At the full sees seme their barge is groūded.

Thus euery man wold to ryches attayne,
With sufficiaunce but few hold them contēt,
Who most haboūdeth ratheste will complaine
For lacke of good, alas howe they be blent:
Wher shal their gadrig & their good be spent:
Some one perfase shall thē therof discharge,
whom they most hate, & spēd it out at large.

Within a body full lytell of stature
Corages growe vp to their magnificence,
Which vp tascend do their busy cure,
And in their clymbing & transitorye aldence,
Hauyng an hope of worldly apparence,
Like as nothig their puissaūce might trouble,
Nothing aduerting how fortune is double.

Some set their ioy in cōquest & in werres
To embrace all erthe vnder their puissaunce,
Lyke as they might reche aboue the sterres,
To bring down heuen vnto their obeisaunce:
But if their power were wayed in balaunce,
And counterwayd aright in their memory,
They shuld fynde that all is but veynglory.

What may auail them their fetherbeds softe,
Shetes of reynes, longe, large, and wyde,
Dyuers deuyses or clothes chaunged oft,
Or vicious meyny walkyng by their syde,
Voyde of vertue, ambicious in their pride:
Which causeth prices by report of such fame,
For their misliuing to haue an euell name.

And thus for lacke of vertuous dilygence,
Thrzough false luxury and ydelnesse
And vpon flaterers the outragious expence
Support of wrzonge, oppressing rightwisnes
Where lesyngemongers haue an entresse:
Whom to sustayn whan prices do their cure,
God wyl nat suffre that they shal lōg endure.

Office of princes is to support right, (dresse,
His swrzde of knighthode fro wrzonge to re-
The pore releuing nat toppres thē w myght,
His old seruauntes well preued nat disdayn:
His hasty rigour, & his vengaunce sodayne
Let mercy tempere, to dome or he procede,
And God shal quite him at his most nede.

The.xix.Chapiter.

Here John Bochas speaketh agaynst idelnesse, rehersing howe some men haue ioy in one scyence, and some in another.

Myn auctor Bochas maketh a reherslayle
In eschewing of froward ydleness,
That vnto vertue may moste auayle
Good diligent labour, and honest busynesse:
And so concluding full plainlye doth expresse,
Euery mā reioiseth (this sētēce is nat gloled)
To do such thing to which he is disposed.

Some haue ioy by heuenlye influence
To knowe the course aboue celestial,
And some of knighthod do their diligence
To prene them selfe in actes martiall,
And some reioyse in their entent fynal
In eloquence, some in philosophy,
Some aboue all to study in poetry.

The hardy knight is seruaunt to saint George
Meuing of planets sercheth thastronomere,
Martes smyth laboureth in his forge,
Harneys of stele maketh tharmourere,

But

But the deuisour by diligence entere
By freche contriuyng out of the olde entayle,
Fyndeth newe deuises of plate and of mayle.

The labourer letteth wholy his pleasaunce
To tylth of land, in time to sowe his grayne:
To encrease his sede by yerely habundaunce,
And that his plough labour not in vayne,
Castyng his seasons of drouth & eke of rayne
And poetes to sit in their library,
Desyre of nature to be solitary.

Such as mē loue such things they vndertake
Fysche or foule to hunt with their houndes,
Some of woul sundrye clothes make,
By philosophers was foūd out the grounds,
And of all study they set out fyrst the bounds:
Caused poetes playnly to conclude,
Out of all preasse to lyue in solitude.

Logiciens delite in argumentes,
Philosophers in vertuous liuyng,
And legisters folowyng the ententes,
Greatly reioyce in lucre and winnyng:
Phisiciens trauayle for getting,
And of poetes this is the subtyll forme
By new inuencion thynges to transforme.

Poetes should eschue all ydlenes,
Walke by ryuers and welles crystallyne,
To moūtaynes a morow their course dresse,
The mist dissied whāPhebus first doth shine,
Study in bokes of morall discyplyne:
Nothyng coueyte but set their entent,
Wyth moderate fode for to be content.

Their chefe labour is vyces for to sage
With a maner couert similitude,
And none estate wyth theyr langage
By no rebukyng of termes dull and rude:
What euer they write on vertue ey cōclude,
Ippayre no man in no maner wyse,
This is the office of poetes that be wise.

The .xx. Chapter.

How Halleus duke of cartage for oppression and tyranny was hewen into pieces.

When Bochas hadde rehearsed of Poetes
Their straunge studys, and solayne wrytynges,
And theyr desires of solitary seates,
In pleasaunt place to make their dwellinges
Besyde ryuers and holesome well springes,
Whiche accomplished, he gan his pen auaūce,
Prynces of Affrike to put in remembraunce.

And while he dyd hys busy diligence
Theyr pyteous falles to put in memory,
First there came twayne vnto hys presence,
Their olde nobilesse appalled, and their glory:
Whiche as hym sempt within a territory,
Of Affryke boundes longyng to Cartage,
Did fyrst appeare, most deadly of vylage.

The one of them was named Halleus,
Duke of Cartage, of Affryke lorde and syre,
His sonne also called Cartalus,
Whilom chiefe prince and bishop eke of Tyre:
But Halleus whych helde the great empyre
Of all Affryke, for his pompous outrage
Exiled was for euer out of Cartage.

Whyche caused him in hart he was not mery.
But aye remēbred vpon his fell banishing,
Gadered his people vpin the lande of Surry,
And in the felde whyle he lay hostyng
Cast him fully to make no tariyng,
But in all haste of knyghtly fell corage,
Maugre hys enemyes resort vnto Cartage.

To auenge his exyle hys hart was set a fyre,
And his entent more to fortify,
He sent in haste hys letters downe to Tyre
To Tartalus, that he should hym hye
And bryngе wyth hym all the chyualry
Of his citye, in stele armed clene,
His fathers party to holde vp and sustene.

But whā thys bysshop knew holly the manere
Of thys purpose which ye haue heard deuise,
He consydred how that tyme of the yere
Ordeyned was to do sacrifyce
After the rytes of their panym wyse
To Hercules, whiche in that citye
Aboue all gods had the soueraynte.

Whose feast was holde space of certayn dayes
Whiche for to halow he neades must entende,
And by the custome make no delayes
But that he must therto condiscende,
And leauer he had hys father to offende
As in such case then through negligence
Vnto hys gods for to do offence.

Wherfore his father had indignacion

The cale arettyng to vnkyndnes,
And therof caught a great occasion
Agayne his sonne, of froward wilfulnes:
For pynces oft of furious hastines,
Wyll pyke a quarell causeles in sentence,
Agayn folke absent, though ther be no offence.

And some tonges venemous of nature,
Whan they perceyue that a pynce is meued,
To agreg hys yre do their busy cure,
With falle langage to make him more greued
But ther is no poylō so wel expert nor preued
As is of tonges the hatefull vyolence,
Namely whan pynces list yeue thē audience.

The feast accomplyshed of myghty Hercules
All innocent of double and falle menyng,
This sayd byshop of wyll not retcheles,
Came to his father without more tarying,
Chaunged neither habite nor clothyng,
With all the ensygnes, & in the same wyse
As he tofore had done sacrifice.

Anone hys father made no delay
Wythout excuse it would be no bet,
Of hasty rancour the selfe same day
Made hym be hanged vpon an hye gybet:
Lawe and iustice were both aside set,
And tyranny moste furyous and wode,
To do vengeaunce in trouthes place stode.

Who can or may tyrantes well discryue
Whose swordes ben whet aye for vengeaunce
Their bloudy thyrst doth theyr hartes ryue,
Their eares aye opē to hear of hym mischaūce
Their furious myrth, theyr mortal pleasaūce
Their pale smilyng, their laughter of hatred,
Concludeth euer vpon some cruel dede.

They be ministers to Parcas sistern thre,
To vntwynd ỳ thredes of folkes here mortall
And bery colyns through hasty cruelte,
Unto the wode furyes infernall,
Chyldrē to Pluto of vengeaunce marciall:
Which for their vyces but they bere thē wele,
Shall turne in hell on Ixions whele.

Thus Malleus father most vnkynde
Lyke such a tyraunt, shed out his cruelte
As ye haue heard, and after as I fynde
Of furious hart and of olde enmyty:
By force is entred Cartage the cite,
And slough all tho in hys hatefull yre,
That hym afore had exyled into Tyre.

Wrought after wyll & nothing after ryght,
Gan robbe & spoyle that noble famous town,
Which made him hated in the peoples syght
For his outrage and great extorcion:
Hauyng no ioye nor consolation
Within hys hart, playnly nor gladnes,
Saue lyke a tyrant the people to oppresse.

The people of Cartage sore gan to complayn
Upon their mischefe and desolation:
As Bochas writeth, rehersyng in certayne,
Wyll is stepmother of wyt and of reason,
And where that pynces haue domination,
And by falle pyllage to ryches clyme vp fast,
Crust right well theyr lordship may not last.

Theyr great power of worldly excellence,
To their accrochyng of temporall ryches,
Whā they be tyrātes, may stand in no defence:
And froward wyll ruleth theyr highnes,
For what is lordshyp playnly to expresse
In thys worlde here if it be discerned:
Loue of the people whā they be well gouerned

For tyranny and falle oppression
Causeth pynces to stand in great hatrede,
And what is worth their domination
Without loue: let preue it at a nede,
Men for a tyme may sucker them and drede,
But whan that drede constrayned is & gone,
Than is a pynce a man but alone.

Se an example how Malleus of Cartage
For all hys castels & towers made of stones,
For hys oppression, vengeaunce, and outrage
The people of Affryke rose on hym all atones,
And cut asunder his flesh and also hys bones
Cast thē playnly (on him they wer so wode)
Unto their goddes to offer vp his bloude.

The people dempt, of mortall crueltie,
There was no offring so plesaūt nor cōuena-
Unto theyr gods to pleale their deitie, (ble
As bloud of tyrantes whiche ỳ be vengeable:
Thus cruell pynces make ỳ people vnstable,
Of necessitie whyche ought be complayned,
To wreke their wronge ỳ they be cōstrayned

Lo here the ende of Malleus the tyraunt,
Whyche doth to pynces full well exemplify
To God aboue how it is not pleasaunt
Them to delyte in no suche robbery,
Nor pyl the people by no falle tyranny,
Nor for no tales be hasty of vengeaunce,

For

for all suche thing to god is displeasaunce.

¶ Lenuoy.

READE & considered, this sayd tragedy
Sheweth to Prynces a myrroure full notable,
How they their rygour shall tẽper & modefy,
Or they procede for to be vengeable:
For in a prynce it is right commendable,
Rancour of hart, of chere, and of courage,
For to deferre tyll that their yre asswage.

Their hasty yre, their sodayne melancholy,
Their colorike fumes, ỹ fury vnrestraynable
Their vnqueint fyre ẅ flame of tyranny,
Their fretyng etyke of hate incomparable,
Like beastial Tygres, lyke lyons vntretable
Ne will not suffer that infernall rage,
Defer their domes tyll their yre asswage.

The royall Lyon of morall gentry
Among beastes of force incomperable,
Preueth not his power nor his regalty
Gayn beasts prostrate, which be not defẽsable
And mighty prynces should in case semblable
For innocentes take mercy in morgage,
Respityng rygour tyll that yre asswage,

The sparkle of vẽgeaũce is quycked in party
By wyndes foure, fell and abhominable,
Blast of detraction, and blast of flattery,
Blast of false rowners ỹ forge many fable,
And blast of brybours vycious and culpable:
ẅ smoky slaunders, and felons false vysage,
Causeth yre of prices ỹ it may neuer asswage

For whiche let prynces of noble policy
Beware of tonges double and disceyuable,
Whiche ẅ their venym infect eche company,
Their poynaunt poyson is so penetrable:
To folke absent it is mischeuable,
So depe freteth their serpentyne langage,
Causig in princes their yre may not asswage

Noble prynces let vertue magnify
Your hygh estate, to make you merciable,
For morall Seneke doth clerely specify,
The trone of prices by clemẽce is made stable
Vengeaunce delayed to God is agreable,
And hasty rygour doth outragious damage,
Whẽ hũble requests pour yre may not aswage

¶ The.xxi. Chapter.

¶ How the substaunce of the host of Hymilcho duke of Cartage goyng to conquere Cecile dyed of pestilence, and after he him selfe slayne.

AFter these myghty prynces twayne
Next in order ẅ pale and deade vysage,
Tofore Bochas Hymilcho gan cõplayne
The vnhappy fall of his fatall passage,
Whan he was sent by aucthoritie of Cartage
To cõquere through his mighty puissaunce,
The lande of Cycile, vnto their obeysaunce.

They of Cartage had an opinion,
That it was lefull (after their entent)
Without title of ryght and of reason
Their teritories and boundes to augment:
And for that cause Hymilcho they sente
The mighty duke their nobles to aduaunce,
Whiche of Cartage had hole the gouernaunce

And for he must passe by the see
Towarde Cicyle, this noble worthy knyght,
With him he had a full great enarmee,
Chose out of Cartage in stele armed bryght:
Their fone to cõquere of very force and might
But Fortune gan at him so disdayne,
That to his purpose he neuer myght attaine.

Grounde and gynnyng of his distruction
To be remembred shortly in sentence,
There fyll of the ayre a great corruption,
Whiche caused a full great pestilence
Among his meyny, by vnware violence
And sodaine mischese that is vpon him fall,
He lost almost his worthy knyghtes all.

Nye all hys people was slayne in ỹ morayne,
That but a few be left of hys meyne:
Infortunate he turned is agayne
Home to Cartage, and they of the cites
All causeles of hasty cruelte,
Hath slayn thys duke as Bochas doth cõpyle
Lo who may trust Fortune any while.

¶ The.xxii. Chapter.

¶ How Heynon duke of Cartage was dismembred.

AFter whose death a mã there gan succede
A mighty duke ỹ called was Haynon,
Whyche purposed for to chaunge in dede

His

His name of duke by false ambicion,
And to be called throughout ỹ mighty toun,
kyng of Cartage, and therupon of pryde
To finde out wayes he felly gan prouide.

He was not cõtent a duke men shold him call,
But of Cartage for to be named kyng,
And like as his purpose that it should fall,
Fro day to day the meanes compassyng
How he might fulfyll this vncouth thing,
For to be crowned and raigne in that londe,
And at the last this meane way he fonde.

He had a daughter yonge and tender of age,
Whiche of the people stode in great fauour,
And he him cast to yeue her in mariage
To a yonge knyght sonne to a Senatour,
Whiche in the cityе was a gouernour:
And that his purpose myght be attayned,
Day of the mariage & tyme was ordeyned.

And in his palayce chefe and principall
This sayd duke let make his ordinaunce,
To holde a feast full solemne and royall,
And with great coste made his purueyaunce,
Of sundry daintyes, whiche ỹ in substaunce
Were necessary in all maner thing,
Unto the feast of a worthy kyng.

He gaue in charge vnto his purueiours,
That all were ready agayne a certayne day,
And to his feast came all the Senatours,
Dwellyng in Cartage there durst none saye nay
And of his purpose to make no delay,
Thought his fraude was not apperceyued,
He tast ỹ day that some should be deceyued.

He conueyed in his inwarde entent
He to be kyng and raygne in Cartage,
The Senatours would neuer assent
To breake their custome nor their olde vsage
He durst therof vtter no langage,
Kept him secrete without noyse or soun,
And fully cast him to procede by treason.

The next way, he knew no better rede
To his desire than playnely to ordayne
That of Cartage the senatours were dede,
Than were he likely his purpose to attaine,
For to be crowned lorde and souerayne:
So to accomplishe his lust in all thing,
And in Cartage to raygne as lord and kyng.

For if the senate wer vtterly destroyed
He should finde no maner resistence,
Wherby his purpose should be annoyed
None dare say nay to his magnificence:
For in the porayle there was no defence,
And at this feast he cast him to procede,
All his entent to conclude in dede.

His officers he made to be sworne
To helpe destroy falsely by poyson
The senatours of whom I spake toforne,
And that their vitayles & dainties in foyson
And eke their wines for short conclusion,
Should with venym be intoxicate,
Through all the palaice, & spare none estate.

These officers had a conscience
For to accomplyshe so horrible a thing,
And secretely vnder great prouidence
To the Senate therof they gaue warning:
And whan they knew this mortall cõpassyng
Of Duke Haynon to shew all the affray,
They put of prudence the weddyng in delay.

Wherof this duke gan haue suspection,
And of this matter fill in a maner drede,
Thought he would by some collusion
Againe Cartage more mortally procede:
And gan call to helpe him at his nede
Of Mauritayne, a kyng of great renoun,
With him by force to fall vpon the towne.

Made him promise, to his aduauntage
For to make fre distribucion
Of the riches, treasure, and pyllage,
Whiche that he might fynde in the toun,
For vtter fyne of hys entencion
Was to destroy of wilfull crueltie,
The famous Cartage ỹ mighty strong cityе.

Of all the thralles in the towne dwellyng
And suche as were borne of lowe lynage,
To strẽgth his party this was his worckyng:
He made them all by mortall fell outrage,
Within the mighty castell of Cartage
To kepe them close of malyce and enuy,
Agayne the cityе him selfe to fortify.

But all for nought, the mighty Senatours,
Therof ware, and of high prudence
Gaine his malice & all his false robbours
They made thẽ strong, & through their proui-
In especiall to ordeyn a defence (dence
First on their party to let the commyng,
Of Mauritayne, the stronge cruell king.

And

And of assent they lyst nat delay,
But rose atones by great ordynaunce
Their false duke to venquisshe and outray:
Him & his churles they brought to vttraunce,
Fyll vpon him wyth a great puissaunce,
And fynally procedyng of reason,
This was his dome, by auyse of all the toun.

First of this duke, as it is remembred,
He was dispoyled, his doublet eke vnlaced,
Joynt fro joynt hewen and dismembred,
And from his heed out his eyen araced:
And ryght as he had afore compased
To haue distroyed his owne mighty toun,
As ye haue herd, he receyued the guerdon.

Lenuoye.

THis tragedy doth pitously complayne,
And maketh a maner lamentacion
Of these mighty ryche princes twaine,
Slayne in Cartage as made is mencion:
Cause lesse the tone, saue by thoccasion
That pestilẽce in his froward viage, (tage.
Slewe all his people that were borne in Car

Fortune also gan frowardly disdayne
Agayne this ryche mighty duke Haynoun,
Whan of malyce he gan mortally ordayne
The Senatours to murdre of his toun:
At his feest by craft of false poyson,
As ye haue herde reherced his outrage,
He was agaynwarde dismẽbred in Cartage.

Who doth vengeaunce vẽgeaũce shall attayn,
In hygh estate without exception:
And who of pyte vengeaunce doth restrayne,
He shall of mercy receyue the guerdon.
For ryght requireth of trouth and reason,
Cruell princes shall haue for their wage,
Deth lyke this duke dismẽbred in Cartage.

Noble princes do your beste payne,
For to preserue fro rebellyon
The comon people which stand in no certain,
With euery wynde tournyng vyolodoun,
After fortune they chaunge affeccion,
Turning their hertes vn tryst or glad visage,
Lyke as ỹ people dyd whylom in Cartage.

The autour agayne couetous people.

NAture ỹ is content with lyttell thing
The wise, ware, circũspect goddes
Which vnder god in heui aboue reig (nig
The world to gouern, is called thẽpres:
Mother of rychesses, the first founderesse
Which serched out by her artyficeres,
The straunge trealours hyd in the myneres.

This noble lady, this princesse most famous,
Knowyng of man the vncouth condicyons,
Sawe by experyence richesse were noyous,
In hym to eclypse the dispolyons,
And conuay his inclynacions
By a wronge way vertue to set alyde,
Howe couetouse was a full perylous gyde.

For auarice is to all vertues contrayre,
The gredy worme, ỹ serpent vnstaunchеable
Man to betrailshe vn promyses debonayre,
At prime face sote and agreable, (ble
Taught him of nature by craft most decepua-
Through subtyll serching as it wer for ỹ no-
First out of erth to delue precious stones. (nes

Of riche myners they serche out ỹ entrayles,
To fynde out metals for worldly auaũtages,
Contryued chyppes with theyr brode sayles,
By diuers sees to make their passages:
And couetyse ordayned first vyages,
Cause princes to ryde in landes ferre,
Eche agayne other for to gyn a werre.

Of auarice gan first these robberyes,
Awayte of brigantes, & all extorte pyllages,
Murdre, slaughter, and couert briberyes,
Of olde contryued furyous fell domages,
Wrought and atcheued in all maner ages:
Nowe in these dayes let set it at a prese,
False couetyse cause all suche mischefe.

She was first rote of false extorcion,
To spoyle the temple mother of rauyne,
And sterer vp of oppressyon,
To take by force this was her doctryne:
And as myne auctor doth plainly determyne,
And concludeth in full pytouse wyse,
Rote of all yuell is false couetyse.

She is eke norice of conteke and of stryfe,
Maystresse of murdre and wilfull vyolence,
Made men to ieoparte body, good, and lyfe,
Cause discencion and disobedyence:
Grutching of comons wdraught of reuerẽce,

By

By rigorous constraynt sodayne rebellions,
Rumour in realmes, vnware subuertions.

This froward dragon full of yrcopisy
Whose kretyng ettke there may no plēty kede,
To staunche his thyrst there is no remedy,
The more he drinketh the more he hath nede:
And the more trelure ꝑ more he stant in drede
With Tantalus though he swym in ꝑ flodes
In Mydas well playneth for lacke of goods

This worme eke causeth ꝑ men in riches
Haue drede of theues a night in their waking
And if they heare on cofer, bedde, or presse,
Cat, rat, or mouse, or any worme meuyng,
He weneth anone within him selfe demyng
That there were come w̄ great apparayle,
Some vncouth pīlor, his treasure to assayle.

The wofull soule standeth euer in drede,
And aye abydeth in labour and trauayle:
And of the goodes whiche he doth possede,
Falleth in dispayre lest they would him fail,
Twene hope & drede there is suche battayle,
Through enterminyng eche other to cōfound
To be most gredy whan they most abounde.

Hope vnasured with drede dispayred
Metyng in hartes make a mortall warre,
Whā hope presumeth, w̄ drede he is apayred,
And like a cowarde maketh him stand afarre
Dull of his chere as is a cloudy starre:
Which dare not shew the light of his treasour
But euer to encrease set wholy his labour.

He dare not touch thing that he loueth most,
His cofers close be shut vnder key, (bost
Thoughe he haue muche he maketh therof no
Lest for his tresure men would hym werrey;
Playneth for nede like as he would dey,
Fayneth falle pouert to spare his dispence,
Oppressyng plenty with froward indigence.

And though his chestes heaped be with golde
With yron barres fast shut and closed,
Falle scarcitie gouerneth his housholde,
That by none excesse he is not vndispoled:
His indigent hart so straytely is enoled,
To Herebus heyre & yet well worse in dede,
In greatest ryches to cōplayne vpon nede.

This Herebus hath of yron & not of stone,
For auarice bupit a soule citee,
Where as the whele turneth of Jxion
Under the boundes of Thesephone,
Where Sisiphus may neuer a day go free
But with his stone continually trauayleth,
And the more busy his labour lest auayleth.

Thus auarice to vertue most contrary,
Founde among vyces full contagious,
Euer busy their restlesse stone to cary,
Now vp now downe w̄ wery Sisiphus:
Whose endles labour braydeth on Theleus,
Whiche helde the bryde of fruteles buline,
Condemned in hell to liue in ydlenes.

Of couetise the cruell marinere
Is called Charon, which w̄ Flegetonte
By many a streyght and many fell daūgere,
Sayleth in the floudes of furious Acheronte,
Under that darked and cloudy Orizonte:
Where auarice chose whylom nygardshyp,
For treasorer, his cofers for to kepe.

First to declare the labour in gatheryng
Of couetous men, as it is in dede,
And coūterpayse how their streight keppng
Is euer meynt with importable drede,
Sorow at departyng for their mortall mede,
Which may be called of trouth and equitie,
Of Cerberus the wakers heades three.

The fyrst head is vnstauncheable delyre
Of worldly goodes, great riches to attayne,
The more encrece the hotter is the fyre:
The seconde heade is the dredefull payne
Which in keppng his hart doth constrayne,
Unware departyng, that sodaynely doth fall,
Is the third head, that greueth most of all.

This wakyr worme ꝑ bereth this heads thre
Is called the worme of gredy couetyse,
Whose busy cōstraynt, restles perplexite
Troubleth the soule in full furious wise,
Whiche froward monster playnly to deuyse,
Brayded on Hidra (of whome poetes sayne)
One head cut of, there groweth thre agayne.

Euer at the tayle of plenty and ryches
Of custome foloweth grutchyng and enuy,
For he that hath of treasure great michnes,
Is selde glad, as for his party,
Thus bothe twayne stande in ieopardye,
The ryche w̄ plenty holde him not appayed,
And the neady wyth pouert is afrayed.

And yet in pouert is full great sykernes,

Which

Which is treasour that no man wyll assayle,
Is myne auctour Bochas beareth witnesse:
Amiclates amonge the pozayle
Lyued in peace sure from all battayle,
Yelde hym content wt suche as God him sent,
Whan riche wer armed & to the werre went.

Uertuous pouert standeth euer in liker case,
To watche his house he hath full lytle nede,
But proude Pompey allieged in Duras
Foz feare of Julius stode in great dzede:
But people rude herof take none hede,
Suche as reioyse them foz to shede blode,
In straunge werres wzongly to get goode.

Stozies olde ful well reherce conne
Diuers studies of folke here moztall,
First how Diogenes was cõtent in his tonne
In which he made his lodgyng pzincipall,
And saw the course aboue celestiall,
Lyued gladder amonge philosophers,
Than kyng Cresus wt all hys stuffed cofers.

And yf men woulde vnto mynde call
The great mischeues folowyng i habũdaũce,
And thinke also how Sardanapall
Foz all his treasour came vnto mischaunce,
And how Sophoclius poozest in substaunce,
Had but a gardayne full of lekes grene,
And right nought els hym selfe to sustene.

This Philosopher was euer gladde & lyght,
There was no watche made in hys tours,
Full surely slepte he al the longe nyght
Hauyng no dzede of theues ne robbours,
In somer walkyng among the grene flours,
And in colde wynter full merely and ofte,
On dzie strawe he lay and slept full softe.

Cyncinatus a pooze labozere,
Feyed dichesse to get hys sustenaunce,
without grutchyng euer glad of chere
Bothe in pozte and in his countenaunce,
Dempt he had as muche suffisaunce
To his pleasaunce as Cresus kyng of Lyde,
Content with lytle nature was hys gyde.

Thys pooze man in hys pouert assured,
With lytle fode and clothes but a fewe
Had heartes ease, & gladsome peace recured:
It lyked hym nat ouer his head to hewe,
Which thing conceyued clerly doth vs shewe,
That ioyous pouert conueyed wt gladnesse,
Grutching auoyded, surmounteth al richesse.

And if that folke consider a ryght (syuesse,
Their pitous sighes, theyz thought full bu-
Theyz great labour, theyz lytle slepe a nyght,
Which they endure foz wozldly rychesse,
And of ỹ abydyng the dzedefull sykernesse,
Which thing peysed and called to memozy,
All erthly power is double and transitozy.

And by stozyes whiche ben credible
To pzeue theyz power is nat abydyng
But at a poynt slydyng and fallible,
Whylom Massinilla of Numidy kyng,
That was so mighty by recozde of wzityng,
Foz feare of Siphax onely hys lyfe to saue,
Flede into mountaynes & hid hym in a caue.

And there he founde ful smale vitayle,
Constrayned narowe of indigence and nede
Whã other deyntes in mischefe gan him fayle
He gadzed rotes, and eate them in his dzede:
Eke proude Xerses kynge of Perre & Mede,
Dzãke blod & water, to staũche wt his thzust,
Dzede and trauayle gaue hym suche lust.

Yet some men would saye of auenture,
They were compelled agayne theyz volũte,
These kynges twayne suche mischefe tẽdure,
Maugre theyz wyll, of necessite,
Foz casuall chaunce rette them theyz liberte,
So that the rygour of thys sodayne rage,
Came in by constraynt and of no courage.

But foz all that folke in theyz pouerte
On great meates that them selfe fede,
Ben all strong, whole, and fayze to see,
And also lusty pzeued at a nede,
Upzight of limmes theyz iourneys to spede,
As long lyfed, the cause to expzesse,
Is onely thys they do not vse excesse.

To pooze men the best medicine
Is due labour, with moderate abstinence,
Good ayze in feldes wher Phebus lust shine,
Uoydinge darke mistes ỹ causeth pestylence:
Of heuy stomake they fele no violence,
They nat enriche leches noz potyquares,
Them selfe to saue with vncouth lectuares,

But folkes ryche wozken the contrary
Which in them causeth maladies stronge,
Fro theyz diete euery day they varye
With diuers meates, & theyz syttyng longe:
And with all this theyz apetites wzonge,
Take out of time, which thei mai nat endure,

Which by custome oppresseth nature.

And thus myne auctour, shortly to deuyse,
Seeth glad pouert stãdeth most in sekernes,
And of all euyl he seeth how couetyse
Is rote and ground, with falle extort riches,
Ryot annexed, engendryng long sickenes:
Theron concludyng how moderate diete,
Setteth body and soule in rest and in quiete.

The.xxiii. Chapter.

Howe Euagora kynge of Cypre, was by Artaxerses outrayed and put from hys kyngdome.

Folowing i order ỹ processe of Bochas,
As he remembreth next in his writyng
To him appered rehersed thus ỹ caas,
Euagora that was of Cypre kyng,
Hys eyen derked by manyfolde wrytyng:
Bycause he had lost that riche lande,
Which he tofore had cõquered w̃ his hande.

This lande of Cypre as made is mencion
Of diuers metals is passyngly habounde,
Hath of ryches great plenty and foyson,
And of this citie lyke as it is founde,
It stãdeth farre south w̃ many hilles rounde,
And hath also many commodities,
Within the boundes of townes and cities.

Touchyng this Cypre I can no more say,
Of whiche lande Euagora was kyng,
Tyll he gan proudly for to warrey
With Lacedemons their partie lustynyng,
Gayne Artaxerses, and at their metyng
The sayd Euagora was brought to vttraũce
Put fro his kingdome & fro al gouernaunce.

The.xxiiii. Chapter.

Howe Theo kynge of Egypt, by Artaxerses was driuen from hys kyngdome and fledde into Araby.

Next Euagora came kyng Theo
Of all Egipt longe tyme possessour,
And to John Bochas gã declare his
How fortune dyd her frowarde labour, (wo,
And fro hym drewe her frendshyp & fauour:
And sodainly through her iniquite,
She cast this kynge downe fro his royall see.

She lyst her malyce from hym nat differre,
Ne would not suffer hym for to lyue in pees,
But caused hym for to begynne a werre
Agayne the sayd myghty Artaxerses:
Wenyng therby to haue had great encrees,
Gadred shyppes and made a great armee,
In his entent to haue met hym on the see.

To Lacedemons he was fauourable,
Sent them vessels stuffed with vitayle,
Dempt of pride that hym selfe was able
With Artaxerses to holde a battayle:
But hasty trust doth fooles often fayle,
For this Theo was after anone ryght
Dryuen out of Egipt and yput to flyght.

Artaxerses pursued hym so sore
Tofore hys face he durst nat appere, (more,
Fledde into Araby, myne auctour sayth no
Banished from Egipt, deedly of face & chere:
And of hys fate who so lyst to lere,
He was depriued from kyngly dignite,
And by fortune cast from his royall see.

The.xxv. Chapiter.

Howe Impnta of Macedone kyng, had by Erudice hys wife, Alysandre, Perdica, and Philyppe, that were slayne.

And among other their fates cõplayning
Through fortunes dredefull violence,
There came Impnta, of Macedone kyng,
And to John Bochas shewed hys sentence,
And to declare hys magnificence
To Alysandre, graunde father in his lyfe,
Hauynge four childzen by Erudice hys wyfe.

The fyrst of them was Alysandre called,
And Perdica named the seconde,
The thirde Philyppe in Macedone stalled,
Kyng of Grece lyke as it is founde,
Whiche in ryches greatly dyd habounde,
And was eke father thys noble warriour,
To Alysandre the mighty conquerour.

And or myne auctour further dothe procede,
He maketh a maner of digression
From his matter, like as ye may rede,
And gynneth in order a discription
Of Macedone, the famous region,
Amonge Grekes writeth in especiall,
Of seuen prouinces, it is the principall.

And

And so procedyng he sayth how that countre
Stretches his boundes about hym enuyron
Towarde the see, which called is Egee,
Forthe by Achaya towarde Septentrion,
And to Messene, westwarde it gothe doun:
And who that can by crafte the costes cast,
To Dalmacia the name therof dothe last.

In Macedone he dothe also vs lere
Of Olympus standeth the great mountayne,
And in that kyngdom is many great mynere
Of golde and syluer, lyke as bokes sayne:
And on that hyll is nouther wynde ne rayne,
For thylke mountayne so high dothe attayne,
That it may nouther blow there ne rayne.

The kyng Amynta of whō I spake tofore,
Had in Grece many great battayle
Olympiens in Macedone borne
And Illyriens togyder he dyd assayle,
Through his wisdom he did alway preuayle
But with his enemys whyle he stode in strife
Hys dethe was shapen by Erudice hys wife.

Myne auctour Bochas of her doth diffine,
She imagined his destruction
Bycause she had another concubine,
On whom she set all her affection:
Day set and tyme to hys confusion
Fully ordayned at a mariage,
He to be slayne of one of his linage.

He had a suster called Uryone
Whiche prudently espied the manere
Of Erudice, and secretly alone
Goth to the kyng and tolde hym all yfere:
And as the story in order telleth here,
Though she fayled that daye of her empryse,
She thought to fulfyll it in another wyse.

Thys to meane, of her iniquite
Of her fraude, and falle ymaginyng
She was in cause through her cōtrariouste,
Of the destruction of their myghty kyng:
For the conclusion of her falle worekyng
was to haue slayne the kyng and all his lyne,
She to haue raygned with her concubyne.

But whan she saw she myght nat atcheue
Her furious purpose by none auenture,
Her venomous malice vpon her lord to preue
On other parties she dyd her busy cure,
Enmytees and mischeues to procure
Agayne the kynge by mortall fell assayes,
With sorow & trouble for to shorte his dayes.

Night and day hys lyfe stode euer in drede,
Hym to betraye she cast out hoke and lyne,
And who is he that can or may take hede,
Frely to escape, to eschewe, or decline
Malice of women, whan they be serpentine?
Se an example of thys quene Erudice,
Voyde of all vertue, and full of euery vice.

Alas no prince can be ware by other,
To bridel their nobles with reynes of reson:
Such as commit, alas bothe shyp and rother
Unto Sirenes to row them vp and doun
Throughout Caribdis to theyr destruction,
By craft of Cyrces alas they wer made nice
Blynde to remembre vpon thys Erudice.

Which made Aminta to liue i sorow & drede,
To rest in peace suffered him to haue no space
In thought & trouble his lyfe gan he lede,
Tyl by long procesle deth gan hym manace,
Yet or he died fortune gaue hym grace,
His eldest sonne by wisdome to ordayne,
Called Alysandre hys crowne to attayne.

Thus Alisandre was hys successour,
For Cathynenses gan their rancour lete
Agaynst hym, for he wyth great labour
By theyr sufferauuce came to hys royall sete:
And for to set hys realme in quiete
First with Athenes the myghty strong toun,
Prouided a peace, of hie discretion.

And for to auoyde all ambiguite
Of olde debates, and of olde outrage,
First he sent into that strong cite
His sonne Philippe, yong and tender of age,
On peace assured to lye there for hostage,
And in that citye, the story beareth witnes,
He gan to grow vnto full hye nobles:

He was committed vnto the discipline
Of a great duke called Epaminondon,
Which to all vertue his youth made encline:
For of this duke Justine maketh mencion,
By a maner recommendacion
Tofore nor after as by hys auyse,
Was neuer no prynce more excellent nor wise

Fyrst he commendeth hys vertuous corage,
Hys hye noblesse, hys vertuous excellence,
And by discent he borne was of hye linage,
And in two thynges concludeth his sentence:

Sayeth that he was of moſt magnificence,
Egall to Mars by famous chiualry,
And ſonne to Phebus thzough hye philoſophy

And Rochas here doth hys ſtyle auaunce
Ful notably, with excellent langage,
And ſayth no treaſour atteyneth in ſubſtaũce
To thylke richeſſe, auoydyng all outrage:
As when there is by bonde of mariage
Knyt vp a knot atwene excellence
Of famous knighthode, & of dame pzudence.

This knot auaileth moze than golde in cofer,
And is moze glozious perpetually to abyde:
A mighty pzince ought be a Philoſopher
Whiche can by pzudence al vices ſet aſyde,
Foz whan to manhode pzouidence is gyde,
And vertuous foꝛce is captayne in the werre,
Let men well truſt that partie may not erre.

This Epaminonda of knighthod ſuſtenour,
Carbuncle of vertue as bokes tell con,
Of gentel maners called the famous flour,
And of high nobleſſe a very wozldly ſon,
Whoſe knyghtly triumphes be ſo high vp ron
To Martes palais, with the bleſſed ſouns
Of famous trumpettes & golden clariouns.

Foz he was called the bzight myzrour
Of rightfull quarelles the partie to ſuſtene,
Of extozt wzonges moſt iuſt reformatour,
Aye egall iuge of entent moſt clene: (ane,
Whiche neuer coude nothing but truth mea-
Wolde of cuſtome foz hate noz aliaunce,
On nouther partie decline the balaunce.

And to commende hys vertuous pzoweſſe,
Hys pzoued triumphes, hys magnanimite,
Hys marciall actes, hys knyghtly bulyneſſe,
In the gettyng of many ſtrong eyte,
And all his labour was foz the commonte:
Which to augment he woulde neuer ceace,
Such ioy he had the common wele tencreace.

Thys was alſo hys vlaunce euermoze,
What euer he gate to part it in largeſſe:
Of golde noz coyne he ſet but lytle ſtoze,
Foz all his heart was ſet on gentleneſſe,
By manly fredome, and playnly to expzeſſe,
He ſpared no good, it ſhewed well in dede,
Hys true ſeruauntes to helpe in theyz nede.

He kept nat in cofers hys treaſour,
Of his nature he was ſo liberall
Foz to releue eche manly ſoudiour,
Suche as were pzeued in actes marciall,
And foz to holde hys feeſt funerall,
After his dethe, his ſtozie maketh mynde
He was ſo fre, he left nothyng behynde.

All his offices and famous dignities
And great empzyſes in hys tyme wzought,
Encreſed kꝛãchiſes thzough Greece i his cities
With liberties by hys pzudence out ſought
Foz common pzofit, and foz him ſelfe nought:
With great augmenting of ſtrãge teritozies,
All this came in by meane of his victozies.

And amonge all hys knyghtly excellences,
By diuers auctours vnto mynde is bzought
How all hys lyfe he ſtudied in ſciences,
And vpon connyng ſet holy hys thought:
By manly pzoweſſe of dethe he fered nought,
That was ſhewed as it is well founde,
The day whã he receyued his dethes woũde.

He was home bozne vnto hys pauillion,
All his armour with bloude ſtayned reed,
And on a couche by his men layed downe,
And gan abzayde as he lay halfe deed:
Sirs (quod he) of one thyng take heed,
Hath any enemy thys daye in the felde
When I was wounded, taken vp my ſhelde?

And when hys knyghtes had tolde hym nay,
By a maner of knyghtly reioyſyng
He them commaunded without moze delaye
To his pzeſence that they ſhould it bzyng,
And therupon full pitouſly lokyng,
Full lyke a knyght and with moztall chere,
He kyſſed it, and ſayde as ye ſhall here.

Thou were my felow in armes & my bzother
That neuer wouldeſt my felowſhyp foꝛſake,
Sure & abyding, ther was nat ſuch another,
In euery iourney that I dyd vndertake:
To me welcome an ende I muſt nowe make,
After my deth my ſoule ſhall haue pleſaunce,
The to be kept yet foz a remembzaunce.

Afoze hys deth (as it is put in mynde)
The ſame hour it came to hys memozie,
To enquire he left it nat behynde,
Haue we (quod he) this daye had victozie?
Oz in the felde who hath ỹ palme of glozie?
His knightes he pzayed ỹ day he ſhould dey,
The playne trueth they would to hym ſey.

And

And they hym tolde playnly all the caas,
How his partie had wonne the feld of night,
And with that wozde he so reioysed was
That he hys spirite yelde vp anone ryght,
And so he died lyke a wozthy knyght:
In whō is shewed what auayleth in sentence
Nobles of knighthode, toyned w̄ prudence.

And by the meane of hys wyle doctrine
Philyppe that laye with hym in hostage,
Gan encreace in knyghtly discipline,
He wext in vertue ryght as he wext in age,
Whose father was by furions outrage,
(Called Alysandze) as make is mencion,
Slayne by hys mother by false traylon.

After whose dethe Perdicca in dede
The yonger bzother, the stozy doth deuise,
To the crowne gan lintally succede,
Slayne anone after in full cruell wyse:
Suche falsemurder euery man shuld agrise,
As ye haue herde first of Amynta,
Of Alysander, and of kyng Perdicca.

The.xxvi.Chapter.

☞Howe the proude tiraunt Aman was hanged, and the innocent preserued.

The horrible fall furious foz to rede,
That foloweth after of ỹ great Aman,
I ful false tyzaūt foūd in wozd & dede,
And was of byzth a Macedonian.
Which as the bible full well reherse can
Was chefe maister (who can well conscerne)
With Assuerus hys people to gouerne.

He was exalted hye in pzyde
To goddes people most contrarious,
Hys hatefull benym he lyst nat foz to hyde,
But lyke a tiraunt most malicious
Of wylful rancour fell and dispitous,
Fully disposed, and coud him nat withdzawe
To destroy the Jewes and theyz holy lawe.

To hys entent he gate auctozitie
By hys subtell false compassyng,
Sent out letters into eche countrie
Thzugh al Perce by biddyng of the kyng
That hye and low within the land dwellyng
No wight except, that people all abont
Should vnto Aman obey, knele, and lout.

Thys was the byddyng of kyng Assuere
Whan quene Vasty was voyded foz her pzide
And Hester chosen a mayde most entere,
Was bzought to court with ỹ kyng to abyde
Which had in youth foz to be her gyde
A wozthy Jewe, called Mardoche
Within Sulis a fayze large cite.

By whose counsaile euery thyng she wzought
Passyng fayze, and of great meketnesse,
And when the Enuhes to ỹ king her bzought
She was accepted foz her great fayzenesse
Unto hys grace, her stozye beareth witnesse:
And there cherished in especiall,
Aboue all the maydens in the court royall.

And of all Perce she was crowned quene,
A pees commaunded thzough al tho regions,
Duryng the feast that men might sene
The kynges nobley in cities and touns,
And of thys feast the ryche royall souns
Came to the eares of simple Mardoche,
Whiche came with other the maner foz to se.

Tofoze the palays as he dyd abyde
With other Jewes in hys company,
Of happe as he cast hys eare aside,
He of two pozters the counsaile dyd espy,
How they them cast by false conspiracie
To slee the kyng, some day of the yere,
Like their entent whan they foūd best leisere.

Whan Mardocheus pzudently gan sele
The secrete malice of theyz compassyng,
Of compassion he would it nat concele,
But made Hester discure it to the kyng:
Wherof conuict they were led to hangyng,
As me semeth a competent guerdone
Foz all that falsely ymagine suche treasone.

By which meane the sayd Mardoche
Was wel accepted to the kyng Assuere,
Lykely also to stande at liberte
Out of the malyce and fell daungere
Of cursed Aman, which made hym no chere:
But compassed in full fell manere,
Hym to distroy and Jewes all yfere.

Thys Mardocheus the Byble tell can,
Withdzew hym selfe to do reuerence
Unto thys tyzaunt this frowarde Aman,
Lyke as the statute cōmaunded in sentence:
Whiche thing tauenge by frowarde violence,
This Aman made of hatrede to be set

Afore the palais, a myghty stronge gybet.

But who that cast hym to do vengeaunce,
And innocentes for to oppresse with myght,
And wylfull malice, tagrege theyr greuaunce
As God were blynde & had of them no syght,
But at the last he wyll of very ryght
Punysh the proude for furious violence,
The poore suppostyng for theyr patience.

As Mardocheus by innocent lyuyng
By meane of Hester, and her great mekenes,
Accepted was to Assuere the kyng,
The lawe of Jewes let in more sureness:
Froward de Aman for hys cursednes
Uengeable of pride (in the bible ye maye see)
Was hye enhanged vpon a galowe tree.

Mardocheus of prudence and reason
The furious daunger of Aman set aside,
Preserued hys people fro destruction
The tyraunt hanged for hys frowarde pride:
Thus can our lorde hys iudgementes deuide
When he seeth tyme, most mighty & puissaũt,
Support the simple & punyshe the tyraunt.

The .xxvii. chapter.

Of the two brethren Artaxerses and Cyrus, and howe Artaxerses slew his children and concubines, and howe they ended.

After the fall of Aman doubtles,
Whé he best wed to haue be i his flours,
Tofore John Bochas came Artaxerses,
Most renomed in his time of conquerours:
Which gan declare his sodeyn sharpe shours,
With all the parcels of his mortal payne,
Which that fortune agayne him gan ordayne

This Artaxerses, as put is in memorye,
All other prynces excelled in rychesse,
Whiche in hys chare famous of glorye,
And with hys trone of worldlye hye noblesse,
Sate in his tyme (the story beareth wytnesse)
Highest exalted ꝑ was of any kyng, (thynge
That he shoulde fall was it nat an vncouth

Kynges he had vnder his obeysaunce,
An hundred, prouinces, twentie & eke seuen,
Son vnto Dary, prince of moste puissaunce,
His fame drede more than fyry seuen:
None so mighty vnder the starred heauen
Accompted was that tyme in warre and pees
As was this kyng called Artaxerses.

He had a brother that named was Cyrus,
Out of one stocke came theyr bothe lynes,
But Artaxerses (the story telleth thus)
Was lorde of grayues, of oyle, and of wines
And had also by diuers concubines
An hundred children, lyke as it is tolde,
And fiftene ouer, tofore or he were olde.

Of bothe brethren the power lasi farre,
Duryng theyr tyme stode in full hye estate,
yet atwene them was ful mortall warre,
Agayne nature, an vnkyndly debate:
For thylke warres be most infortunate
Whan blode ẅ blod (let no man deme other)
Lyst warrey, as brother agaynst brother.

And finally cause why thys warre gan
Atwene these brethren as made is mencion,
Through whiche debate died many a man,
The grounde of all and first occasion
Was onely thys, for succession:
After kyng Dary reigning in Perce & Mede
Whiche of them twayne shoulde next succede.

But Artaxerses by a maner prouidence
Put his brother priuely in prison,
That he ne should make no defence
Nor gather people to hys destruction:
This yonge Cyrus, as made is mention,
Was fast stocked and eke as it is tolde,
That his stockes and fetters were of golde.

And though it be nat remembred in Bochas
Howe that Cyrus escaped fro pryson,
Yet also soone as he delyuered was
Through Perce & Mede rydyng vp & doun,
He gadered people, of entention
Through olde hatred hys brother tassayle,
The felde assigned, they mette in battayle.

Wher Cyrus proudly put hym selfe in prees
To shewe hys manhode in speciall,
Sought his brother called Artaxerses,
And gaue to hym a wounde ful mortall,
Without frendshyp or fauour fraternall:
That Artaxerses his wounde gan so ake,
Constrayned was the felde to forsake.

And Cyrus than furious as a Lyon
Hys aduersaries gan mortally to wake,
But false fortune full of collusion

Under faynt ſmilyng a mow gan him make,
Whiche cauſed, alas, ꝙ he that day was take,
Afore ywounded it woulde be none other,
And then preſented to his vnkynde brother.

And though this Cyrus had afore be found
Yonge, freſhe, luſty, and manly of his honde,
By the conſtrayne of his mortall wounde,
He dyed anone for he no ſuccour fonde:
Than the two kingdomes win Perce londe
Fyll to the handes of Artaxerſes,
In whiche after he liued longe in pees.

Thus a great ſpace like a mighty kyng
In Perce he helde vnder his obeyſaunce,
By famous nobles full gloriouſly chinyng,
Hauyng of riches moſt fullſom abundaunce:
And as it is put in remembraunce,
To more encreaſe of his proſperitie,
In true wedlocke he had ſonnes thre.

The fyrſt of them called Darius,
Irobratus named the ſeconde,
And the thirde named was Othus,
Manly princes, like as it is founde:
And of nature lyke as the kyng was bound,
Unto Dary, as made is mencion,
Aboue echone he had affection.

And for he dempt him able to the warre
By likelyhode, of yeres yong and grene,
He caſt fully his nobles to prefarre
Of hye prudence, thus he dide mene,
His impotence to ſuppoꝛt and ſuſtene:
For he was feble in Perce to raygne alone,
He ſet vp Dary with him in his trone.

Whiche was a thing ſtraunge & contrarious
Agayne the cuſtome of Perciens vſaunce,
But he ſuppoſed his ſonne Darius
Shoulde in ſuche caſe encreaſe and aduaũce
His fathers party, of naturall attendaunce,
And ſhew vnto him trouth and kyndnes,
His impotence to cheryſhe of gentlenes.

But in eſtates oft it dothe thus fall,
Whan that princes be runne farre in age,
Their childrens loue ayen the dothe appall,
Shewyng no frendſhyp ſaue for auauntage,
How that they may reioyce their heritage:
And in ſuche caſe whan they were ſtronge,
Thinke their fathers liue all to longe.

And Artaxerſes ſtode in the ſame caas,
As in the ſtory playnly ye ſhall fynde,
By rehearſayle and writyng of Bochas,
How this Dary was falſe and eke vnkynde,
Forgetfull, and had nothing in mynde
How his father, the trouth to reherce,
Hath made hi equal wt him to raign in Perce

And to declare the firſt occaſion,
To his father how the ſayd Dary
By a falſe maner of rebellion,
Gan in his worſkyng for to be contrary,
Whiche to diſcure I wyll no lenger tary:
But wyth my penne in all haſte procede,
Here to diſcriue how it fell in dede.

Artaxerſes among hys concubynes
It is remembred how that he had one,
Whiche for to reken wyues and byrgynes,
Was fayreſt holde of them euerychone,
Called Arthalia of full yore agone:
And was that tyme, her beauty to diſcryue,
Among the Perciens the fayreſt holde alyue.

And though ſhe were yrun farre in age
Lyke as bokes lyſt of her exyreſſe,
Both of colour and alſo of vyſage
She kept her beauty, & her natyfe freſhenes,
Whyche was afore for her ſemelines
To the ſayd Cyrus briefly to termyne,
Choſe long afore to be his concubyne.

But whan thys Cyrus was paſſed into fate
Which for his brother might not liue in pees,
Anone vpon wythout lenger date
She was take vp for kyng Artaxerſes,
Becauſe ſhe was of beauty pearles,
After long tyme when he fell in age,
She claymed was by title of heritage

Of kyng Dary by hys fathers lyue,
Fayning his clayme by ſucceſſion,
And though his father agayn it dyd ſtryue:
And thus began, as made is mencion,
Of their debate the fyrſt occaſion:
For Dary caſt all be he bare it ſtyll,
Her to reioyce agayne hys fathers wyll.

And to accomplyſhe falſely his entent
Of her to haue full poſſeſſion,
To affore his party he made thys argument
Cyrus (quod he) as made is mencion
Raygnyng in Perce that mighty region,
And this ſtory dothe playnly determyne,
For her beuty made her hys concubyne.

And after time whan Cyrus was dede
Artaxerses his father ye may se,
Next him succeadyng in Perce it is no drede,
Lyst her to clayme eke for her great beauty:
And so (quod Dary) she longeth now to me
Because she is so pleasaunt to my syght,
By succession I will her clayme of ryght.

Thus kyng Dary to his father sayde
He would haue Arthasia the fayre,
And therwithall Artaxerses gan abrayde
And aunswered with face debonayre:
My sonne (quod he) I will not be contrayre
To thy desire, but of affection,
Deliuer her to thy possession.

Of his promise he after gan repent
Cast hym to make another cheuisaunce,
And secretely his concubine he sent
Called Arthasia (as made is remembraunce)
And through his sleyghty purueyaunce,
Unto the tẽple, such meanes he hath sought,
Of great Appollo ẏ she in haste was brought

Where she was veyled & made a professe
After the rites, playnly and the gyse
Of olde panyms, by a maner holines,
And there professed for to do seruice
As their statutes constrayne and deuise:
During her life it might none other be,
She bounde was to liue in chastite.

This thing was wrought by compassyng
Of Artaxerses by frowarde ielosy,
Wherof Dary the ponge lusty kyng
Wert almost wode whan he did it espy,
And gan compasse of melancholy
Furious rancour, and hasty cruelte,
Upon his father auenged for to be.

And his party of force to sustene
With him he had (the story maketh minde)
His brethren in dast an hũdred and fifteene,
Which to their father were false and vnkind:
Of all this number were left none behynde
That frõ this purpose ones lyst dissent,
Hys death of one will they al assent.

Yet of this straunge false conspyracy
Artaxerses had a knowledgyng,
Although the story dothe not specify
How, ne by whom he had therof wyttyng:
For whiche in haste he made no taryng,
To gader meyny & make him selfe stronge,
Him selfe to auenge of this disnatural wrong.

For Artaxerses lyke as the case tho stode,
Thought it sate well to his high nobles
To be venged vpon vnkynde bloude,
For lawe, nature, decrees, rightwisenes,
And all statutes dampne vnkyndnes:
Wherby this kyng occasion did finde
Ayen his children, because they were vnkynd.

Some men deme how great multitude
Of many childre maketh a man stronge,
But therupon plainly to conclude,
Vertue is cause if she dwell them among:
But if their corage enclyneth vnto wronge,
And vycious life do their bydle lede,
The greater number the worse they do spede

A progeny borne of a cursed lyne,
May through his frowarde false infection,
Outward of trouth though they shyne
Under appearaunce and simulation,
Infect and corrupt all a region:
For it is sayd of full olde langage,
Frute of soure trees take a soure tarage.

This was well shewed in Artaxerses,
That suffred his brother dye at mischefe:
Bledyng his wounde left him helpeles,
Whyche to his name shall euer be repreue,
Thus bloude vnkynde hath euer euil preue,
For all the children fro his stocke discended
Were cursed euerichone as here is remẽbred.

Their stocke was fyrst contagious of nature,
The greses frowarde were great in number,
Whiche of assent did their busy cure
By false treason their father to encomber:
But there is no shade nor no couert vmber
So closely kept namely of false gyle,
But the venym wyll shew out some whyle.

And thus the death contagiously conspyred
Of Artaxerses sythe ago full yore,
Wheron to auenge his hart was so fyred
Of furious yre and vnkyent so sore,
That he not could defarre it now no more:
But with his meyny fyll on them anone,
Or they were ware, & slew thẽ euerychone.

He slough also all hys concubynes,
That wer their mothers of whõ I told tofore
Suffred none to liue of their lynes,
So of ẏ lynage he hath the wede vpshorne:

Found

Founde among all no grayne of good corne,
Conuyct by doome whan they were presented,
To his death how echone they were assented.

His clothes sprent with the vnkynd bloude
Of his chyldren whiche he dyd shede,
After whose death in great mischefe he stode,
And so in sorow his lyfe he did lede,
Dyed after in mischefe and in drede:
Death quyt wt death, & rage with rage,
Lo here the fyne of his vnweldy age.

Lenuoy.

THis tragedy afore declareth here
The great outrage of vnkyndnes,
Betwene two brethrene raignyng both yfere,
In Perce lande, as ye haue heard expresse:
Tyll deuision of all mischefe maistresse,
Can enter in through fraternall hatrede,
Whyche agayn kynd destroyed their kinrede.

The warre arose contagious for to lere,
Throughe all Perce of mortall frowardnes,
Of Cyrus death rehearsyng the manere,
How helpeles he dyed in distresse:
And how the nũber of brethren did thẽ dresse,
To slea their father, the story ye may rede,
Causyng an ende of all theyr whole kynrede.

Kyng Artaxerses with a froward chere
His iniuries and wronges to redresse,
Slough hys childrẽ, their mother eke yfere,
Spared not one of froward cursednes:
By whiche occasion toke a great sickenes,
After dyed in mischefe and in drede,
Causyng an ende of all his whole kynrede.

Lo here a sorowe not particulere,
For through all Perce ran the cursednes,
The croked fame spred bothe farre and nere
Of this vengeable hasty fell woodnes:
The ayre infecting wt slaunderous blacknes,
To shew of vengeaunce the cõtrarious mede
Of bloud vnkynde borne of one kynrede.

Noble princes lift vp your eyen clere,
And consider by great auisenes
The wofull stryues, the odious fell daũgere,
Sowen in kinredes of wilfull straungenes:
Of all rancoure your courage do redresse,
Weyeyng the mischeues folowyng in dede,
Of bloude vnkinde borne of one kynrede.

☞ The ende of the thirde boke.

FRuite of writyng set in Cronicles olde,
Moost delectable of freshenesse in tastynge,
And moste goodlye and glorious to beholde,
In colde and heate lengest abidyng
Chaunge of seasons may do it no hyndryng:
And where so be that men dyne or fast,
The more men taste the lenger it will last.

It doth courages renue agayne & glade,
Whiche may be called frute of the tree of lyfe,
So parmanable that it will neuer fade,
To the fiue wittes greatest restoratyfe:
And to their pleasaūce most chefe confortatife
For of nature whan they be quicke & goode
They of this frute take their naturall foode.

Auctours hereon concluden and eke assent
How that writyng of his kyndly right
Dothe loued persons & likenesses represent
Of frendes absent seuered farre frō syght,
Darkenes of absence is cleared with the light
Thus frute of writyng hath his auauntages,
Of folkes farre of to present the ymages.

Lawe had perished nad be writyng,
Our fayth appalled nere vertue of scripture,
For all religion and order of good liuyng
Taketh their example by doctrine of lecture:
For writing causeth with helpe of portrature
Thinges darked of olde that were begon,
To be remembred with this celestiall son.

God set writyng and letters in sentence
Agayne the dulnesse of our infirmite,
This world to enlumyne by craft of eloquēce
Canon, Ciuyle, philosophy: these thre
Confirmed fraunchises of many strong citee:
Couenaūtes alleged, trouthes of olde assured,
Nad writyng be myght not haue endured.

Diligence chefe tryumphatryce
Of slogardy, negligence, and slouthe,
Eke of memory vpholder and nourryce,
And registrer to suppolayle of trouthe
Hath of olde labour & els were great routhe
Brought thinges passed notable in substaūce,
Onely by writyng to newe remembraunce.

Writyng is cause that hereto is remembred
Lyfe of Prophetes and patriarkes olde,
How the apostles & martyrs were dismembred
For Christes fayth his banner vp to holde:
And writyng sheweth tofore as I you tolde,
Of confessours the great stedfastnes,
And of virgyns the virgynall clennesse.

Like to a tre whyche euery yere beareth frute
Shewyng hys beuty wt blossoms and flours,
Right so the fode of our inward refute
By diligence of these olde doctours,
And dayly frute of their faythfull labours,
Haue our courages fostred and pastured,
By writyng only which hath so long endured

The Epigrames whilom perished had
Of prudent Prosper that was so vertuous,
And of Senecke the tragedies sad
The stratagemes of Vegecius
Rebuke in vyces of noble Persius
If in olde writyng had ben founde a lacke,
These sayd thynges had farre be put abacke.

Writyng caused Poetes to recure
A name eternal, the laurer whan they wan,
In adamant graue perpetually to endure:
Rerorde I take of Vyrgyll Mantuan,
That wrote ỳ armes & prowes of the man
Called Eneas whan he of hygh corage,
Came into Italye from Dido of Cartage.

Thre famous bokes this auctor list compyle,
Eneidos fyrst, whiche that dyd excell
In rethorike by souerayne of style:
He dranke such plenty, this poete as men tell,
Of the stremes ỳ ran downe from the well
Wrought by tho sisters that be in nūber nyne,
Prowes of knighthode most clerely to termin

For in that boke he cast not for to fayle
With voyce melodious to discriue aryght,
The great conquest of Rome and of Italye
Wrought by Enee the manly troyan knyght,
Whose verse notable gaue so clere a lyght
Through all the world as in Rethorike
That among poetes was none to hym lyke.

He wrote also this poete wyth hys hande
By humble style other bokes twayne,
One of pasture, the next of tylthe of lande,
The verse cōueyed wt fete of meters playne:
By which thre labours a palme he did attain
To make hys name through dities dilectable
Aboue poetes to be most commendable.

Writyng of poetes hath set wtin his clos
Cōquest of knyghthode, their triūph & renoūs

Read

Reade in Ouide Metamorpholeos
The great wonders, the transmutacions,
The morall menyng, ỹ vncouth conclusions
His boke de Ponto, and wyth great diligence
Full many a pistle cõplaynyng for absence.

Of craft of loue a boke he hath compyled
Wherof Cesar had full great disdayne,
Whyche was cause that he was exiled
To abide in Ponto and neuer turne agayne:
And yet he did his labour in certayne
In hope of grace his wittes to apply,
To write a boke of loues remedy.

Writyng of olde with letters aureate,
Labour of poetes doth hyghly magnify,
Recorde on Petrarke in Rome laureate
Whiche of two fortunes wrote the remedy:
Certayne egloges and his colmography,
And a great conflyct whiche men may se,
Of his quarelles within hym selfe secre.

He wrote seuen psalmes of great repentaũce,
And in his Affryke commended Scipion,
And wrote a boke of his ignorraunce
By a maner of excusation:
And set a notable compylacion
Upon the life called solitary,
To which this world is froward & contrary.

Thus by writyng he gate him selfe a name
Perpetually to be in remembraunce,
Set and registred in the house of fame,
And made epistles of full high substaunce,
Called Sine titulo: & more him self to auaũce
Of famous women he wrote the excellence
Gresylde preferryng for her great pacience.

Writyng also remembred hath how Troy
Destroyed was sithe gone many a yere
The death of Ector chefe pyller of their ioye
And for the party of Grekes wrote Omere,
Whiche in his writyng was particulere:
For to Achilles that wrought al by fraude
Aboue Ector he gaue a singuler laude.

Writyng causeth the chapelet to be grene
Bothe of Esope and of Juuenall,
Dauntes labour it dothe also sustene
By a report very celestiall,
Songe among Lumbardes in especiall,
Whose thre bokes the great wonders tell,
Of heuyn aboue, of purgatory, and of hell.

Men by writyng knowe the myracles
Of blessed sayntes and of their holines,
Medicyne, salue, and eke obstacles
Geyne mortal woundes & great sickenes
Recreation and solace in distres
Quiet in labour, in pouerte pacience,
And in riches vyght, trouth, and conscience.

Shortnes of lyfe and forgetfulnes,
The wytte of man dull and aye slydyng,
Negligence and frowarde ydlenes,
Echone stepmother to science and cunnyng,
That I dare say nad be for writyng
Onely ordeyned for our aduauntages
Dead were memory and mind passed of ages

And thus in chefe the causes afore tolde
Meuyng the hart of Bochas to writyng,
And to remembre by many stories olde
The estate of prynces in chares high sittyng,
And for vyces their vnware fallyng:
Geuyng example as I affyrme dare,
Of false fortune how they shall beware.

His first thre bokes be full clere myrrours
Fully accõplished as Bochas vndertoke,
The cause of fallyng of many conquerours
Onely, for trouth and vertue they forsoke:
For which min auctor toward his fourth boke
Gan charpe his pen to his eternall fame,
Onely by writyng to get him selfe a name.

Myne auctour Bochas that so much coude,
Beginneth here to make a procesſe
Again the outrage of prynces ỹ were proud,
Which wer brought low for their frowardnes
And notablye remẽbreth that mekenes
Whiche standeth whole in one & doth cõtune,
Is aye franchised from daunger of fortune.

But he in maner doth recapitle agayne
The fall of many that sate in hye stages,
How they for vyces stode aye in no certayne:
Came to mischefe for their great outrages
Remembryng first of Pryam the domages
How he lost sceptre and regalty
For susteynyng of false auoutry.

The fall rehearsyng of Astyages
That gaue his daughter whilom in mariage
To one that was called Cambises,
A pore man borne of lowe lynage:
For he should haue none auauntage

In

Brother Brother

The Prologue.

In no maner nether in right ne wrong
By rebellion agayne him to be strong.

For me tofore had hada vysion
How there should one proceede of his lyne,
Whiche should him put out of his region
And cause him in mischefe for to fyne:
But yet fortune could him vndermyne
That all his wisdome stode in none auayle,
For agayne god preuayleth no counsayle.

It nedeth not his story to reherce,
Nor the maner of his vnhappy chaunce,
Nor the fallyng of Cyrus kyng of Perce,
Nor of kyng Tarquin for his misgouernaūce:
Though Bochas here put thē in remēbraūce,
For as me semeth it were a thing in vayne
A thyng ones tolde to tell it new agayne.

And he list not now to be retcheles
New agayne to make rehearsayle
Of the kyng called Artaxerses,
Sithe it is tolde what should it more auayle
But he proceadeth strayght vnto Itayle,
To their stories and beginneth here,
At Marchus Manlius a romayn cōsulere

☞ The ende of the Prologue.

Howe Marcus Manlius vvrought and dyd for Rome towne, and at the last he was by the commons cast into Tybre, and there drowned.

The fyrst Chapter.

Whilome in Rome there was a great lynage
Called Manlyes of renomed noblesse,
And of that stocke, ryght fayre in his yonge age,
Came this Marcus, the story doth wytnesse:
Which by proces for his worthynesse
Was thre tymes by iust election,
Made Consuler of that worthy toun.

Which to the commons greatly dyd auayle:
Ye diuers tymes for the townes ryght
Faught in his dayes many stronge battayle,
And aye preuayled through his great might:
And in the felde by a synguler fyght
Outrayed hys enemye, lyke as it is tolde,
And toke from hym a ryche bye of golde.

Torques in Latyn in Englysche is a bye
A cercle of golde which that Marcus wan,
Brought it home through his chiualrye:
And of Torques he was called than
Marcus Torquatus, & thus the name gan
He to be called the story telleth vs,
Amonge Romayns Torquatus Manlius.

And he woulde ofte ieopart good and lyfe,
For the citie, entre the felde alone,
And there conquered for a prerogatife
Sondrie crownes with many a ryche stone:
Wan tunicles of golde many one,
For thylke tyme for dyuers hyghe empryses
Were crownes made, in many sondry wises.

For as Aul. Gellius maketh mencion,
Ther wer in Rome deuised strange crowns
For suche as had foughten for the toun,
Ty for their labour receyued theyr guerdons:
By a prerogatiue called champions,
Which sondry tymes of manhode & of might,
Ieoparded theyr lyues for the townes ryght.
Like theyr deserte ỹ crownes toke theyr names,
For some of thē wer called Triumphal,
Youe vnto knyghtes for theyr noble fames:
Other also called Obsidionall (ral,
In Romayne tonge, & some ther were Mu-
Ese other twayne Nauall and Castrence,
And all they were of great excelence.

The triumphall made were of golde
Offred in triumphes to worthy emperours,
Set with saphyrs and rubies manyfolde,
Upon the hedes of myghty conquerours:
And whan Rome was chynyng in his flours
That crowne called vī braches burned fayre
In theyr bulgar the Aureate coronayre.

The Obsidionall of whiche I spake tofore,
Deuised were as bokes specifye, (core
Crownes notable wrought lyke greyne or
Youe vnto prices which through their chiual-
Relcued sieges, and saued the partye: (rye
Of them that were closed streyte within,
Through their prowes a crowne for to win.

Another crowne that called was Murall,
Was geuen and graunted by the emperour
To hym that first wan vpon the wall
At any siege, and there abode the shour
Fightyng alone in hope of some succour:
And he that might suche a brunt sustene,
Shuld of Laurer weare a crowne of grene.

Nauall crownes whilom were ordayned
For them that fought manly on the see,
When their shyppes were togeder cheyned:
Ye that of manhode and marciall surete
Upon his enemyes made first entre
Receyue shoulde in all the peoples syght,
Forue lyke a rother, a crowne clere & bryght.

The crowne next which called is Castrence,
Was geuen of custome to ỹ manly knyght
That list auaūce hī through his magnificence,
Hostes assembled ieopart woulde of myght

Tofozne all other entre into fyght:
Shoulde ebe receyue his nobles foz to queme
A ſtarred crowne made lyke a diademe.

The crowne alſo whiche called was Quall
Toke firſt name of ioye and gladneſſe,
Whiche kynges & pzinces in actes marciall
Uſed ſometyme in thyz ioyous nobleſſe,
At ſodayne ſcrimiches of caſuall haſtineſſe:
As when they venquiſhed pzoudly i battaile,
Suche as their highnes vnwarly wolde aſ-
(layle.
And foz they were of power inuincible,
Their noble crownes wer ſeriouſly wzought
Of myzte bzaunches whiche ben imputrible,
Enduryng euer and cozrupt nought:
Foz this wozde Quall, yf it be well ſought
Is ſayde of gladnes as put is in memozie,
Ozdayned foz pzinces after their victozie.

Another crowne called Cyuica
Of oken bowes was made rounde & pleyne,
Ozdayned foz them whiche pzo re publica
Coude in battayle reſcue a citezeyn,
And ſle hys enemy that was a fozeyn:
Of mighty oke he ſhould foz manhede
Clayme to weare a crowne vpon his hede.

And lyke as knightes in marciall delytes
Foz common pzofite dyd hem ſelfe auaunce,
So foz theyz noble victozious merites
The Romayne people had a great pleaſaũce,
With ſondzye crownes mercial in ſubſtaunce,
Foz to guerdon their knightes moſt famous,
Wyne auctour recozde called Aul. Gellius.

Amonge other that dyd his buſy payne
Suche crownes manly to recure,
Marcus Manlius in manhod ſouerayne
Put oft his lyfe in moztal auenture:
Foz in hys fozce ſo muche he dyd aſſure,
That he deſerued ful yoze agone
Of theſe ſayde crownes many mo than one.

And to thencreace of his noble fame,
He dyd a thyng bothe manly and deuine,
Wherby that he gate hym a ſurname
To be called Marcus Capitolyne:
Whiche aboue all his names dyd ſhyne,
Whan he alone, wherby he is commended,
The Capitole from enemies hath defended.

Whan they of Fraunce had take the cite,
Put all Rome at miſchefe vnto flyght,
And layde awayte with a great meyne
The Capitole foz to take at nyght,
By a paſſage that laye farre out of lyght,
Under a roche called Carmenton,
Theyz caue entred into the chefe dongeon.

They were chzouded vnder a darke bale
With ozdinaunce, and myghty violence,
Towarde mydnight the wall foz to ſcale,
Moſt couertly them kepyng in ſilence,
Dempt playnly foz lackyng of reſiſtence,
That they ſhoulde maugre tho within
Their hour aſſigned the Capitole to wyn.

But the gees that were within cloſe,
The waker foules by noyſe of theyz cõmynge
Gan beate theyz wynges, & vp anone arole,
Wherby this Marcus in hys bed lyeng
Gan tabzayde and made no taryeng,
Toke his harneſſe moſt furious and wzothe,
And to the walles in all haſt he gothe.

And he that came firſt vpon the wall
Of very fozce without moze taryeng
Downe into Tybze he made hym to fall,
And all hys felowes buſy in ſcalyng
With ſhelde oz pauis oz ladders vp reyſyng,
Thys manly Marke ſhoztly to cõpzehende,
Into the flode made them to diſcende.

Unto the dethe of hym they were abaued,
Foz by his knighthode and his hie renoun
Maugre all them the Capitole he ſaued,
And afterward reſcued all the toun:
Foz the foztune in concluſioun
Which that tyme dyd vnto hym fall,
Capitolinus men dyd hym after call.

And foz he was ſo victozious,
Hym ſelfe alone by thys hye victozye,
Thys name he gate to hym and al hys houſe,
Perpetually to be in memozye:
And regiſtred in the conſiſtozye,
In theyz cronicles hys name determined,
With golden letters to be enlumined.

And the gees of whome I ſpake alſo,
That ſo well kept watche vpon the nyght,
Ytake were and offered vnto Juno
Solempnely with great tozches lyght:
To whome alſo it graunted was of ryght
Whan a famine made theyz ſtoze to fayle,
They ſpared were and take foz no vitayle.

And thus was Marke a myghtye cõquerour
Worschypped in Rome, all beyng of assent,
But whan some folke be set in great honour
Sõtime it happeth they hold thẽ nat content,
With couetyse their hertes be so blent:
Fro sufficiaunce aboue theyr degrees
To surmonte to higher dignities.

This Manlius was fret in his corage
To greater worschyp sodaynly to assende,
Deminge so to haue had auauntage
And in him selfe gan frowardly pretende
In that cite all other to transcende,
Beside triũphes which wer to him reserued,
Higher to climbe than he hath deserued.

But there was one as made is mencion
Called Camillus a lord of great substaunce,
Which in the cite and in that mighty toun
Aboue all other had the gouernaunce:
And as it is put in remembraunce,
To his greatnesse no man might attayne,
Tye whole noble s Marcus gan disdayne.

In his hert he had a great enuy,
Whiche caused hym by outrage for to erre
Agaynst Camyllus, which for hys chiualry
The towne gouerned both in peace & werre:
And for Marcus would hym selfe preferre
Aboue that prince in worschyppe and honour,
First of the people he gate hym great fauour.

And by a maner of conspyracye,
He gadered hertes of the commonte,
And drewe also vnto his partye
Great multitude throughout the citye:
And thus arose first the dredfull enmite
Within Rome, the story telleth thus
Atwene these princes Camyll and Manlius.

Thus first the venym atwene hem was sow
Of hasty hatred by false occasions,
Which in the citie atwene hye and lowe
Caused of newe diuers dissencions:
After the vncouth strange opinions,
For euery wight drew to hys partye,
As they were meued in theyr fantasye.

But for to stynt this outragious errour
And these hasty strynes furious,
Agayne fro Tuscan came a dictatour
That tyme called Cornelius Cassus
Which of wisdome blamed Manlius,
For he caused such rancour in the toune,
And for his gylt cõmaunded hym to prisone,

Which was in maner hyndryng to hys name
And appaled in partie hys noblesse,
For a tyme gan to eclipse hys fame,
But afterward the cloude of that derk enesse
By cõmon fauour was turned into clernesse
For as it had be ryght for the nones
In his defence the commons rose atones.

First whan they had among their rumours,
Impd of theyr fell hatefull contencion
Shortly rebuked the worthy senatours,
Because Marcus was set in prison,
Which had bene ay so helpefull to the toun,
Whome to deliuer they many wayes sought
And as I fynd euen thus they wrought.

First they clad them in clothes blacke,
Pale of theyr faces pitously wepyng
Theyr berdes vnshaue & theyr heades slacke,
Lyke furyous men vp and downe runnyng,
To fore the prison all the nyght waking:
And on hys harmes playnly to be wreke,
They gan manace the prison for to breke.

And for to stynt theyr outragious clamour,
The senatours made anone ordayne
To deliuer hym out of hys sojour,
Lose his fetters and to breake hys chayne,
And when he was delyuered out of payne,
He lyst nat stynt of hasty cruelte,
Of proude courage auenged for to be.

And in his furious fel presumpcion,
Maugre the Senate and trybunes echone,
Sayde he woulde gouerne Rome toune:
At whose outrage they gan disdayne anone,
The peoples hertes from hym were agone,
And for his pride they by auysement,
Assigned hym to come to iudgement.

Forsake he was throughout the cite,
Ther came nat one with hym of hys kynred,
He founde no helpe in hys aduersite,
Saue a fewe came with him in dede
Of the commons, ful feble at suche a nede:
And thus (alas) he founde no resistence,
That was veylable to hym in hys defence.

But for succour constrayned, and in drede
Away he put hys clothyng and vesture,
And naked stode verely in dede,
Shewing his woũdes which he dyd endure

At many a ſcrimyche and diſconfiture,
And for reſcuſe to ſpeke in wordes fewe,
The cappytole to them he dyd ſhewe.

And in ſuppoꝛtyng eke of hys quarele
Meuyng the people to rue on hys complaint
Fyꝛſt to his goddes loude he dyd appele
To pꝛeſerue hym of that he was attaynt:
The people abouthim wt teres al beſpꝛaynt,
That the Judges aſtoned were in dede,
Where as they ſate agayne hym to pꝛocede.

But ſecretly he was ledde out of the pꝛees
To a place called Froumentyne,
And there,alas,they were mercyleſs
His dome by rigour fully to termyne:
Spared nouther nobles noꝛ lyne,
Fro the capitole out of the cheſe dongeon,
Low into Tybꝛe foꝛ to be caſt adowne.

Thys was hys ende voyde of all fauour,
Whiche no man woulde redꝛeſſe noꝛ amende,
By cruelte caſte out of that hye towꝛe
Whiche he whilome moſt knightly gan defēd:
But what man can by wꝛityng compꝛehende
The vnſure ſuccour,founde in neceſſite,
To them that labour foꝛ any commonte?

Let men beholde ẏ truſt in woꝛldly thinges,
And namelye they ẏ be pꝛoude and hauteyne
Open theyꝛ eyen,caſt vp theyꝛ lokyngꝛes
To conſider and ſe well in certayne,
Who truſteth foꝛtune his truſt is in vayne:
And yf he lyſt a clere enſample fynde,
Among remēbꝛe on Marcus in your mynde.

What might auayle his nobles in battayle?
Byes of golde.crownes of laurere,
Hys rychе plates oꝛ his vncouth mayle,
Hys myghty cheldes that ſhone ſo clere,
Oꝛ his triumphes longe farre and nere,
Oꝛ hys victoꝛies foꝛ the citye wꝛought,
In hys miſchefe auayled him ryght nought.

The.ii.Chapter.

Here Bochas wꝛiteth in parte agaynſt ſuche as can nat be content with ſuffiſaunce, but vſurpe to high dignities.

HEre John Bochas calleth to memoꝛy
The ſtrāge ſalayꝛe,ẏ famous guerdō
Of them ẏ gate by conqueſt & victoꝛy
Honour and triumphe within Rome toun,
How it was vſed he maketh mencion:
Serioully reherſeth the manere
Which I ſhall wꝛite yf you lyſt to here.

Aduyſe was take firſt of eſtates thꝛe,
Of men of armes whiche that were pꝛeſent
That ſawe in dede the magnanimite
Of hym that ſhall haue it by iudgement,
Of the clergy they muſt haue eke aſſent,
And of the ſenate the people moſt notable,
By pꝛeue ſought out that he were found able.

This pꝛince alſo outher the capteyne
Which ſhal the triūphe receyue of very right,
Within a chare full rychely beſeyne
He ſhalbe ſet of golde burned bꝛyght,
Fret with ſtones,which ſhall geue a lyght
As Phebus doeth in hys myddaye ſphere,
That no derkenes about hym ſhall appere.

Thys heuenly chare ſhall foꝛ moꝛe delyte
To ſhewe thencreaſe of hys knightly glozie,
Be led and dꝛaw with four ſtedes whyte
Thꝛough the citie,in token of his victoꝛie,
And he ſhall haue foꝛ a ſinguler memoꝛie,
In hys ryght hand a palme of gold ful ſhene,
And on his head a crowne of laurer grene.

He ſhal eke haue aboue all hys armure,
Voudꝛed with palmes a cote of purple reed,
In hys left hand hys quareil foꝛ taſſure
A ſtanderde rounde, declaryng his manheed:
And all about ſet vpon the heed,
The pꝛinces armes full rychе of apparayle;
In whoſe quarel he accōpliſhed the battaile.

And of cuſtome the ſayde ſtanderde ſhall
Be richely depeynt with reed colour,
And ſo this knight this man moſt marciall
Shalbe conueyed lyke a conquerour:
And yet foꝛ moꝛe encreace of his honour,
Upon theyꝛ fete his pꝛiſoners echone (gone,
Take by hys manhode aboute his chaꝛe ſhall

The moſt woꝛthy laſt by hys ſyde,
All the remnaunt after,on him lokyng,
Echone of the poetes which in ẏ toun abide
Shal on hym wayte at his home commyng,
Ditees deuiſe and of his conqueſt ſyng,
And ſtrange minſtrelles,to be alſo reꝛdy
Thier inſtrumentes ſhal touche at accoꝛde.

All of entent to geue hym moꝛe courage
To the Capitole ſo he ſhalbe bꝛought,

And

And lest of pryde he fall in none outrage
Nor surquedy within hys owne thought,
The most wretch shal of the town be sought,
Which of custome shal haue a staffe in hande
And in the chare behinde his backe vp stande.

Gnotos Eolytos, in Greke he shoulde seyne,
Whiche in our tonge playnly dothe expresse
Know thy selfe, remembryng in certayne
Upon fortunes frowarde doublenesse,
On whom thou trust may be sykernesse:
And who that douteth where that it be thus,
Let hym remembre the ende of Manlius.

What auayled his triumphes or hys byes,
Crownes of golde, & perled freshe tunicles,
His hygh prowes or all hys chiualryes,
Singler fyghtyng or martiall particles
Newlye remembred or red in olde cronicles:
Peyse his merites, and see now at the last
How into Tybre theyr champion they cast.

To his excuse auayled neuer a dele
Fauour of cõmons, carectes of his woundes,
Nor to the goddes his lamentable appele,
Nor remẽbrauñce of theyr fraũchiled boũdes,
Teritories nor wynnyng of the groundes
Which that he wan vp spendyng of his blode,
All knitte in one to hym no stede they stode.

Here ye maye se how fortune sodaynly
Clerenesse of fame can chaũge to derkenesse,
Glory to reprochе, worshyp to vilany,
And ioye passed to mortall heuynesse,
Swytnesse of fauour into bytternesse,
And sobernesse into furious rage,
And old franchise to thraldome and seruage.

For there was neyther request nor prayere
That auayled to hys delyueraunce,
In cheynes fettred dedlye of loke and chere,
Abode the sentence of his finall gouernaũce,
Pale of face with trimblynge countenaunce,
Whan he alas gan mortal approche
Of Terpeya to the hydous roche.

Of Terpeya thys roche bare the name
After a lady, as made is mencion
Called Terpeya, whiche fell in great defame
Because she was assented to traylon
To haue brought enemies into Rome toun:
Wherof conuict her story is wel knowe
Under that roche she was ydolue ful lowe.

Thys roche also was called Carmentoun
After a woman of great aucthorite,
Called Carmentes which through her hie re-
The Capitole made in that cite, (noun
And she found letters first of our a b c,
And connyng had among her workes all,
Declare afore thyng that shoulde befall.

And on thys harde sturdy roche of stone,
Fro the Capitole Marcus was cast downe,
Other fauour nor frendshyp founde he none,
For all his battayles fought for the towne:
The cõmons hertes were turned vpsodowne,
Whose loue is lyke preued at assay,
A blase of fire now bryght and now away.

The common people may hote and crye fast
As theyr heartes stedfast were and stable,
But at a nede theyr promyse wyl nat last
Of theyr corages they be so remouable,
To folow reason gerysh and vntreatable,
Lyghtly declinynge & that is ful great ruthe
After opinions and nothyng after truthe.

This Manlius was of hys truste disceyued,
Whose lust vnlefull was departed in twayne,
Whan he of pride would haue be receyued
To hygh estate which he myght nat attayne,
Wher through ꝑ senate gan at him disdayne,
And the commons aye false at suche a nede,
Lefte hym in mischefe, & toke of hym no hede.

Lenuoye

In this tragedy mẽ may beholde & se
The perilous domages of false ambi-
Of thẽ ꝑ be nat cõtẽt w̃ their degre (cio
But would vp climbe (lyke theyr opinion)
To hye estate, by vsurpation:
Which nat consydre the sentence of scripture.
In a good meane men longest may endure.

Who that vsurpeth to higher dignite
Than appertayneth to hys condition,
In royall chares for to make hys se,
And hath no tytle of lyne nor of reason,
Through frowarde pride full ofte he is putte
For lacke he seeth nat euery creature (doun,
In a good meane lengest may endure.

Whan Dedalus taught his sonne to flee
He bad hym first of hye discretion,
Fro Phebus hete kepe his wynges fre,
And fro Neptunus colde congelation:

Meanyng hereby, for short conclusion,
That who that lyst with ioy his state assure,
In a good meane he longest shall endure.

Remembre the manhode and magnanimite
Of Marcus Manlyus, which by presūption
Wolde haue gouerned Rome the cite,
Maugre the senate, ruled that mighty toun,
Whiche tourned after to hys confusion:
For he saw nat, such was hys auenture,
In a good meane men longest maye endure.

Some in theyr greatest hygh prosperite,
Of frowarde corage and furious mocion,
In theyr great weale by false duplicite
Haue a maner straunge condition,
Nat to be content with plentie nor foyson:
By a false etyke whiche of theyr nature
In a good meane can nat longe endure.

But in this earth is greatest felicite
In heartes ease, rychest possession
With suffisaunce content for to be,
Of worldly trouble teschewe thoccasion,
Meuyng no quarelles, causyng no discēcion:
Nor cleyme nothyng which hard is to recure,
Sith in a good meane mē longest do endure.

Princes remembre in your most maieste
Enuy of clymbyng causeth deuision,
Be of accord, trust in no commonte,
Whiche at a poynt is but disception:
And specially flee simulation,
Ye maye in Marchus se a playne fygure,
Which for ambicion might no whyle endure.

How God wolde make a translmigracion
Of hys kyngdome, and playnly to reporte,
The lande of Perce to Grekes ful trāsport.

For by kyng Xerxes out of hys countre
Maugre hys treasour hys connyng & myght
This Nectanabus constrayned was to flye,
Durst nat abyde to haue of hym a syght,
But into Grece he drew hym anone ryght:
Nat lyke a kyng, but after olde wrytynges
Lyke a magicien he wrought wōdre thinges

Upon fortune further to procede,
By hys conning he greatly furthered was,
And by hys sleighty worbyng eke in dede
He was acquaynted with quene Olimpyas:
And so secre, playnely thys is the caas,
That openly her men sayd by demyng,
He gate Alysandre the great myghtye kyng.

But how he fled out of hys region,
Of hys ymages nor of hys illusions
Bochas maketh no maner mention,
Nor how he wrought by incantacions,
Nor of hys subtel operations:
Nor how that he lyke a man by nyght,
Whilom apeared in the quenes syght.

Saue of hys deth Bochas writeth nought,
Remembring no tyme nor date
How he and Alisander, togeder haue sought
The course of starres towarde euen late,
Nor how hys sonne, like as was hys fate,
Downe from a brydge by full mortal wrake
Cast hym backward, and so his necke brake.

The.iii. Chapter.

How Nectanabus kyng of Egypt, was by Xerxes constrayned to flye hys kyngdome.

After the fal of Marchus Manlius
Bochas anone gan hys style dresse
Brefely to tell of Nectanabus,
Kyng of Egypt and of hys great rychesse,
Seyng afore in all hys noblesse
By vncouth crafte, how he ne myght chese,
That in all hast his crowne he should lese.

For he was connyng in especiall
And ryght expert as made is mencion,
In all the sciences called liberall,
And knew afore by calculation

The.iiii. Chapiter.

Howe Pausanias duke of Lacedemon was exyled by them of Athenes.

Thys was his end, & after this Bochas
Gan in hast hys style auaunce
Of Pausanias to tel the pitous caas,
And all the maner of hys wofull chaunce:
Whiche was a duke, & had in gouernaunce
Lacedemone there foundyng a cite,
Which of olde tyme was called Bysaunce.

They of Athenes that cite gate with might
And it conquered by theyr chiualry,
And afterwarde were it wronge or ryght
They exyled the same Pausany

And

And thus fortune through her falſe enuy
Cauſed that duke without more delayes
In payne & pouerte for to ende his dayes.

The.v. chapter.

How Heliarchus the tyrant for extorcion and oppreſſion was ſlaine by the knyght Leonides.

After the fall ſothly of theſe twayne,
John Bochas was moued of courage
For to reheatſe with all his buſy payne,
The great fury and the odious rage
Of Helyarchus, whiche by great outrage
Though he ne were famous in chiualry,
He noyed all Perce with his tyranny.

Wherfore Bochas gan at him diſdayne,
Caſt he woulde onely for his ſake
Touche of tyrantes mo than one or twaine,
And by writyng agayn thē a warre make:
And in his hande he gan a penne take,
Tolde in order the perillous peſtilence,
Whiche they wrought by mortall violence.

Firſt he declareth how fortune of right
Againe tyrantes furious and wode,
Hath full cauſe for to ſhew her myght,
To appal their dignities in which they ſtode:
Suche as reioyce for to ſhede blode,
Do nought els but labour and deuiſe,
To ſpoyle the temple in many ſundry wyſe.

And Helyarchus through hys cruelte
And his contryued falſe extorcions,
Was mortall enemy to a fayre citee
Called Heraclye, and many other townes:
And by extort falſe oppreſſions
As the dede concluded at a preſe,
All that countrey he brought to miſchefe.

Turnyng his grace and fauour to hatrede
Mercy, and pitie, vnto crueltie,
Franchiſe of people to ſeruitude and drede,
Oppreſſed their fredome and olde lybertie:
And all their ſtatutes by which they wer fre,
He interrupted of force and not of right,
Whiche made him odious in all mennes ſight.

But to reſtrayne his great extorcions,
Fortune this while was not retchles,
For his horrible abhominacions
She gan to auale him, this goddeſſe mercileſs
By a good knyght called Leonides,
Whiche with a felow borne of that countrye
Caſt on this tyrant auenged for to be.

They dempt it was an almeſſe dede
To ſet their lande in quiete and in eaſe,
Of a tyrant the furious bloude to ſhede,
His importable malyce for to appeſe,
Whyche to their citye did ſo great diſeaſe:
And of aſſent with their ſwerdes kene,
They ſlew the tyrant in their mortall tene.

Of whoſe death many a man was fayne,
And ſpecially of Heraclie the cite,
Dempt it was medefull ỹ he was ſo ſlayne,
To ſet in quyete all a commonte:
Lo here, men may the right full guerdon ſe
Of tyrantes, whiche by their violence,
To oppreſſe the people haue no conſcience.

The.vi. Chapiter.

How the vicious Dyonis kyng of Cycyle ſlewe his brethren and kynrede, and after exiled dyed at miſchefe.

After this tyrant, with a full heauy chere
And countenaunce piteous & lamentable
Unto Bochas Dionys dyd appere,
Whiche in tyranny moſt was importable,
Through his lande hatefull and reprouable:
But for all that he gan myne auctour pray
Of his maners ſumwhat to write and ſay.

Bochas lyſt not rehearſe his lynage,
Nor make no proceſſe of his genealogy,
Becauſe he was with all hys great outrage
Full of all vyces, pryde, and lechery,
Of auarice, of yre, and of enuy:
In Cicyle helde his royall ſee,
At Cyracuſis a mighty ſtronge citee.

Thys Dyonis was curſed of nature,
Moſt malicious both of thought & dede:
For as it is remembred in ſcripture,
He ſlewe his brethren, his coſyns, & kynrede
That he alone in peace might poſſede
Without trouble or interruption,
Of all Cicyle the mighty region.

Among all vyces, Bochas dothe ſpecify,
He gan drawe vnto ydlenes,
Folowed his luſtes of foule lechery,

And oft of custome he fell in dronkennes,
And thought it was most louerain blessednes
Lyke as he had be master of fortune,
To folow his lustes and aye therin contune.

He wart right fatte and right corcious,
And his eyen gan darke of his syght,
That vnneth this man most vicious
Ne myght not well beholde the dayes light,
And of malyce thys tyrant agayne right
With helpe of robbers & of falle foreyns,
Slough of his citie nye all the citezeyns.

His vicious lyfe in order to rehearce
Were contagious to the audience,
His extort pillages done in Grece & Perce
For to write or tell them in sentence,
Would infect the ayre with pestilence:
But I wyll briefelye remember and discriue,
The sacrileges whyche he dyd in hys lyue.

In Uenus temple besyde Cytheron,
A great number of women he dyd call,
Full well belene, and by oppression
He made his meyny vnwarely on thē fall,
Dispoyled them, so that one and all
By hys outrage and frowarde violence,
They naked stode echone in his presence.

And whan he sawe their shape and feytures,
He suche chose out as were to his pleasaunce,
Robbed the other and toke their vestures,
And let them go without ordinaunce:
And for this vncouth abhominable chaunce,
Their city Locroys arose w̄ stronge hande,
For hys outrage banished hym their lande.

In other tyme also he dyd soiourne
Wythin the temple, lyke as it is tolde,
Of Jupiter sonne vnto Saturne,
There beholdyng his relykes manifolde:
Sawe among other a mantyll large of gold,
Wherupon whan he cast hys loke,
That ryche iewel vnto his vse he toke.

And thus he sayde him selfe to excuse,
It was to heauy and to comerous
In somer season that mantyll for to vse,
Bicause it was to large and ponderous:
And ouermore he aledged for hym thus,
Sythe the garment forged was of golde,
For wynter season how it was to colde.

And whan he gan away thys mantel pulle
Than right anone thys tyrant deceyuable,
Gaue hym another lingle made of wulle,
Affirmed sothely it was more conuenable
To other season more mete and agreable:
Cōcludyng thus for somer it was lyght,
And warme for wynter in the colde nyght.

In other tyme this tyrant eke also
Whiche was of hart most auaricious,
Entred ones the temple of Appollo,
And of his sonne Esculapius,
And whan this tyrant fell and contrarious,
Beheide Appollo, beardles that was olde,
And Esculapius with a long bearde of golde,

Quod Dionis than, as semeth vnto me,
Here is a straunge froward cōuenience,
That the father beardles should be,
The sonne bearded standyng in his presence.
Wade anone by sturdy violence
To take away the bearde which in his syght
Of most fyne golde shone so clere and bright.

Through Grece & Perce where he did gone
In all the temples this was his vsaunce,
The stately relyques wyth many ryche stone
And massy tables of full great substaunce,
To take them all that were to hys pleasaūce:
He spared none, thus liuynge lyke a theefe,
Til he by vēgeaūce was brought to mischefe.

Ciraculanes where he was crowned kyng
All of assent, there is no more to sayne,
For his outragious and vicious liuyng
They banished hym, neuer to come agayne:
And so this tyrant vacant went in vaine
About the worlde, lyke a false fugytyfe,
And so at mischefe this Dionys lost his lyfe.

Lenuoy.

This tragedy geueth a warnyng
To all tho that haue domination,
Ouer the people, prince, duke or kyng,
To eschue rauyn and false extorcion:
Let them consider how by the occasion
Of foule pillage, and frowarde tyranny,
This sayd Dionys at mischefe must dye.

First he compassed, falsely ymaginyng
To slea the citizyns of his royall towne,
His brethren, his cosens, his kyn not sparing
Brought all his bloude to destruction:
In slaughter he had suche dilectation,

Reioysyng euer in murder and robberye,
Whiche causeḋ him at mischefe for to dye.

To spoyle temples was his reioysyng
Toke all their treasures to his possession,
Tables of golde w̄ stones freshe shinyng,
Eke fro other gods the relikes he toke doun,
Where euer he rode in any region:
Whose sacrilege and compassed felony,
Causeḋ him vnwarely at mischefe to dye.

In Uenus temple, by recorde of wrytyng,
He did a foule frowarde abusion,
All gentilwomen that came there to offryng
Them he dispoyled as made is mencion,
Let them be naked without exception,
For whiche diffame and great vngentry
He banished was, and did at mischefe dye.

Noble princes remember on this thing,
Compassed malyce and falle collusion
Must haue eupl endyng, & come to rekenyng
Fraude aye w̄ fraude receiueth his guerdon:
Haue this in minde concludyng in reason
That all tyrantes playnly to specify
Hath short lyfe or dothe at mischefe dye.

The.vii.Chapter.

¶The auctoure agayne presumptuous people and princes holdyng them selues as Goddes.

Ye folkes that bene astonyed in your aduyce,
To se Tyrantes that be incorrigible,
Lift from their sees, that thē helde so wise,
Thoughe their power was very inuincible,
yet to fore god nothyng is impossible,
Wherfore remember & do nothyng maruayle
With vnware falles tho fortune thē assayle.

For whan tyrantes be set in hye stages
Of dignities, raygnyng lyke wode lyons,
Full harde it is to wrast their courages,
Other to tempt their dispolicions:
Worldly felicitie so blyndeth their reasons,
As they to god were egall of power,
And had fortune vnder theur daunger.

Recorde of Dionys that oft was afrayed
By assaut of fortune, lyke as was his fate:
For vycious liuyng thre tymes dismayde,
As hys story remembreth of olde date,
Next on the ryng now cometh Pollicrate,
With one Uiturbius tyrantes of Itayle,
Raignyng like wolues to oppresse ỹ porayle.

For whan tyrantes in diuers regions
Of surquedy catche an opinion,
That their estates and dominacions
Shoulde euer endure by longe succession,
As god nor fortune myght put them downe:
But as they were in her estate royall,
Thys worlde to rule to bothe two egall.

Toward god they haue lost shame and drede
Touchyng his guerdōs, other of ioy or payn:
Indifferent atwene trouth or falshede,
Their lust serued nofore who laugh or plain
God is forgotten, and they disdayne
As bothe were reckeymed to their lure,
Falsely transcendyng the boūdes of measure.

For whiche sumtyme (as bokes specify)
God lyst suffer as made is mencion,
That fortune by a maner mockery
Fauoureth some folke, like their opinion
To enhaunce their power by falle deception,
As she were set playnely for to sey,
To serue their lust, and durst not disobey.

¶The.viii.Chapter.

¶Howe kynge Pollicrate for extorcion and tyranny was hanged tyll euerye ioynte fyll from other.

Recorde I take on proude Pollycrate,
Tyraunt of Samos beside the sea Egee
Whiche fore laboured early and eke late,
Agayne conscience, of furious crueltee,
To abound in ryches, and for to haue plentie
Of worldly treasures: demyng ỹ fortune aye,
To his desyres ne durst not say nay.

Fortune to hym by many a diuers signe,
Shewed outward great tokens of pleasaūce,
Was to him eke fauourable and benygne
In all her port, by a maner attendaunce,
As she had ben vnder his obeysaunce
To stuffe his coffers w̄ treasure locked fast,
Of falle entent to mocke him at the last.

All worldly riches hys lustes dyd obey,
And whan he founde she was so fauourable
For a season as she lyst to play,

This

This blinde goddes vnsure and vnstable
Set him so hye vp at fames table,
Of false entent in his estate royall,
Whan he sate highest, she made him to fall.

For in him selfe of pryde he gan to deme
How that he stode most in prosperitie,
Of them that weared crowne or diademe,
Aboue all other in most felicitie:
And thus enhaunced in his royall see,
Thought him egall w goddes in cõmune,
Farre from all daunger of fate or fortune.

And for to attempt of goddes the powere,
And of fortune the variant doublenes,
He toke a ryng of golde full bryght and clere,
Therin a rubye of excellent reednesse,
Seking an occasion of newe heauines:
Whiche neuer afore had know of suche thing,
Into the sea anone he cast his ryng

Dispayred agayn it for to recure,
For he dempt it was an impossible,
But right anone fyshers of aduenture,
Like a maruayle very incredible,
Among the wawes hydous and horrible
Cast in their nettes, if it would auayle,
Takyng a fysshe the ryng in his entrayle.

Whiche was presented at a solemnitie
To Pollicrate with great reuerence,
Whan he sate crowned in his most dignitie
At a feast of famous excellence:
The fysshe vndone, anone in hys presence
Amidde the entrails his keruer found ỳ ryng
Of aduenture, and toke it to the kyng.

Whyche dempt of pryde & hygh presumption,
That Neptunus god of the salt see
Had of his ryng made restitution,
And durst not offende his maiestee:
Wherupon a fantasy caught he
Nether heuely gods, nor fortune blid of sight
Were both vnhardy, to attẽpt ayen his might

His great outrage to god was not vnknow,
And his presumption fortune hath wel spyed:
For which she made aduersitie be her bowe
And of her whele the spokes she hath so gyed,
Wheron he sate most richely magnified,
That he vnwarely from his hye nobles,
Was brought full lowe into great heauines.

In worldly ioye is nothyng more to dzede
Than whan fortune is most blandishyng,
And ỳ her flattery is fret with worldly mede,
Hygh on her whele to make foles syng,
Than of her nature sorow she dothe bryng:
Wytnes of prynces of olde or new date,
And recorde also of proude Pollicrate.

Sometyme he sate hye on fortunes whele
Of prosperitie with beames clere shynyng:
Whose temple is made of glasse & not of stele,
His castel ise, vnwarely dissoluyng:
Though it be freshe outwarde in shewyng
Unsure to stande on, and bryttel for to abyde,
Who trusteth most most lykely is to slyde.

The gerysshe quene of chere & face double,
Wythdrewe her fauour and began to vary
Fro Pollicrates, & set hym in great trouble,
Wext agayne hym maliciously contrarye,
Causyng Orontes cunstable w kyng Dary,
Maugry this tyrant, in hys most crueltie,
To gyn a warre on Samos the citye.

And whan his glory was most clere of lyght,
And hys nobles shone hyghest at the full,
Fortune gan through her changeable myght,
Of his prosperitie the fethers for to pull:
And than at erst his courage gan to dull,
And all his pryde vnwarely for to appall,
Whan he was spoyled of his ryches all.

First whan Orontes his countrey gan assaile
This Pollicrate of sodaine auenture
Outrayed was, and taken in battayle
By a full perillous mortall disconfiture:
Thus fortune couilde brynge him to her lure
Through her vnware bgly false disdaynes,
Led into pryson & bounde in stronge chaynes.

The people dwellyng within his region
Reioyced in hart to se him suffer payne,
His tyranny his falle extorcion
Caused that they did at him disdayne,
For of his death no man lyst complayne:
Men through the world haue great plesaũce,
To se a tyrant brought vnto mischaunce.

Foure thinges his tormentes did augment,
Sodayne departyng from his riches,
And that he sawe eche man in his entent
Of his mischefe haue so great gladnes,
Hanged he was, mine auctour dothe witnes,
And longe so long in tẽpest, rayne, & thunder,
Till euery ioynt from other went a sunder.

To

To beastes wilde and foules rauenous
Naked he henge, suche was his auenture
To all folkes he was so odyous,
Had in despite of euery creature,
At his departyng denyed sepulture,
Guerdon for tyrantes, vēgeable & retcheles,
That can not suffer the people to liue in pees.

Thus many tyrantes excede far their boūdes
By false outrage, and well resembled be
To cruel wolues or to furious houndes,
Frette with an etyke of gredy cruelte,
To staunche their honger auayleth no plente:
Whiche for their surfets froward to rede,
In Policrates in hell shall haue their mede.

☞The.ix. Chapter.

☞Howe the tyraunt Alexander sloughe his Philosopher Calistenes wyth other, for saynge trouth.

AMonge all stories to tell the pyteous caas,
Of wofull playntyfes that put theim selues in prees,
With wepyng eyen, myne auctour Bochas
Was moued in hart not to be retcheles
To write the fall of Calystenes,
Whiche, alas, as it is remembred,
Was for his trouth on pieces all dismēbred.

For whan Bochas his story gan aduert,
He dempt anone in his fantasy
No man had so harde a stoned hart,
That might of ryght his eyen kepe drye
To se the proceſſe of hys tormentry:
Yet gan myne auctour his wofull pen prefer,
To write the wrong done to this philosopher.

This Calystenes in youth right well thewed
His grene age promoted to doctrine,
By influence of heauenly fate endued
Greatly to profite in morall disciplyne:
Disposed of nature by grace which is deuyne,
To conquere, as bokes do specify,
The noble surname of philosophy.

Of his merites famous and notable,
Philosophy did her busy payne
To geue him sucke, because that he was able
The sote myke of her breastes twayne
Most precious licour who might therto attain
For baume is none, the vertue well declared,
Of worldly riches may be therto compared.

This precious pyment is geue to no soles,
Aboue all lycours it dothe so farre excell,
Whose originall sprange in the holy scholes
Of Athenes, as famous bokes tell:
For of philosophy there sprange first the well
Where Calystenes (therperience is couthe)
With fullum plenty was fostred in his youth.

Though he was borne of a good lynage
Vertue made him more high for to assende,
To be enhaunced for nobles of courage
More than for bloude, who can comprehend:
For philosophers & clarkes more commende
The morall vertues entresured by writings,
Then all the treasures of worldly kynges.

Of gentle stockes reken out the issues,
That be discended downe from a royall lyne,
If they be vycious & voyde of all vertues,
And haue no tarage of vertuous disciplyne,
With temporall treasure though they shyne,
As for a tyme sittyng on hye stages,
Without vertue they are but dead ymages.

For though prynces haue cōquered by battail
This world in roundnes by their chyualry,
What may their trūphes or nobles auayle
Without that vertue by ryght their titles gye
To be compared vnto phylosophy:
For philosophers apply all their ententes,
To knowe heauen and cours of elementes.

They set no store of thinges translitory,
Nor of fortunes expert doublenes,
To heauenly thynges is set all their memory
How the .vii. planets in their course thē dresse
Meuing the stars sparking in their brightnes
With reuolutions of the spheres nyne,
Mother of musyke, as auctours determyne.

And in the noble twaye famous houses
Flouryng in Grece, rychest of euerychone
Called by olde date the fayre true spouses
Of philosophers many mo then one,
In Achademie and Athenes shone
The bryght lanterns of most reuerences,
This world tenlumine by lyberall sciences.

And among other this Calystenes
Was in his youth put for to scholey
In the two scholes of prudent Socrates,

And

And of Plato whiche that bare the key
Of secre misteries, and of diuine Idey:
In whiche two scholes of great abilitee,
Was none profited halfe so muche as he.

These old clarkes these olde philosophers,
Were in tho dayes for doctrine souerayne
Called in this world ỳ riche precious coffers
And treasures, that kept the chestes twayne,
Inyd their brestes wherin god did ordayne
Most clere possession put in their depose,
Of all sciences vnder a key close.

This Callistenes scholer and auditour
Of Aristoteles, by cunning conquerynge
The noble gemme and most precious floure
Of philosophy, all floures surmountynge,
Wherthrough he was chosen in his liuyng,
As his master lyst for him prouide,
On Alexander to awayte and abide.

For Alexander of kynges most entere,
And most worthy to speake of hye prowes,
Did Aristoteles humble requere
To prouide and do his busines
By expert knowyng and auisenes,
To sende him one whiche of philosophy,
Might by good cõsaile his cõquest magnify.

To write also his tryũphes digne of glory,
And to remember his actes marciall,
Put his palmes of knighthode in memory,
And to direct in especiall
His royall nobles in vertue morall,
That no errour be sene here nor there,
In hym that should all the worlde conquere.

But it fell so of knightly aduenture,
Whan of fortunes high promocion
That he by armes proudly gan recure,
Of Perce & Mede the mighty region,
Brought kyng Dary vnto subiection,
Gate hole his tresure ỳ no man might expres
To accompt the nũber of his great riches.

Whiche vnsure tresure & slydyng abundaũce,
With wasting shadowes of goods trãsitorye,
In surquedous pride gan so his hart auaũce,
By false ambicion & outragious vaynglory,
That made him lese mynde and eke memory,
To knowe of nature he was man mortall,
But lyke to goddes that were celestiall.

Aboue the palme of olde conquerours,
Knightly triumphes & conquestes marciall
He vsurped by title of his labours,
To heauenly goddes for to be egall,
And through his merites most imperiall
He gan presume, by lyne he was alyed,
With the seuen goddes for to be deified.

Through all his palaice and his royall hall,
A lawe he set, vpon payne of lyfe
That men of custome shoulde him call
This worlds monarke, not mortal nor passible
Sonne to Jupiter for a prerogatyfe,
Which had thearth as god most of puissaunce,
Conquered by swerde vnto his obeisaunce.

By full auyse purposed for the nones
Of pompous outrage & surquedous entent,
Full great treasure of gold & precious stones,
Unto the temple of Jupiter he sent,
That the bishops and prestes shoulde assent,
Hym to receyue at his home commyng,
Lyke as a god and no mortall thyng.

Thus by extort drede & vsurped myght
Was fyrst brought in false ydolatry:
Caulyng princes to receyue agayne ryght
Godly reuerence of froward mawmetry.
But whan Callistenes this errour did espy
In Alexander, he busily did entende,
This false opinion to correct and amende.

Put fyue causes notable to rehearce
This Calystenes in especiall:
Though he was kyng of Egipt Mede & Perce
He preued of reason he was a man mortall,
His byrthe eke earthy and not celestiall,
Father and mother, as of theyr natures
Borne for to dye like other creatures.

His father Philyp of Macedony kyng,
His mother called Olympyades
Worldly folke, and heauenly nothyng:
With kynges, quenes, vplet by hye encrees,
Yet agayne death they coulde haue no relees,
Lawes of nature maugre their wyll to obey,
Not lyke goddes but onely borne to dey.

Kynde made them subiect to sundry passions,
And many vncouthe diuers infirmities,
Now glad, now heauy of condicions,
Folowyng the forme of their humanities:
But of their false vsurped deities
I can not say saue drede and flattery,
Wrongly in earth dyd them deify.

The

Eke Alexander folowyng euer his luſt,
For all his lordſhyp and his great myght
He ſuffred paſſions of honger and of thurſt:
Now hole, now ſicke, now heauy, now lyght
Whole enterchaūgyng in euery mans ſyght
Clearely ſheweth, as clarkes rehearce can
He was no god but like a mortall man.

It fyll ones myne auctor dothe compyle
In a great heate (longe or he was olde)
He bathed him ſelfe in the floude of Nyle,
Where of fortune he ſodaynely toke colde,
His pores opened on partes manifolde:
Lay long after, his ſtory beareth witnes,
Or he was cured of that great ſickenes.

But at the laſt by craft of medicine
Deliuered he was of that infirmitie,
Nothing amended by his power diuine
By might of Juno nor Jupiters poſtye,
Nor by his owne blurped deitie:
For by the paſſions whiche he did endure,
It ſhewed he was a deadly creature.

Of him alſo it is made mencion,
He had a cuſtome to fall in dronkennes,
Through bynolence loſt oft his reaſon,
Than of yre and furious haſtines
He woulde ſmyte and hurt in his wodenes:
Whyche tokens were, playnly to termyne,
In his perſon not heuenly nor deuyne.

Whan the philoſopher called Calyſtenes
Gan fyrſt conſider all theſe condicions
In Alexander, he put him ſelfe in prees
Voyde of diſſimulyng and dylacions,
For to reforme ſuche falſe ambicions
Of godly honor, which men did on thē fayne,
And from all vyces his courage to reſtrayne.

In this purpoſe as any center ſtable,
He caſt him fully of true entencion
To correct all that was repryouable
Vſed in his perſon or in his region,
Trouth gaue him hart lyke a champion,
To tell the kyng in his eſtate royall,
He was no god but a man mortall.

For whiche the kyng of indignacion
Caught a quarell agayne Calyſtenes,
Put vpon hym vniuſtly falſe treaſon,
Onely to ſlea his maſter cauſeles:
And for to attaynt him afore all the prees
Sayd how he had of hys iniquitie,
Conſpyred agayne his royall maieſtye.

And fayned alſo the ſelfe ſame tyme,
How he had made a conſpyracion
Agayne his lorde, by an horrible cryme,
Interrupting the religion
Of his deuyne inſtitution:
That in ſuch caſe there was no better read,
But Caliſtenes by lawe muſt be dead.

And to prolonge of his death the payne
Upon a borde he was layed a longe,
Hys fete ſmytte of and hys handes twayne,
His eyen rent out, wer not his paines ſtrōge
Thus can tyrātes whan they lyſt do wrong
Slea philoſophers wythout any ruthe,
Whyche ſpared not for to ſay them truthe.

Thys cruel vengeaūce myght not ſuffiſe,
But Alexander more to encreaſe his wo,
Dyd cut his lyppes in full cruell wiſe,
His noſe thyrles, hys eares eke alſo,
And vp the body he bade men ſhould go
To ſhore hys hoſte, as it is remembred,
To ſhewe the tronke how it was diſmēbred.

In a caue depe and wonders lowe,
Solitary darked all the boundes,
After the paynes he made hym to be throwe
The place ſtuffed vp wode barking houndes,
Of falſe entent to rende his bloudy woundes.
Tyll Liſymachus of great compaſſion
To ſhort his torment gaue hym poyſon.

Who red euer of tormentes more terrible?
O Alexander thou oughteſt be aſhamed
To ſlea thy clarke wyth paynes ſo horrible,
For thy vyces becauſe he hath the blamed,
Thy royall name therby is defamed:
But euer tyrantes whan thē lyſt be woode,
Of innocentes reioyce to ſhede the bloude.

Agaynſt his knyght gentle Liſymachus
Becauſe he had of hym compaſſion,
Kyng Alexander was melancolious
Wythout cauſe, title, or affection:
Let ſhut hym vp wyth a fierce Lyon,
Voyde of all helpe for to be ſuccoured,
Of entencion he ſhould be deuoured.

But Liſymachus quyt him lyke a knyght
Agaynſt thys Lyon in the ſame place,
Ran fiercely on him, & of hys marciall myght
Out of hys head hys tonge he dyd out race:

Reconciled to the kynges grace,
Because that he so knyghtly hath him borne,
Better cherished than euer he was tofore.

Another knyght that called was Clytus.
Famous in armes for his chiualry,
One the greatest of the kynges house,
And most commended of prudent policy:
Most familier as bokes specify
About the kyng, as it was ofte preued,
To tempre his courage when he was greued

The kyng and he walkyng hande in hande
Within the palaice, beyng in presence
Princes and dukes of many diuers lande,
Where they began by notable eloquence
Remēber of armes the famous excellence
Of conquerous, and other knyghtes olde
And euery man about his tale tolde.

Among whiche Clytus the gentle knyght
Gan to cōmende and greatly magnify
Philyp of Macedon, as him ought of right:
Bothe of his wisdome & of his chiualry,
Tyll Alexander had therat enuy,
Gan disdayne of furious cruelte,
That any should be cōmended more than he.

Caught occasion of yre and falle hatrede
Agayne his knyght, ỹ was to him most true,
With a sharpe swerd vnwarely made hi blede
His hart bloude hote and redde of hue
By his sides raylyng downe of newe,
Therby to preue this story tell can,
He was no god nor reasonable man.

Thus in prynces furious and cruell,
Men may clerely an euidence se
How that lordshyp is not perpetuell,
But full of chaunge and mutabilite:
Of chere now frendly, now sodayn enmite,
Record on Clytus most in the kynges grace,
Unwarely slayne, and did no trespace.

Was he worthy to be deified
This Alysander, most double of his corage?
Or was he worthy to be stellified
This furious prince, for his fell outrage
That slewe his frendes in his mortall rage?
Thus fare tyrantes whan they lyst be wode,
To seke occasion for to shede blode.

Calystenes slayne for mozall discipyne,
And Lisymachus for his compassion:
Eke this tyrant of falle gredy rayne
Slewe gentle Clytus agayne all reason,
As ye haue heard for commendacion
Of king Philyp, the story well conceyued,
Who trusteth tyrātes shal soneste be deceyued.

Lenuoy.

This tragedy of Calistenes,
Declareth vs by notable remembrauce
He was with Plato and olde Socrates
In his youth put vnder gouernaunce,
Dranke of the milke of plenteous aboūdaūce,
Of their two scholes, euer deuoyde of slouth,
Last by Alexander dismēbred for his trouth

First he was sent by Aristoteles,
For to awayte by prudente purueyaunce
On Alexander, lest he were retcheles
By presumption in his royall puissaunce,
To take vpon him by goodly attendaunce:
Whiche he wōlde alas it was great ruthe,
To be so slayne because he sayd the truth.

Who wō tyrantes list put him selfe in prees
To haue their fauour and acquayntaunce,
He must flatter and fage doubtles,
Be double of hart with fayned countenaunce,
With chere contrued done his obseruaunce,
For faythfull meanyng slayne, & ỹ was ruth,
Was Calystenes bicause he sayd truth.

Noble princes your subiectes kepe in pees,
Be not to hasty for to do vengeaunce,
For tyrantes that be merciles
God sent short life, & sodayne mischaunce:
Who sayeth trouth haue no displeasaunce,
Print in your hart how it was great ruth,
That Calystenes was slayne for his truth.

☞ The. x. chapter.

How Alexander kynge of Pyrothe auenturyng to passe the floude of Acherōt, there at his backe by his moste trustye was deadly wounded.

After the complaynt of Calystenes
Slayne tyrantly, and did no trespas,
Came Alexander kyng of Pyrothes
His woundes bleadyng vnto Johan Bochas:
To him declared how he drowned was
In Acheronte, a riuer of great fame,
Beside a towne Pandosia was the name.

And

And (as it is remembred) and ytolde
Of this notable mighty stronge cite,
It was in Grece buylte of dayes olde,
And after Pyrrus called Pyrothe:
Where as the kyng helde his royall se,
And as bokes also determyne,
This Alexander came of the same lyne.

Of whose kynred is made playne mencion,
Sonne to Achilles was kyng Pyrrus,
And next in order by succession
Father to Alexander was Neoptolomus,
Whiche had also mine auctour telleth thus,
A full fayre daughter, the story ye may sene,
Olympiades, of Macedony quene.

And she was wedded to Philip of Macedo,
Whilom mother this quene of most renoun
To Alexander, the story telleth so,
Whiche all the worlde brought in subiection:
Whose father Philyp of great affection
Let crowne the brother of Olympiades,
Called Alexander to raygne in Pyrothes.

To whom Philyp for his great beautie,
Because he was so fayre a creature
Had suche affection and specialtie
As it is remembred in scripture,
Of false foule luste against nature
As sayth Bochas, I can him not excuse,
Unlefully he did his beauty vse.

And by meane of that horrible dede,
Whiche to rehearce is to foule a thing,
This said Philyp (in Bochas thus I rede)
In Epirothes he made him to be kyng:
And of extorcion by recorde of writyng,
Cauteles from thence he did enchace,
The kyng Arabba tho raignyng in ỹ place.

And it fell after the story telleth so
Of this Alexander by serious rehearsayle,
Upon the death of Philyp of Macedo
With a great host came into Itayle,
Supposyng greatly for to auayle,
To occupy after his proude entent
Wholly the boundes of all the occident.

And though so be ỹ fortune be chaungeable,
Double also by course of her nature,
At his ginnyng he founde her fauourable:
Made him twise proudly to recure
Gayne them of Luke, to their discomfiture
To haue the felde, & maugre al their might,
Of very force to put them vnto flyght.

Agaynst Itaile when he gan this warre
Fully in purpose the Romayns to assayle,
Of hye presumption procede he gan so farre
With many a prince that was in his battayle,
To knowe afore by certaine diuinaile
Of his conquest, the boundes for to cast,
And of his life how longe it should last.

And in the temple of Jupiter the grete
By diuinours that expert were and olde,
Seruyng this god win the lande of Crete,
This was the answere which thei to him told
And it affirmed by tokens manifolde:
How he ne should eschue the dredefull date,
Ouer the day assigned to his last fate.

And they also assigned a place
Therby to haue knowlegyng more clere,
Under a citie longe and large of space
Called Pandosia, and for to go more nere,
By Acheront a famous great riuere,
Tolde him playnly & could no farder sey
But of necessitie there he must nedes dey.

And though it were an earnest and no iape
Of god ordeyned not to be set aside,
Ye thought of wisdome his destiny to escape
And otherwise for him selfe prouide:
Cast in Grece no lenger to abyde,
Wenyng this riuer nor that faire citye
Saue in Grece should no where els haue be.

And for to set him selfe in assuraunce
Of entent to eschue his destinie,
Into thre battayles departyng his puissaūce,
Came to Itayle tofore Luke the citie,
They with helpe of Samoys the countrye,
With a great power came out anone ryght
Slew all his knyghtes & put hym to flyght.

At the backe they pursued hym so nere
That hys enemyes were almost on hym fall,
Unto a brydge broke wyth the ryuere,
And ouerturned with hys plankes all:
And Acheronte men dyd that ryuer call,
As was tolde him by a certayn knyght,
Whyche rode before him the ryuer in his sight

For by a rayne that fyll the same nyght
The ryuer wart to a dredefull floude,
And not farre thens in the kynges syght
Upon the water a little towne there stode,

Whiche made the kyng to chaunge his bloud,
And ſpecially his pꝛyde gan attame,
Whan he wyſt Pandoſia was the name.

And than he gan moſt dꝛedfully remembꝛe,
Callyng to mynde the pꝛieſtes diuinayle,
Whiche made him quake in euery membꝛe
Foꝛ bery feare, and his bꝛeathe to fayle:
No man coulde him wiſhe noꝛ counſayle,
On euery party he ſtode ſo on the wꝛacke,
The ſtoude tofoꝛe hi his enemies at his backe

To take the riuer he ſtode in moꝛtall dꝛede,
And if that he his enemies did abyde
He wyſt well that he was but deade,
Paſſage was none foꝛ to turne aſyde:
Thus diſſolate he ſtode withouten gyde,
Thought it better to ieoparde the ryuere,
Than ẅ his enemies ꝑ folowed him ſo nere.

Theſe moꝛtal dꝛedes his hart gan cõſtrayne
Dꝛede of the ſtoude foꝛ to haue paſſage,
Behinde his enemies ꝑ gan at him diſdaine,
Leſt he were ſlayne in that moꝛtall rage,
His fate appꝛochyng he but yong of age,
The toun Pandoſia the tokens did expꝛeſſe,
With Acheronte that bare therof witneſſe.

And whan that he put in auenture
To paſſe the ſtoude, oꝛ els to be deade,
One whom he moſt truſted of any creature
Toke a ſpere ſquare and charpe the heade,
And at his backe he quakyng in his dꝛede
Crayterouſly thꝛough plate and mayle,
Perced his hart, the bloud abꝛode gan rayle.

And as it is alſo of him remembꝛed,
The Lucanoyes by vengeable vyolence
They haue his carayne on pieces diſmẽbꝛed,
Tyll an olde lady beyng in pꝛeſence,
Required them of humble pacience
That ſhe of grace gader myght anone,
His membꝛes all, and ioyne them into one.

And after to ſende them vnto his ſiſter dere,
Olympyades, the ſtately great quene,
That of affection and loue moſt entere
Whan it befell that ſhe did them ſene,
Should of nature as it muſte nedes bene
Wepe and pꝛouyde in his eſtate royall,
To bury the body with feaſt funerall.

Se here example of this pꝛoude kyng,
Whiche would haue ſcaped his fatal deſteny,
Chaunge of places auayled hym nothyng,
Periodie of pꝛynces may not chaunged be,
The terme ſet fro whyche they may not fle:
Foꝛ whan heuyn of death hath ſet the date,
No moꝛtall man may eſchue hys fate.

The.xi. Chapter.

¶ How Dary king of Perce and Mede was outrayed by Alexander kyng of Macedon.

IN Alexander called Epirothes
Me lyſt as now no lenger foꝛ to tary,
Slayn at miſchefe foꝛ he was retchles
Double of coꝛage foꝛ he could chaũge & vary,
Foꝛ turne I will my pen to kyng Dary
Whiche that whilom who ſo lyſt take hede,
Moſt mightely raigned in Perce and Mede.

And among other notable warriours
Like as I deme by heauenly influence,
Onely by title of his pꝛedeceſſours,
And thꝛough his pꝛudent excellence,
To great encreaſe of his magnificence,
He had all Aſie, as made is mencion,
Under his loꝛdſhip and dominacion.

And as myne auctoꝛ Bochas doth defyne,
He was diſcended from the imperiall bloude,
Of Artaxerſes, and boꝛne eke of that lyne:
Paſſed all pꝛynces of treaſure and of goode,
In Perce & Mede his great empyꝛe ſtoode,
In hũdꝛed pꝛouynces tencreaſe of puiſſaunce,
And ſeuen & thirty he had in gouernaunce.

Ouer all Aſie towarde the oꝛient
His loꝛdſhyp laſt, bokes make mynde,
And he had eke toward the occident
Ouer Egypt power (as I fynde)
The redde ſea was not left behynde,
Demyng hym ſelfe of all earthly treaſour,
Was none but he loꝛde and gouernoure.

Toward Septẽtrion vnder ꝑ midday ſpere,
His power raught and hys regaly,
Ouer Inde, in cronicles ye may lere,
And to the boundes of great Armenye,
Loꝛde of the kingdome ꝑ called is Parthy:
Woꝛldly folke dempt hym ẅ god egall.
Maſter to foꝛtune, & ſhe not but hys thꝛall.

But in his hygheſt exaltacion
Of woꝛldly glozy, he could not pꝛeuayle

For all his riches and vaine ambicion,
But fortune durst him wel assayle:
In his most royal riche apparayle,
Cast in her chaũges to giue hi a sharpe shoure
By Alexander of Grece enheritour.

Unto purpose I will my penne dresse,
For to declare and make mencion
How proude Dary in his most nobles,
Was by Fortune from his seate cast doun:
For anone after the coronacion
Of Alexander, in Macedone kyng,
This was the processe of his worldyng.

He not delayed nor made no long date,
In purpose fully of yre to procede,
Of Perce & Mede the scepters to translate,
All their riches to conquere and possede,
Perpetually for to abide in dede,
Under grekes mighty obeysaunce,
In Macedone, to haue the gouernaunce.

And (as mine auctour) well reherce can,
He set in Grece the mighty stronge citye
Of Corinthe, the metropolitan
There to establiche his imperiall see:
In regalibus whan he list crowned be,
As man whō god liste of his might to marke,
The world to cōquere, & be therof monarke.

At the ginnyng of his conquest famous,
Through out Grece in euery region,
First he chose out of his fathers house
Knightes ỹ were most souerayne of renowne,
Notable in armes, and of condicion
Faithfull & true, which had of high prudence
Foresight in armes, of marciall prouidence.

To them he did full notably assygne
As men expert in knightly apparayles,
To make his stuffe with many a riche signe,
And forge of stele his plate and his mayles:
Gaue them the rule to gouerne in battayles,
For prouidence (of yore it hath be tolde)
Full muche auayleth of knightes wise & olde.

All this accomplished he list no lenger tary,
This worthy kyng, but wt his ordinaunce
Purposed to begyn on kyng Dary,
And (as it is put in remembraunce)
In most proude wise he gan him selfe auañce,
First in his way to brenne and beate downe,
Of hasty yre, Thebes the mighty towne.

After he gate two mighty regions
The one of Frigie, the other called Lyde
Set by olde tyme were their foundacions
Upon two riuers, runnyng there beside,
whose goldē grauels their brightnes mai not hide
Paceolus, and Euryne men them call
Richest of stremes though men reken all.

And of his conquest farder to termyne,
He wan Isauria a prouince wonder stronge
In Asia one chiefest of the nyne,
And Pamphile a kingdome large and longe,
He gate also were it right or wronge:
For where ỹ conquest haue any title of right,
My cũning it passeth my reason & my might.

I toke no party nor me lyst not tary
In this matter, but forth I will procede,
How Alexander hasted towarde Dary
To atcheue his cōqueste of Perce & of Mede:
But first he came to Frigia I rede,
Into a citye the name to specify,
Thylke dayes it named was Gordy.

After mine auctoure affirme well I dare,
There was a tẽple in Frigia (thus saith he)
Of Jupiter, in whiche there stode a chare
With ropes bounde of stones and pyre,
Amonge whiche men might beholde and se
A fatall knotte, by craft made so subtile,
That no man could vndo it by no wyle.

For who that had science or cunnynge
That curious knot to lose or vntwyne,
Ouer Asye he should be crowned kyng:
And Alexander as bokes determyne,
Seinge this chare, knitte with many line,
And how it semed a maner impossible
To seuer it, whiche was indiuisible.

The chare wt coardes was so enterlaced
That richely stode in Joues tabernacle,
Whiche by his witte coulde not be enbraced,
Neither by craft nor no solemne myracle:
Tyll Alexander by a diuyne oracle
Drew out his sworde, wherof mē had wōder,
Carfe the knotte & cordes all asunder.

Wherby he wyst that he was ordeyned
Ouer all Asye to be lorde and kyng,
Whiche to reioyce this story is not fayned
He rode like Mars, his battayles cōueyng,
Through Perce & mede, his stāderds splayig
Toward his cōqueste, where I let him dwell,

And of his chare & knottes I will you tell.

Prudent Justinus an olde cronicleré,
In his cronicles rehearseth this story,
Howe Gordius a poore labozer
Beside the citye that called is Gordie,
Eryng his lande did his oxen gye:
And all maner foules that hath flyght
Hye in the ayre appeared in his syght.

Unknowe to him the token what it meant,
With diuinours cast him to counsayle,
Called Jugures, which holy in their entent,
Knowen the processe of such diuinayle
Where it shall profite eyther disauayle:
And at the gate of Gordy the citye,
He met a mayde excelling of beautie

Whiche from aboue by heauenly influence
Had from her byrth a maner knowledgyng,
In suche augury, great practike and science,
Whiche to Gordius expowned euery thyng:
Sayd of Asie he should be lorde and kyng,
And raygne there duryng all his lyfe,
In hope wherof, she became his wyfe.

After his weddyng he wart foztunate,
The cronicle can beare me well recorde,
There tyll in Frigy a sodayne great debate
Among the commons a mortall discorde,
Knowyng no meane to bryng thē at accorde,
Tyll their goddes by notable prouidence,
Taught them a way to appease their violēce.

How that debate shoulde among them last
Unto the time they had chosen a kyng:
And they gan cry & pray their goddes fast
By some signe or myracle out shewyng,
To geue to them a maner knowlegyng,
That they myght to their notable encreace,
Chose such one, ỳ should them set in peace.

They had aunswere to waite, & be wel ware
To set spyes by busy attendaunce
On whom they met ridyng in a chare
To Joues temple to do his obseruaunce,
And hym receyue by goddes ordinaunce:
Upon his heade withouten more tariyng,
To set a crowne in Frigie to raygne kyng.

And Gordius in his chaire ridyng,
Toward the temple they on the way him met
And awaytyng, chose him to their kyng,
And solemnely home they did hym fet,
Upon his head a ryche crowne they set:
And he to them so egall was and mete,
That he them brought into rest and quiete.

Thus to the crowne Gordius did atteyne
By tokens shewed vnto hys great auayle,
And their discordes and strynes to restrayne,
He to his lieges gaue notable counsayle,
That they should with royall apparayle,
Take his chayre, as he did them deuyse,
And offer it vp in most lowly wise

In the temple that was consecrate
To Jupiter, a full solempne place:
And more to make their offryng foztunate,
They should it set (without lenger space)
Tofore the goddesse that was called Grace,
Whiche by myracle their hartes to appease
Set all the people in quiete and in ease.

And whan the kyng Alexander had
Loled the knot of whiche I haue you tolde,
And of the chaire whiche Gordius ladde
The secretes seyne & misteries manifolde,
Worldly presūption gan make his hart bolde,
Without title of any ryghtwisenes,
The citye Gordy to spoile of his riches.

And all Affryke he robbed eke also
Up to the mountayne ỳ called was Taurus,
The whiche hyll hath famous names two
For it is also named Caucasus:
Where this prynce most victorious,
Ordeyned first with speare and shelde,
Agaynst kyng Dary for to holde a felde.

Upon a mountayne they together met,
The marciall plaine named Horestes,
And most proudly their wardes there they set
All for the warre and nothing for the pees:
Where Alexander, in knyghthode peerles,
All the Perciens battayled in his syght,
And Darius party were put vnto flight.

Kyng Alexander shortly to conclude,
In his most stately royall magnificence
Set not his trust in no great multitude,
But in his knyghts, which long in his prescēce
Had had in armes longe experience:
Were well preued in marciall disciplyne,
Tenhaūce his cōquest by their prudēt doctrin

Whiche in ỳ iourney haue thē so well borne,
That in their nobles founde was no lacke,

For

Foꝛ syxty thousande of fotemen thē befoꝛne,
They slewe of Perce, and men on hoꝛsbacke
Other ten.M.so moꝛtall was the wꝛacke:
And.xl.thousande as made is mencion,
Were pꝛisoners,and put to theyꝛ raunson.

On Grekes partie the stoꝛy dothe wel shew,
Macedonoys on Alysanders syde,
In comparison were slayne but a fewe:
Foꝛ of fote men and men that dyd ryde
Thꝛough the feldes ꝑ were so large & wyde,
There were that day in theyꝛ moꝛtal striues,
Nat full thꝛe.C.whiche ꝑ loste their lyues.

Dary coude none other rescue make,
Fled at mischefe in full great distresse,
His wife,his doughter, led awaye and take,
His tentes spoyled,his stoꝛy bereth witnesse:
Grekes made glad with ful great rychesse,
His cofers spoiled,he fonde no better succour
And he enpouerished of hys whole treasour.

Whan Dary saw his deedly auenture,
Ful pitously in heart he dyd mourne,
And anone after thys disconfiture
To Babylon in hast he gan retourne:
And while that he dyd there soiourne,
Knowyng no recure to hym ꝑ might auayle,
With Alysandꝛe to holde moꝛe battayle,

Than of purpose to set hym selfe in ease,
And foꝛ taleye hys deedly fell greuaunce,
In his entent kyng Alysander to please,
Cast foꝛ to sende him letters of pleasaunce,
Yeue hym giftes in full great abundaunce,
But al ꝑ sleight which darius hath wꝛought,
Kyng Alysander set them echone at nought.

This manly kyng kept his conceyte close,
Lyst nat shewe what he ment in dede,
But cast fully after hys purpose,
Upon his conquest farther to pꝛocede:
After the gettyng of Perce and eke of Mede,
To wyn Surry, Egypt,and Libye lande,
Demyng foꝛtune redy to hys hande.

And of hys conquest farther to endyte,
Whan his glozy gan most freshely shyne,
The temple of Jupiter cast hym foꝛ to visite,
Whiche stode in Libye, auctours determine,
Sayde how he was discended from the lyne
Of thylke god, boꝛne to be hys heyꝛe,
As loꝛde of heauen,fire,water,earth,& ayꝛe.

And that the pꝛiestes fully shoulde assent
With heauenly gods to make hym egall,
Great richesse and treasour he them sent,
Thus dꝛede and mede made hym celestiall,
Falsely foꝛgat that he was moꝛtall:
And of ambicion by Marciall apparayle,
Cast with Dary agayne to haue battayle.

And as I fynde howe they dyd mete,
The two pꝛynces with people innumerable,
In the confront of the lande of Crete,
And kyng Dary of folkes defensable
Bꝛought to the felde a people incomparable
Four hundꝛed M.of fotemen fet fro farre,
With Alysander foꝛ to holde warre.

An hundꝛed .M.there came with him also
On hoꝛsbacke,in stele armed bꝛyght,
And all thys people whan they had a do
(All be that daye full longe last the fyght)
Were slayne and take and yput to flyght:
Where Alysander to hys encrease of glozye,
Had of kyng Dary that day the victoꝛye.

And Perciens to theyꝛ final mischefe,
Without mercy oꝛ paying of raunson,
With kynge Dary were put to great pexefe,
Voyde of all hope and consolacion,
Fled as I fynde into the region
Called Parthe,where as it is tolde,
Ye of that people was take and put in holde.

And though hys fetters were of golde ryche,
Ye had therof god wote no pleasaunce:
Foꝛtunes gyftes be nat aye ylyche,
In her false whele there is suche variaunce,
Diuers of chere,strange of her countenaūce,
Made Alysander with a lytle numbꝛe,
The multitude of Dary to encombꝛe.

Within a towne called Thatsa he was take,
In a charet with cheynes strong ybonde,
Of all his frendes pitously foꝛsake,
Ledde,& hurt with many a moꝛtal wounde:
And this murdꝛe contriued was and founde
By one Bessus,a froward recheles knyght,
Which stode afoꝛe most foꝛthered in his light.

And was assured by fayth of his legiaunce
To kyng Dary to be true in dede, (chaunce,
But this false traytour god sende hym mys-
Caused his woundes moꝛtally to blede:
Yet oꝛ he died,he sent in all his dꝛede

A Percien knyght sad and of great age,
To Alysander, to tell hym his message.

To thanke that prince of his hye noblesse,
Which of his grace & mercy most habounde
Hym lyst to shew so great gentylnesse
Unto my wife, and children as it is founde,
For which to hym I am so muche bounde,
That he myne enemy of hys benignite
In theyr distresse lyst haue of them pite.

And sith I see that nedes I must dey
Through blody woũdes, whiche I maye nat
Say Alisander of grace that I pray (recure,
For to haue ruth of myne auenture,
Next to ordayne for my sepulture:
And condiscende to graunte myne askyng,
For to be buryed as longeth to a kyng.

Prayng the gods which be immortall
Whan he hath done to quyte hym hys mede,
That of his mercy most imperyall
Hym lyst of grace for to take hede
To bury me kyng of Perce and Mede:
For yf this fauour be in his hert founde,
To his noblesse the fame shall aye rebounde.

Requyryng hym of his imperyall myght,
Of my foule murder to see eche circumstaũce:
For murder alway calleth to god of ryght,
Neuer cessyng but by continuaunce
Up to the heauen to crye for vengeaunce,
Namely on murder compassed and thought
Which by auisement is execute & wrought.

And sythe I haue layd on the thys bonde
To Alysander to do my message,
And him contured here with my ryght hande
Tauẽge my deth wrought by great outrage,
My blode out shed with pale & deed visage,
Here boũde in stockes to gods most benigne,
With ryght hole hert my spyte I resygne.

Thus he lay starke, ther was found no abode
Lyke as another mortall creature,
When Alysander the murder vnderstode
As ye haue herde remembred by scripture,
He dyd ordayne for his sepulture
The funerall feast to holde in all thynges
As by olde tyme longed vnto kynges.

¶ Lenuoye

THis tragedy pitous for to here, (ble,
Sheweth of fortune ỳ chaunges lame
Of royal trones, of gold & stones clere
Of worldly princes howe they be vnstable:
Their fatal whele most diuers & chaũgeable,
With vnware turne lyst nat her course tary
To throw thẽ downe, recorde of kyng Dary.

Who can or may be ful assured here
To make fortune to be so treatable,
To finde out a way or searche out the manere
By obligation to fynde her immutable:
Her double face, the worlde aye disceyuable,
Shewe eche daye howe falsely they can vary,
By couert fraude, recorde of kyng Dary.

Example how Phebus with his bemes clere
Sheweth some day his lyght most agreable,
But long or eue darkenes dothe appere
Through cloudy mystes, & raynes durable:
To vs declaryng by tokens full notable,
Worldly dignities now fresh now contrary,
Can change her tydes, recorde of kyng Dary.

Through al Asye, Perce, and Mede yfere,
His lordshyp last, a thing incomparable,
To Ethiope vnder the myddaye spere,
Ful of treasure with golde innumerable
His boundes raught, fortune eke seruisable
To obey hys lustes tyll she gan falsely vary,
By expert fraude to preue her might in Dary

Noble princes with hole hert and entere
Lyfte vp your corages, holde thys no fable,
Though ye syt hye conceyue with good chere
No worldlye lordshyp in erth is perdurable:
And sith ye be of nature reasonable,
Among remembre as thyng most necessary
All stant vpon chaũge, recorde of kyng Dary.

The.xii. Chapter.

¶ Here Bochas remembreth the batayles and losse of realmes of antiquitie, with the fallyng of diuers nobles.

HEre gineth Bochas remẽbre in certaine
The great sorowes, ỳ mortal dilaueyls
The losse of realmes, ỳ blod shed in vaine
Begon of warres and marciall appareyls,
Called to mynde of olde the fell batayls
Gon of antiquitie. as made is mencion,
First atwene Grekes & them of Troy toun.

Apl-

A pitous hert it woulde make blede,
To haue in memorie the great outrage
As ye haue heard wrought in Perce & Mede
Atwene Dary and Alysandre in theyr age,
Eke atwene Romains & them of Cartage,
The wofull troubles of warres firste begon,
Causeth all mischefes that ben vnder the son.

On outher partie who can remembre aryght
Nowe losse, nowe lucre, cometh of diuision:
Now disencrease, now heaupe & now lyght,
Now life now dethe, for short conclusion,
For Bochas sayth suche false discention
Hath many kyngdomes ỹ stode in hye estate,
Tourned to ruyne, and made them desolate.

Remẽbre of Troy the walles broke downe,
In Grece distroyed manyla stronge cyte,
In Perce and Mede great desolation,
Rome dispurueyed of marciall surete,
Castels and tours of olde antiquite
Made ruynous, in Affryke and Cartage,
Cauled by warres & Martes cruel rage.

Who lyst consider wrought by dayes olde
The course of conquest of these warriours,
In Alysander he clerely maye beholde,
By remembraunce of his progenytours,
And of hys blode, howe all the successours
Had fatally or they dyd hence wende,
A sodayne deth or a shamefull ende.

Full many reckened that wer of hys lynage
For to succede in hys possessions,
To syxe and thirty partyng his heritage
To eche assigned theyr royall portions,
First as he made hys diuisions
He gaue of Frigie the prefecture of ryght
To Leonatus that was so good a knyght.

But a lytle whyle last hys possession,
For the countrees lyst hym nat obey,
They of Athenes had indignation
With Antipater for he dyd warrey:
Yet in that warre, playnly for to say,
Leostenes theyr duke, theyr gouernour,
Was slayne ỹ day he found no better succour.

And Leonatus that was his aduersary,
Of Antipater the partye to sustene,
Founde fortune that daye to hym contrary:
For in the felde though he rode armed clene,
With a spere his wounde was made grene
At mischefe slayne, myne auctour doth cõpile
Thus his lordshyp last nat but a whyle.

Antipater another successour
Of Alysander as made is mencion,
Was by recorde the same false traytour
That for his death tempered the poyson,
Hys son Cassãder accõplished the trayson,
Bare the cup which that made hym sterue,
With ỹ strong poyson when he dyd him serue.

Antipater of this crime culpable,
Greatly desyred in his opinion
Upon all tho than to be vengeable,
That likely were to espye his trayson:
Drede hym sore hauyng suspection
Lest he were accused to the estates,
Of crime called lese maiestatis.

Hys soone assented to that horrible dede,
Which to Alysander beyng in Babylone,
Moste traytourly without shame or drede
As ye haue heard, presented the poysone:
And yet the kyng as made is mencion,
Though he to hym false was and contrary,
He made him prefect, lord of ỹ land of Cary.

And among other notable warriours,
There were thre more ful worthy & famous,
Set in the numbre of his enheritours,
Polycarpus, and Neoptolonius
And eche of them to other enuious:
Within a felde the storye dothe vs lere,
Euer iche slewe other as they met yfere.

Of Perdicas what should I write or sayne,
Which among all was one the best knyght:
That whan Alysander laye dyeng certayne
And gan to feble of hys force & myght,
Dempt afore that it sat ful well of ryght,
How thys Perdicas for wisdom & manhede,
In Macedone shoulde after hym succede.

And vnto hym with loke & chere benigne
Upon his heed for sickenesse complaynyng,
With full whole hert, for a notable signe
Of succession he gaue to hym a ryng,
After his day to be crowned kyng
Of Macedone, sith he most might auayle
Through al his empyre to haue ỹ gouernaile

And yet sayth Bochas playnly in sentence,
Though he of knyghthode and hie prowesse,
Of manly force, and also of prudence,
Passed all other, the storye beareth witnesse:

By

By vicious pride & frowarde boystoulnesse,
He was more hyndred through his outrage,
Than all his enemyes myght do hi domage.

For throughe his pride and great extorcions,
Fro Macedone the people of that countre
Fledde into other strange regions,
And of presumption the story sayth howe he
Began a warre agayne kyng Tholome:
Where he was slayne in all mens syghtes,
Nat of his enemies but of his own knightes.

Eke of Anaxarchus of Capadoce kyng
Whiche prouince ioyneth vnto Surry,
Touchyng the boundes by recorde of writyng
Towarde the Orient, the lande of Armeny,
Hauyng two countrys Scilice and Isaury,
Towarde Cypre & a great ryuere (clere.
Rennyng amiddes with stremes freshe and

This Anaxarchus were he lothe or fayne,
In dayes fewe hath hys kyngdome lorne,
For by Perdicas proudly he was slayne,
Of whom that I haue you tolde beforne:
Thus worldly prices tho they had it sworne,
For all theyr lordshyp and domination,
By fraude of fortune vnwarly be put doune.

And amonge other prynces of that age,
Upon Alysander duly abydyng,
Bochas reherseth Amylchar of Cartage,
Duke of that cite by recorde of writyng,
After the death of that worthy kyng,
As ye haue herde ymurdred by poyson,
This sayd Amylchar repeyringe to his toun

Was slayne in Cartage, shortly to conclude,
Of cruel malice and conspiracion,
Within that cite of falle ingratitude, (ne,
Whan he of knighthode frãchised had ỹ tow-
And nat withstandyng all his hye renoune,
Whan he stode hyest in hys felicite,
He by the commons was slayne of that cite.

The.xiii. Chapter.

Howe Eumenydes was twyse outrayed by Antigonus and at the last dyed in pryson.

Whã Alisander in his roial estate (herd
Had all conquered tofore as ye haue
He like a god most pompous & elate,
As louerayne prince of all myddleerde,
To take vpon hym was nothyng aferde,
To clayme in countrees a thynge ỹ was nat
Of Jupiter to be both sonne & heyre. (fayre,

One of the principles, who so taketh hede
That first brought in falle ydolatry,
Was thylke tyme ỹ priestes for falle drede
Hys name with goddes gan to magnify,
And so to call hym of fayned flattery:
And mydde their tẽples in Liby on a stage,
Of hys lykenes they set vp an ymage.

But lytle or nought to hym it myght auayle
Agayne his deth for to do succour,
When the fell poyson hys hert dyd assayle
Whiche made him fade as doth a flour,
Of whole empyre was none enheritour,
Saue in his deth thus stode the woful case,
Twene lixe & thirty hys land deuyded was

And in his story full playnly it is tolde,
This departicion to make it ferme & stable
He was laide forth vpon a couche of golde,
To reherse by tokens full notable
Whome he dempt of very sothe most able
Of all his princes playnly to discerne,
When he was deed, his kingdom to gouerne.

First there was one amonge all that prees
Next Alysander the knightlyest man,
The worthy knyght called Eumenides,
Whole high renoun ful well rehearse can
Prudent Justinus, the great historian,
Ordayned afore to gouerne realmes two,
All Capadoce and Paflagony also.

His hie nobles as made is mencion
In especiall more to magnify,
Hym lacked nought of commendacion
That appurteyned vnto chiualry,
To hie prudence, or noble policy:
Except thre thinges myn auctor sayth ỹ same
A crowne, a sceptre, and a kynges name.

But for that he all other dyd excell
Bothe of prudence and famous chiualry,
It is remembred as some bokes tell,
That there were some had therat enuy:
For when fortune lyst to set vp an hye
Any person aloft vpon her whele,
Some are beside that like it neuer a dele.

Who holdeth him euer vpon hie mountaynes

Fyn-

Fyndeth great experiẽce of blastes & shours,
Oft is troubled with stormewind & raines,
So of Alysander the proude successours
Whan they sat freshest in theyr flours,
Wode of enuy, fortune helde so the rother,
That eche was busy to destroy other.

On hylles hye it is an impossible
A man to abyde without winde or reyne,
A thyng expert and very visible,
Hye climbyng vp is medled with disdeyne:
Peace hath enuy as it is oft seyne,
And through preferryng of fortune i estates,
Is euer cause of great warre and debates.

This same thinge was well expert & preued
Among these sayd royall enherytours
Of Alysander, for eche of them was greued
To see hys felow raygne in his flours:
And thus atwene these myghty successours
Of false enuy there gan so great a stryfe,
That eche made other for to lose hys lyfe.

And as it is afore made mencion,
Pollicarpus and Neptolonyus
By a maner false conspiracion
Agayne Eumenides were onely enuious,
Of whose falsenesse he was suspicious,
Tyll on a day there is no more to sayne,
Metyng in battayle slew them both twayne

For which slaughter proude Antigonus,
Of Macedone prefect and gouernour,
Next in his heart so fell and dispitous,
And was withal a noble warriour,
With his knightes dyd wholly his labour
Agayne Eumenides by marciall apparayle,
A felde assigned to holde great battayle.

Made vpon him a great discomfiture,
As they mette armed bryght in stele:
And thus Eumenides of mortall auenture
Fledde at mischefe into a strong castell,
Wherof his knightes lyked neuer a dele:
For as the story playnly maketh mynde,
That day he fled and left his men behynde.

In which castell for he stode destitute,
Fro thence he cast in all hast to flye,
In his great mischefe to fynde some refute
That time he drew him to a strãge countrye,
Some succour to get auenged for to be,
Called Argyre, by Grekes of entent,
The Latyn corrupt of this worde argent.

Of Argiraspedes a people that there dwell
The name they toke after that region,
The whiche lande as olde bokes tell
Hath of syluer plente and foyson:
For which cause by olde discription,
It toke the name of nature and of tryght,
Because the soyle like syluer shyneth bryght.

And of thys yle which hath so great a pryse
As myne authour maketh rehersayle,
How the people be prouident and wyse,
Prudent in armes, and manly in batayle,
Bothe to defende and proudlye to assayle:
Whiche by theyr wisdome & good counsayle,
To kyng Alysander stode in great auayle.

And Eumenides one of his successours,
As ye haue herde drewe to that countre,
There to fynde some refute and succours
In his mischefe and great aduersite:
And for his wordes of great authorite,
His noble langage and his fayre eloquence,
The people had him in ful great reuerence.

And for they were manly and corragious,
Able to assemble bothe plate and mayle,
He made them rise agaynst Antigonus,
By theyr prowes with hym to haue batayle:
But of fortune hys party gan to fayle,
Wher thilke people, the story telleth thus,
Had afore ben full victorious.

Antigonus hath the felde recured, (ons
That day his knightes fought lyke wode ly-
In furious tene of hys corage assured,
Brake theyr tentes and pauilions,
Spoiled their castels robbed their dũgeons,
Where that countre vnwarely thus affrayed
Had neuer afore in batayle ben outrayed.

And of dispite this people recheles,
Caught in their hert great indignation
Agayne their prynce, this sayd Eumenides,
Which had thẽ brought to their destruction:
And all the people of one opinion
Presented him it was nat after longe,
To Antigonus bounde in chaynes strong.

In this proces brefely to procede,
At great mischefe he dyed in prysone:
He found no mercy playnly as I rede,
For all his noblesse nor hys hye renoune,
Yet of hys manhode made is mencion,
Who that story lyst to loke aryght,

With

With Alysander there was no better knight.

In hys conquest euery hour and space
He was most cherysched for hys hye noblesse,
Aboue all other stode most in his grace,
To helpe and releue folke in their distresse:
All be that he dyed in wretchednesse,
To vs declaryng the great variaunces,
That all daye fall in fortunes chaunces.

¶ Lenuoye.

Thys tragedy of duke Eumenides
Sheweth of fortune ỳ great doublenes,
How worldly princes that ben recheles
With vnware chaunges fall into distresse:
And there may be no greater heynesse
After prosperite, nor greater payne
Than aduersite which that is sodayne.

Greatest enuy where is greatest prea te,
Greatest awayte where is most rychesse,
And greatest ease where is rest and peace,
Where most discorde most is heynesse:
And of all sorow sorowfullest excesse,
Is thylke sorow ỳ dothe a man constrayne,
After prosperite with aduersite sodayne.

Princes in erthe of power peerles
Which excelled all other in noblesse,
Had in this worlde by cõquest most encrees,
As Alysander the story bereth wytnesse:
Remẽbre the fyne of all theyr hye prowesse,
And the triũphes to which they dyd attayne,
After prosperite aduersite sodayne.

The strong enheritours which ỳ he out chees
Sixe & thirty, the nombre to expresse, (les,
Whiche hadde possession of kyngdoms dout-
Eche thyng obeying to their worthynesse,
Tyl fortune through her wunted doublenesse
Shewed her myght vnwarely to ordayne,
After prosperite aduersite sodayne.

Noble prynces to auoyde all dilencrees
Amonge your selues discordes to represse,
Be nat enuyous, nor pryous causeles,
Worke nothyng of hasty wylfulnesse:
Let discretion be your gouernaresse,
For there must folow yf ye parte on twayne,
After prosperite aduersite sodayne.

The. xiiii. Chapite r.

Howe Queene Olympiades, for she delyted in vyces, murdre, and vengeaunce, dyed at mischefe.

Next in order to Bochas dyd appere
After the mischefe of Eumenides,
The great quene w a full pitous chere
Mother of Alysander, Olympiades,
Borne of the lyne of Gaades
Amonge quenes (her story bereth wytnesse)
Excelled all other in beauty and rychesse.

She was doughter to Neoptolomus
The mighty kyng of Epirothes,
And had suspecte how Nectanabus
By enchauntment put hym selfe in prees
Of wifely trouth to make her recheles:
But Bochas here for to saue her name,
Writeth but lytle of her dislaunderous fame.

This sayd quene right fayre of her visage,
Was first brought forth in thylke regions
Where all the worthy of blode and of lynage,
Helde theyr sceptres, and their ryche crouns,
Through all Grece with full possessions:
So that this quene that tyme nere and farre
Was of beaute, called the lode starre.

But among al her great prosperitees,
Her youth flowig in most souerayne noblesse
Her ioye was meddled w great aduersitees,
Whan Philip Macedo in her great heynesse
Was mortally wounded in distresse,
In Cythia by a certayne nation
Called Triboloys, as made is mencion.

For in that countre vpon a certayne day,
Where as he faught and dyd hys best payne,
To gette a cite, and at a siege lay,
And for thassaute dyd his stuffe ordayne,
He lost vnwarely one of his eyen twayne:
That whan the quene behelde hys wounde,
For sorow she fell platte vnto the grounde.

Another thyng, bokes specifye
Troubled her fame by great heynesse,
The suspecte sclaunder of aduoutry
Wrought by Nectanabus, enchauntyng her
The light eclipsyng of hie nobles, (fayrenes,
By swifte report for to hynder her name,
What flieth more swifte then wicked fame?

In womanhede (as authours all wryte)
Most thing cõmended is theyr chaste honeste,

Thyng

Thyng moste sclaundrous their nobles to a-
Is whan princesses of hasty freelte, (twite
Excede the boundes of wifely chastyte:
For what auayleth linage or royall bloode,
Whan of theyr liuyng ỹ reporte is nat goode:

The holy bedde defoyled of marryage
Or ones soyled may nat recured be,
The voyce goth forth & the froward langage
By many realmes and many a great cite,
Sclaunder hath a custome (and that is pite)
Trew outher false by contagious sowne
Ones reysed it goth nat lyghtly downe.

And to more hindryng of Olympiades,
Philippe away dyd from her decipne,
And of the kyng of Epyrothes
The wyfe he toke to hys concubine
Called Cleopatra playnely to termine, (ble
And thus in myschefe tencreasc of her trou-
Their false aduoutrie gan to wexe double.

Of this proces write wyll I no more
Cause the matter is abhominable,
For kyng Philip the bargayne bought sore
As is remembred by cronicles ful notable,
Slayne on a day syttyng at hys table
Full sodaynly or he toke any hede,
Pausanias dyd that cruell dede.

Of which slaughter folowed a strange case
As ye haue herde by Pausanias wrought,
Olympiades full glad and mery was,
Neuy outwarde her heart voyde of thought:
Yet faynyngly she hath wayes out sought
For hym to holde solempne and royall,
Lyke Grekes rightes, a feast funerall.

After whose dethe wrought of great cruelte,
Kyng Alysander made no lenger let
Made Pausonias taken for to be,
And to be hanged vpon an hye gybet:
Upon whose head there was a crowne set
Of golde and peerle, and riche stones Inde,
By Olympiades in story as I fynde.

For he stode greatly in the quenes grace,
And as folke dempt of suspection,
They met together in many priuy place,
Which greatly tourned to her confusion:
For noyse arose through all that region
That by thoccasion of theyr mislyuyng,
How Pausanias slough Philyp the kyng.

But she anone in her malice feruent,
Fro the gybet made hym to be take doun:
Made his body solempnely to be brent
Kept his exequies with great oblation,
After the ryghtes of that region:
Nat left behinde in partie nor in all
That appertayned to feastes funerall.

Upon kynge Philyp as it were for the nones
To do her lorde a shame or a despyte,
Solempnely she made brenne the bones,
Of Pausanias, for a false appetite:
Unto no man she had so great delite,
For which this feast was like in all thinges,
To the exequies of prynces and of kynges.

She made his swerde also to be take
With whiche he slough Philyp the kyng,
Offred it vp onely for hys sake
Tofore Appollo, by recorde of writyng:
Which to her was sclaundre & hyndryng,
Cauled folke deme in their entent
To slee kyng Philyp, how she was of assent.

To be cruel was set all her pleasaunce,
For mercyleste voyde of all pyte,
On Cleopatra caulynge thys vengeaunce,
That she her selfe henge vpon a tree:
Murdred her doughter the story ye may se,
What malyce may, yf it be declared,
Unto the malyce of women be compared.

Speke of them that be malycious
And lyst of custome for to be vengeable,
Amonge a thousande one may be vertuous
And in two thousand some one is merciable,
But when they be of rancour vntretable,
There is no Tygre more cruel doutles,
Recorde I take, of Olympiades.

And she of malice was more set of fyre
To execute boldly her vengeaunce,
By the occasion of the great empyre
Of Perce & Mede, ful famous in substaunce,
Which stode by cõquest vnder ỹ gouernaunce
Of Alysander, wherby she thought her strõg
Tacheue eche thyng were it right or wrong.

Dempte her power should aye contune
By the meane of hys hygh maieste,
God is stronger than the quene fortune
Which suffred her son in her most dignite
In Babylone, poysoned for to be:
As is remembred in many olde storyes,

After his triumphes and his victoryes.

But for to passe brefely to the wrytyng
Touchyng the quene as made is mencion,
Whan deed was Philyp the famous kyng
She had of Macedone full possession:
And gouerned that myghty region
Wher like a wolues as auctours of her write
To shede blode she gan her selfe delyte.

In her tyranny most feruent and yrous
Reioysed in slaughter and to see men blede,
For serpent none was more malicious
Then was this quene, in bokes ye may rede:
Yet after all this she receyued her mede,
For though fortune fauoured her a whyle,
Yet with her trains she coude her wel begile.

Thende of tyrantes and eke of tyrannesses,
And of murdrers be they neuer so woode,
Of poysonmongers, and enchauntresses,
Of false supplantours contrary to all goode,
And of conspirers, & them that thryst bloode:
All these must haue by goddes puruey aunce,
Here short lyfe or sodayne vengeaunce.

In Macedone this quene was most behated
For her vengeable mortall oppression,
And Cassander against her hath debated,
And gun a warre vpon her region,
Which to Alysander ministred the poyson,
As ye haue herd tofore of hym deuysed,
By Antipater most mortally practysed.

She founde no refute but toke her to flyght
This cruell quene, this Olympiades,
Into a mountaine that stode ferre out of sight,
And of her kyn there folowed great prees,
Supposyng to haue lyued there in pees,
For on that hyll stode a great dongeon,
Strongly walled about enuyron.

Whiche that marched to a great cite
Called Epidua, standyng in great dout,
Because Cassander of olde enmyte
Had for her layde a siege about,
And none so hardy for to issue out,
Tyll Cassander of false compassed trayson,
Made with them a composicion.

Hys fayth was layde that tyme for hostage,
By othe assured to Olympiades,
By couert fraude vnder fayre langage
To suffer her with him to lyue in pees:
But of his promyse he false was & recheles,
For vnder treatie as made is mencion,
The quene he toke, and cast her pryson.

But wyll ye se a royall hye corage,
Howe boldly delyuered fro pryson
She dilcended, imperial of vilage,
With all her maydens about her enuyron:
Her enemyes present, woder than Lyon
Seyng her staude so stately of her face, (nace
When they were proudest to aresl her & ma-

She was of purpose arayed for the nones
(As sayth Bochas) in most stately wyse,
In ryche purple golde and precious stones,
Lyke an empresse in the Grekysche gyse:
Her lyst nat kye, the storye doth deuyse,
With crye nor noyse passed nat her boũdes,
Whan the blodye rayled from her woundes.

She nat afrayed in all her mortall shours,
Voyde of all feare lyst nat bowe her chyne,
Make no prayer to her tourmentours,
Nor no token of corage feminine:
Upryght she stode lyst nat downe decline,
Gaue euidence as it is comprehended,
Of what lyne and blode she was dilcended.

For vnto the tyme she gaue vp the brethe,
Was neuer seyne prince nor pryncesse
That more proudly toke their fatal dethe,
For as I deme her marciall hardynesse
Came frõ Bellona, of armes chefe goddesse,
Or she had it by influence of corage,
Poue by the goddes to her and her lynage.

Force is a vertue, as bokes specify,
Agayne all vices to make resystence,
But frowarde rancour, and proude melãcoly
Gaue her a spirite of fayned pacience,
A false pretence of her magnificence,
As scaunce she had ben in vertue strong,
For trouth to haue endured euery wrong.

Contrarious force made her dispitous,
Stronge in her errour to endure payne,
Of obstinat heart she was fell and yrous,
In dethes constraynt lyst nat to complayne:
Counterfayte suffraunce made her to fayne,
Nothyng of vertue playnely to termine,
Nor of no maners that be feminine.

In her entrayles all malyce was enclosed,
And all contagious venym serpentyne,

Nat

Nat lyke a woman but as a fende dispoled,
Able to distroy all vertuous discipline:
Thus she began thus she dyd also fine,
In vicious murdre she dyd her aye delyte,
Wherfore of her me lyst no more tendyte.

Lenuoye.

ALye that shall thys tragedy se,
Of ruth & mercy haue compassion,
To see a princes from her imperiall see
So vnwarely by fortune throwen doun:
Of whose mischefe this was thoccasion,
In thre thinges was set most her plealaunce
In vicious life, in murder, & in vengeaunce.

Alas that euer the mortall cruelte
Of blody swerde, by execution
Shoulde be appropried to feminite,
Agayne the nature of theyr condition,
Causyng the finall sclaunderous confusion
Of Olympiades, here put in remembraunce,
For vicious lyfe, murdre, & false vengeaunce.

Under freshe floures sote and fayre to se,
The serpent dareth with his couert poyson,
In christall waters that calme and sote be
Are perylous pittes full of deception,
Men se all day by clere inspection,
In fayning faces angelyke suffisaunce,
Hyd vnderneth rancour & great vengeaunce.

Though she excelled of her natife beaute
All other pryncesses of that region,
yet was neuer none feller sene than she,
To execute lyke her opinion
The perylous traynes contriued of traylon:
And specially in her pompous greuaunce,
Where she hated, for to do vengeaunce.

Noble prynces set hye in dignite,
Do aduertise of discretion,
In your most power and largest liberte
Be merciable, and do remission:
Suger with pite your indignation,
Let grace & mercy tempre your puyssaunce,
Of Olympiades eschewing the vengeaunce.

Eryle rygour farre out of your countre,
Gyue hym with you no iurisdiction,
To womanheed longeth not parde
Of cancred rancour new execution:
Wher mercy reigneth of grace ther is foyson,
Haue this in mynde by longe continuaūce,
Of Olympiades forgettynge the vengeaūce.

Let pacience by vertuous plente
Within your heartes purchase a mancion,
Let your compassion attempre equite
That ryght excede nat the boundes of reason
So that your feminine humble entencion
Be alway bridled by prouident suffraunce,
Voyding al excesse of rygour and vengeaūce.

For it is sayde of olde auctorite
To women longeth by disposition
Mekenesse in langage, in porte humilite,
In all vertue humble subiection,
Voyde of manaces stryfe and contencion:
So that no man in your attendaunce
Espye no token of rancour nor vengeaunce:

The speciall meane, the parcialite
Shulde of all mercy by discription
Rebounde to women, for of antiquite
The lambe nat vsed to play the Lyon:
Nor no meke doue enuyed the faucon,
Nor to your degre by naturall accordaunce,
Syt nouther rygour nor hasty vengeaunce.

This simple lenuoy receyue it at gre,
And haue therof no indignation,
Lowly dyrect to your benignite,
Onely of mekenesse, and no presumption,
Knowyng of kynde your inclination
Disposed is by naturall purueyaunce
To all mercye, and nothyng to vengeaunce.

The.xv. Chapter.

How Agathocles of lowe byrthe borne, attayned vnto royall dignite, ended in pouerte and wretchednesse.

I Haue herde sayd full yore agone
A whirle winde blowing nothing soft,
Was in olde englishe called a rodyon,
That reyseth dust and straw ful hye a lofte,
And in thassendyng it falleth so full ofte
Though it be borne almost to the skye,
Where it becommeth there can no man espye.

Out of forges by fyre that smythes make,
By clere experience it is full oft yseyne
That these infernall vgly smokes blake

Transcende ꝑ top of many great mountayne,
But oft lithe by a full sodayne rayne
Al such ascencions by rage of wind vp blow,
With vnware turne be reuerled full lowe.

And semblably to put it at a prefe,
And execute it by clere experience,
One the most contrarious mischefe
Founde in this erthe by notable euidence,
Is onely this, by fortunate violence
Whan that wretches churlische of nature
The estate of princes vnwarely doth recure.

A crowne of golde is nothyng accordyng
For to be set vpon a knaues heed,
A foltysche clerke for to weare a ryng
Accordeth nat who that can take hede:
And in this worlde there is no greater drede
Than power geue(yf it be well sought)
Unto such one that first rose vp of nought.

There is no maner iuste conuenience
A royall carbuncle, rubye, or garnet,
Nor a chast emeraude of vertuous excelence,
Nor Inde saphyrs, in copper to be set:
Their kyndly power in foule metall is let,
And so the estate of politike puysaunce,
Is euer lost wher knaues haue gouernaūce.

For a time they may well vp ascende
Like windy smokes theyr fumes sprede,
A crowned asse playnly to comprehende,
Voyde of discretion is more for to drede
Than is a lyon, for that one in dede
Of his nature is myghty and royall,
Voyde of discretion that other beastiall.

The gentle nature of a stronge lyon
To prostrate people of kynde is merciable,
For vnto all that fall afore hym doun
Hys royall puisaunce can nat be vengeable:
But churlish wolues by rigour vntreatable,
And foltysche asses eke of bestialyte,
Faylyng reason brayde euer on cruelte.

None is so proude as he that can no good,
The leuder head the more presumption,
Most cruelte and vengeaunce in lowe blode,
With malapertnesse and indiscretion:
Of churle and gentle make this diuision,
Of outher of thē I dare right wel reporte,
Fro thens thei came therto they wyl resorte.

The Rose is knowe by colour and swetnesse,
And violettes for their freshe tarage,
The nettle rough for his fell sharpnesse,
Thistles, brieres prickyng by great outrage:
And thus considred the rote of ethe lynage,
Frowarde tetches be euer in churles founde,
Wher vnto gentyls aye vertue doth reboūde.

Let men beware in especiall of one thyng,
How great deception is in falle coynage,
The plate may be bryght in his shewyng
The metall false and shew a fayre visage:
All is nat golde to speake in playne langage,
That shineth bright, concluding on reason
Under fayre chere is ofte hyd false poyson.

For as a skye or an vgly cloude
Which that ascendeth low out of the see,
With his blacknesse doth the sunne shroude,
That men may nat his great bryghtnes see,
Nor haue no comforte of hys clere beaute:
So vicious tetches I do you well assure
Diffface full ofte the gyftes of nature.

God vnto some hath geuen by nature
For to excell another in fayrnesse,
Yet in vices by recorde of scripture
Thei wer disclaūdred Bochas doth witnesse:
Outwarde fuger inwarde bytternesse,
By which ensample to purpose I may call
Agathocles fulfylled with vices all.

In this story he commeth now on the tyng
Which of beaute had great excellence,
But to declare the vicious lyuyng,
And to discriue hys outragious offence,
If I shoulde write fully in sentence
Lyke his demerites wholly the maner,
It woulde through perce & blot my paper.

Touchyng his byrthe of lowe bed descended,
Sonne of a porter, the story ye may se,
In no vertue I fynde hym nat commended,
Except nature gaue hym great beaute:
Fostred in mischefe and great pouerte,
Had eke disdayne I can hym nat excuse,
Of hatefull pride his fathers craft to vse.

By the meane of his great fayrenesse
To hye estate he came from low degre,
Yet in a vice whiche I wyll nat expresse
He disused cursedly hys beaute
Agayne nature, that yuell mote be thee:
And loyled he was shortly to specifye,

With

With all the spices of pryde and lechery.

yet natwithstandyng his false condicions
God suffred hym to come to hie estate,
And to gouerne diuers nacions,
I fynde a whyle howe he was foztunate,
In his lechery aye pompous and elate:
And in a cite called Cyzacuse,
The sayde vices he frowardly gan vse.

And foz he had beaute and great myght,
To all vices hys youth he dyd enclyne,
And coude also fozther hym selfe aryght
Of eloquence expert in the doctrine:
And as it is sayde tho he came of low lyne,
yet as it is put in remembzaunce
An hundzed knightes he had in gouernaunce.

Of Centuryen he purchased an offyce,
And that tyme he toke the ozder of a knyght,
After chosen a tribune of great pzyce,
And gate great fauour in the peoples syght:
And this while it fell so anone ryght
Of Cyzacuses he was made duke & head
By election, because theyz lozde was dead.

Which with Ciciliens helde a moztall strife,
But Agathocles made hym victozious,
Toke their duchesse after to hys wyfe:
By meane wherof he wext full glozious,
And in his glozye he grewe right dispitous,
Fozgate him selfe thus growyng in estate,
Wherthzough his cite and he were at debate.

His condicions whan they gan espy
And saw him wozke all of pzesumption,
The people anone knowyng hys tiranny,
Exiled hym out of their region:
In his exyle, as made is mencion,
He coude nat fynde no better cheuisaunce
But came to a cite ꝑ called was Murgaũce.

Wher by his sleighty subtel falle auyse
He so demeaned hym in the peoples syght,
That of a Pzetoz they gaue hym an offyce,
He meuyng them in all that euer he myght
Gaine Cyzacuses to make thẽ stroͤg to fight,
Of entent of them auenged to be,
Cause, foz his exyle out of that cite.

But in his exyle (the stozy sayth the none other)
It was so wzought by mediacion
Of duke Hamilchar ꝑ was hys swozne bzo-
Cyzacusans of one entention (ther,
Called him home agayne into their toũ
And there was restozed to hys place,
And reconciled to the kynges grace.

And vnto hym they gaue by great auice,
By assent of lozdes and all the commonte,
Of a Pzetour newly an offyce:
Foz Pzetozs of custome called be
Offycers that dwell in the cite,
And haue full charge by dome & iudgementes
To put all gylty to payne and turmentes.

Than of new thys Agathocles
Bycause he had moze auctho3ite
Cast foz to trouble the quiete and the pees
Of Cyzacuses, and out of that cite
All the senatours greatest of dignite
Of moztal vẽgeaunce this tirant made anon
Without exception, to be slayne euerichon.

This hasty slaughter wzought by tiranny,
Myght nat asswage noz stãche his fel cozage,
Tyll he their treasour toke by robbery
And all Cicile he spoyled by pyllage,
Cast of pzide vpon an hye stage
Foz to ascende by sley ghty falle wozkyng,
Of all that region to be crowned kyng.

Made his subiectes maugre hym dzedyng
To cal hym kyng, and in especiall
One the most wozthy pzynce tho lyuyng,
That sat in chayze of maiestye royall:
Tyll foztune shope he must haue a fall,
Foz of Cartage the duke a wozthy knyght
Fought with him twyse, & put him to flyght.

Wherthzough he stode in mischefe dispeyzed,
And of al people he was had in disdayne:
To Cyzacuse in hast he is repayzed,
And to his cite retourned home agayne,
There abydyng in dzede and vncertayne:
Foz whan foztune gan agayne hym take,
His frendes olde of new haue him fozsake.

In that mischefe he bode nat long
As the pzocesse maketh rehearsayle,
Gadzed people and made him selfe strong
Onely in purpose all Affryke to assayle,
With them of Cartage had a great battayle,
Them discomfited as foztune lyst ozdayne,
By hye pzowesse of his sonnes twayne.

Archagatus ycalled was that one,
Wonder delyuer, a man of great myght,

The leconde bzother moste wozthy of echone
Called Heraclydes, whiche in ỹ moztal fight
Pzeued him leife that daye a manly knyght:
Foz by theyz mãhode in which was no lacke,
They of Cartage, were feilye put a backe.

Foz though lo wer by foztune of the warre
Agathocles had that day the victozie,
Falle couetyfe made hym foz to erre
And eclipfed the light of hys glozie:
Foz as it is remembzed in hys ftozie,
Lyke as in his byzthe it is determined,
To all fallenes his cozage was enclyned.

Cruell of cuftome, of hert mercyles,
His wyll was law were it wzonge oz ryght,
Contrary to accozde, frowarde vnto pees,
Pzoude and furquedous in hys owne fyght:
Where his power ftretched ỹ hys myght
Lyke a tyzaunt, naturally difpofed
To execute vengeaunce afoze purpofed,

He thought he had power foz to bynde
Foztunes whele foz to abyde ftable,
Which is a thing contrary to her kynde,
Whofe pzopertie is to be variable:
Hys pryde alas was to abhominable
Foz moztall Pzince is none ỹ may reftrayne,
Her vnware tourne noz her courfe fodayne.

By influence of the heauenly ftarres
The vncouth courfe aboue celeftiall,
By foztune and fauour of the warres
This Agathocles of byzth full rurall
Pzomoted was vnto eftate royall,
Tyll pzide, outrage, ỹ froward engendzure,
Cauled in his lozdfhyp he myght nat endure.

Foztune of kynde is fo flaskyfable,
A monftruous beaft departed manyfolde,
A flydyng ferpent tournyng and vnftable,
Slipper to gripe on whom there is no holde,
As in this boke declared is and tolde:
Her power pzeued on pzinces recheles,
Recozde with other on Agathocles.

As ye haue herde reherfed in fentence
Symple and bare was hys natiuite,
Bzought vp and foftred in great indigence
Out of a ftocke fpzingyng of pouerte,
Rofe to the eftate of royall dignite:
The rylyng vncouth marueylous tattayne,
The fal moze greuous becaufe it was fodayn

From Cyzacufe he was exyled twyfe,
Uengeable of heart where he had myght,
Of Affricans diſconfited thzyfe,
Euer in batayle of cuftome put to flyght,
Had an vfaunce to robbe day and nyght:
And lyke a tiraunte agayn conſcience
To fpoyle his fubiectes by great violence.

Hindzed by foztune wherof he was nat fayne
Her ſtroke agayn him fodayne and violent,
His fonnes two in Affrike were firft flayne,
He of his lymmes wext feble and impotent,
With a conſumption his entrayles bzent:
And by an ague continuall of feruence,
He was fuppzeſſed by ſtroke of peſtilence

All his treaſour hath from hym take
His pzoude pozt, and his wozldly glozy,
His wife, kyn, and frẽdes hath him fozſake,
His conqueſt derke and put out of memozy,
His name yclipſed of hys olde victozy:
And as he gan in pouerte and diſtreſſe,
So he made an ende in wzetchedneſſe.

Haſty rylyng and thzifte that is fodayne,
And ſurmountyng by violent rauyne,
And extozt power may foz a whyle attayne,
In ryche chayze of lozdſhyp foz to fhyne:
Sodayne aſcending dothe ſodenly declyne,
And by vntruth whereuer there be encrees,
Men wayt of cuſtome a ſodayne diſencrees.

Of Agathocles men may enſample take
What is thende of euery falſe tiraunt,
Wzõge climbing vp dothe a foule ende make
Foz a ſeaſon though tirauntes be puyſaunt,
Foztune to them yeueth no lenger graunt:
But whan they fyt on her whele moſt royal,
By vnware chaunge to haue a ſodayne fal.

Agathocles was firſt a fympleman
Bzought fozth in miſchefe and in pouerte,
Sonne of a pozter, the ſtozy tell can,
By vicious liuyng came to great dignite,
Of all folke hated foz his cruelte,
Clambe fro pouert vp to great rycheſſe.
Made poze agayne died in wzetchednelſe.

Lenuoye.

This tragedy cheweth a figure
Bothe by ſtozy and by auctho3ite,
How man, and beaſt, ỹ euery creature

Carageth

Tarageth the stocke of his natiuitie,
Herbe of the rote, and eche frute of his tre:
For bothe of vertue and also of outrage,
Foloweth some tetche or taste of the lynage.

Agathocles by recorde of scripture
Borne of lowe bed, brought forth in pouerte,
Yet Fortune made him to recure
Up to hye estate from full lowe degre,
His reason blent with sensualitie,
Forgate him selfe, to speake in playne lãgage
Through a false tetche ỹ came fro his lynage.

There is a difference of colours in pycture
On table or wall, as men all day may se,
Twene golde & golde, atwene byse & asure,
All is not golde that shyneth bryght parde:
Some noble is falle ỹ hath great beaute,
Let men beware of counterfayte coynage,
Tetches eschuyng of churlysche lynage.

Some man is furthered of sodain auenture,
Set in a chayre of royall dignitie,
Wenyng his empyre shoulde euer endure
And neuer to be troubled with no aduersitie,
With royall Eagles a kyte may not flye:
A Jaye may chatter in a golden cage,
Yet euer some teteh must folow of his lynage.

Gentle bloude of his royall nature
Is euer enclyned to mercy and pite,
Where of custome these vyllains do their cure
By their vsurped and extort false poste,
To be vengeable by mortall cruelte,
Through hasty fumes of furious courage,
Folowyng the tetches of their vyle lynage.

O mighty prynces your nobles do assure,
Your passions rest with tranquilitie,
Se how there is no meane of measure
Where a tyrant catcheth the soueraynte:
Let Agathocles your worldly myrrour be
To eschue the traces of hys froward passage,
As royall bloude requyreth of your lynage.

The.xvi. Chapiter.

¶Howe Callander slewe the wyfe of Alexander and Hercules her sonne, and how Antipater slew his mother, & of other murders.

THe greate mischiefe of Fortunes myght,
The wofull falles fro her whele in dede,
Of prynces, & pryncesses, who so loke aright,
Ben lamentable and doleful for to rede:
But for all that Bochas dothe prorede
In his rehearsayl, remẽbryng thus him selue
To him appeared of men and women twelue.

After the death of kyng Agathocles
There cãe tofore him worthy quenes twain,
The first of them was called Berlanes,
And of her mischefe gan to him complayne,
Wife of Alexander (the story lyst not fayne)
The mighty kyng greatest vnder sonne,
Whiche by conquest all this world hath won.

Wife to Alexander was this Barsanes
By his lyue, as made is mencion,
Whiche with her sonne named Hercules,
Were by Callander brought to destruction:
And of her death thys was the occasion,
Callander dradde ỹ Berlanes the quene,
Woulde with her sonne on him auenged bene

For his treasons whiche he tofore wrought
On Alexander and on hys lynage:
And specially if that she were brought
To Macedone for her auauntage,
Wyth her sonne that was but ponge of age,
Callander thought and drede as I haue told
They wold auenge his trelõs wrought of old

He cast afore of malice causeles
This Callander most falsely worrkyng,
That if this knyght, this ponge Hercules
Son of Alexander by recorde of wrytyng,
In Macedone were take and crowned kyng,
How that he woulde of equitie and ryght
His fathers death auenge lyke a knyght.

Whiche thing to eschue Callãder gan prouide
And by false fraude was not retchles,
But on a day he list not longe abide,
Slew first the quene this sayd Berlanes,
And than her sonne ycalled Hercules:
Thus by Callander of murder crop and rote,
They murdred wer there was nonother bote

This crueltie myght not suffice
Unto Alexander by recorde of scripture,
But lyke a tyrant in vengeable wise
He did them bury by froward auenture,
Where no man should know their sepulture:
And thus alas, whiche pity is to rede,
He murdred foure out of one kynrede.

To Alexander he ministred the poyson,
Slewe the quene called Olympiades,
And of hatred by full false treason
As I haue tolde, he slew quene Berlanes,
Wife to Alexander, mother to Hercules:
Whiche in his youthe by Bochas rehearsyng,
In Macedoyne was like to haue be kyng.

After all this he could not liue in pees,
But euer ready some treason for to do
Slewe eke the quene called Roxanes,
Upon a day, and her yonge sonne to:
And she was wyfe to Alexander also,
Cassander dreadyng in his opinion
Lest they would venge thē vpon his treason.

Thus euer he liued in murder, sorow, & strife
By way of fraude came all his encrees,
And as I finde how he had a wife
And she was called Thessalonices:
And this story remembreth doubtles
I sonne they had borne atwene them twayne
To slea his mother which after did his paine.

Shortly to passe (mine auctor writeth none-
Antipater was her sonnes name, (ther)
And bicause that she loued his brother
Better then him, he to his great defame
(Cōpassed her death, the story sayth the same:
Notwithstandyng to appese his crueltee,
She asked mercy knelyng on her knee.

Her breastes open white and soft as silke,
All bedewed with teares her visage,
Requyred mekely at reuerence of the milke
With whiche he was fostred in yong age,
For to haue mercy and to appease his rage,
And to accept goodly her prayere,
To saue the life of his mother dere.

But all for nought he heard her neuer adele,
He was to her surmountyng all measure
Like his father, vengeable, and cruell:
I trowe it was proue him of nature,
For by recorde of kynde, and eke scripture,
Selde or neuer no braunche that is goode,
Springeth of custome, out of cruel bloude.

Of her death cause there was none other
That Antipater slough his mother dere,
But for she loued Alexander his brother
Better than him, the cronicle doth vs lere:
Whiche Alexander, if ye list to here,
Had in his succour I finde by writyng
Demetrius, that was of Asye kyng.

Thessalonices was in this while dead
By Antipater, he most infortunate
Bathed in her bloud, her sides wer made red
Without compassion of her hye estate:
And her two sonnes liuyng at debate,
Til Lisymachus ꝑ prefect was of Trace
Them reconsyled, eche to others grace.

Whan Demetrius knew of their accorde,
God wot the sothe, he nothing was fayne,
But by his fraude the story beareth record
That Alexander maliciously was slayne:
This while Antipater stādyng in no certayne
Tyll he by sleyght of Lisymachus,
Was murdred after, the story telleth thus

To write the proces and the maner hough
That Lisymachus by fraudulent worknyng
His sonne in lawe Antipater thus slough,
False couetise was cause of all this thing:
And Demetrius toke on him to be kyng
Of Macedone, remembred tyme and date
Whan both brethren were passed into fate.

Duryng this murder & all this mortal strife,
In this proces like as it is founde,
Of Antipater Erudice the wyfe
Daughter of Elenchus was in chains boūde.
Cast in prison, darke, hydous, and profound:
And for a whyle I leaue her there soiourne,
And to Demetrius I wyll agayne returne.

Which made him selfe to be crowned kyng,
Of Macedone, through his great puissaunce,
But to destroy his purpose in worknyng
There were three princes notable in substaūce
Confederate and of allyaunce,
Echone assented for short conclusion,
To bryng Demetrius to destruction.

One the first was worthy Tholome
Kyng of Egypt, in armes full famous,
Other twayne, the story ye may se
Called Seleuchus, and next Lisymachus,
And of Cypre came the kyng Pyrrhus,
Lorde of Nouynce as it is eke founde,
They made thē strong Demetrius to cōfound.

Shortly to tell with their apparayls
Of Macedone they did him first despyue,
Came vpon hym with four strong battayles,
That he was neuer so ouerset in his lyue,

Take

Take of Lilymachus, the story doth discryue:
Cheyned in pylon, of his life in dout,
For I not finde that euer he issued out.

☞ The. xvii. chapter.

Of the two prefectes Perdicas and Amintas.

NExt in order Perdicas did appere
Whilom prefect of great Babilon,
And w̄ him came Amintas eke yfere
An other prefect as made is mencion,
Whiche Bactry had in his subiection:
A great prouince youe him by iudgement,
Midde of Asia towarde the occident.

These sayd twayne for their worthines
And for their manhode in actes marciall,
Assigned were by diligent busines,
To wayte and kepe in especiall
Upon the maiestye in his estate royall
Of Alexander, for trust as chamberlayns,
Agayn the assault & drede of all forayns.

After whose death for singuler guerdone
Made prefect bothe they were in dede,
As ye haue heard that one in Babilone
The other in Bactry the story ye may rede,
Yet in quiete they might hem not succede,
For Seleuchus gan a warre ayen thē make,
That they wer fayn their lordships to forsake

The. xviii. Chapter.

Howe Sandrocottus borne of lowe degre, cherished robbers and theues.



Other prefectes there were also I fynde,
Whiche held the people in ful great seruage,
In Macedone, and in other Inde,
Tyll Sandrocottus a man of lowe lynage
Cast he would redresse their outrage,
Of entent pore people to restore
To their fraunchises ỹ playned on them sore.

Sandrocottus auctour of this worke,
Behight the people throughout all cōtreys,
Whan he by sleight was crowned kyng,
Them to restore to their olde liberties:
But whan he had receyued these dignities,
All his behestes made with a fayre vysage,
Turned after to thraldom and seruage.

Thus whan a wretche is set in high estate,
Or a begger brought vp to dignitie,
There is none so proud, so pōpous, nor elate,
None so vengeable, nor so full of cruelitie,
Voyde of discrecion, mercy, and pitie:
For churlyche bloude felde dothe recure,
To be gentle, by way of his nature.

He may dissimule and for a tyme fayne,
Counterfayte with a fayre vysage,
Out of one hode shew faces twayne,
Contrary of hart, double of his langage,
Styll of hys porte, smothe of his passage:
Under floures lyke a serpent dare,
Till he may stynge, & than will not spare.

And euer like of his condicions
Was Sandrocottus set vp in hye estate,
Vexed people, and troubled regions,
Set cities and townes at great debate:
Whose gouernaunce was infortunate,
As it was sene and founde at all preues,
Cherished no man, but robbers & theues.

And to declare how he caught hardines:
And occasion people to gouerne,
By a pronostike whiche I shall expresse,
Right marueylous & vncouthe to discerne,
Whiche was this, as I shall tell as yerne:
Right wonderful & vncouth for to heare,
And it was this, if ye lyst to here.

There was a man called Prorocatales
Borne in Inde, whiche of his liuyng
Was wonders pore, came but selde in prees,
Because he had trespaced in one thing
Agayne Uenādrus, ỹ was that time king:
Cōmaundyng to slea hym anonryght,
But he escaped (the story sayth) by flyght.

God had geuen him of fete swyftnes,
By meane wherof he saued him fro daungere,
Through long trauayle fyll in werynes,
And refreshed him beside a well clere,
He lay slepyng that face and all his chere
Dropped of swette, a lyon came foreby,
And licked hys face as sayth the story.

With whiche affray the man anone awoke,
And sodaynly lyft vp his vysage,
The lyon rose softly and the way toke

Toward

Towarde the foreſt, & did him no domage,
Forgate his felneſſe and his cruell rage:
Of whiche pronoſtyke gan the occaſion,
Wherof Sandrocottus toke an opinion

Caſt and thought in his fantaſy,
Syth that the Lyon is beaſt moſt royall
Whiche not diſdayned him ſelfe to apply
To licke the face of a man rurall,
In his nature to ſhewe him beaſtiall,
He dempt well that it was ſittyng
To take on hym the eſtate of a kyng.

His opinion of reaſon was right nought,
For where the Lyon left his crueltie,
He contrary wext proud in hert and thought,
Voyde of mercy, barrayne of pitie,
For whan that he was ſet in dignitie,
Brought from a wretche to domination,
Agayne nature he played the lyon.

Sumtime a lyon forgetteth all felneſſe,
Where as a wouiſe wyll naturally deuour,
So royall bloude hath ruthe by gentleneſs,
On poore playnuſes, to helpe thē & ſuccour,
Where as a tyrant dothe naturally labour
Whan he hath power catchyng auauntage,
To robbe ſubiectes and ſpoyle thē by pillage.

Sandrocottus thus borne of lowe kynrede
In hye eſtate by fortune whan he ſtode,
Gan make him ſtronge & vengeable in dede,
With number of robbers, furious, and wode,
Caſt him to deſtroy all the gentle bloude
That was in Inde, and by his ordinaunce,
To ſlea al the prefectes that had gouernaūce.

And wt the cōmons when he was made ſtrōg
And gan the maner of their death deuiſe,
Like a falſe tyrant although he did wrong
Agayne his lordes whan he gan aryſe,
An Oliphant came in full vncouth wiſe,
Him obeyed which was a great wonder,
Whan their battayls were not farre aſunder.

Though he was wild (the ſtory ſaith ꝑ ſame)
Sandrocottus lept vpon his ſyde,
And on hys backe as on a beaſt tame
Toward the battayle anone he gan to ryde,
Was their captayne that day and their gyde
With his robbers, as it is made mynde,
Slew al the prefectes & gētle bloud of Inde.

The.xix. Chapiter.

How Seleuchus the myghty prynce was ſlaine by the great Tholome kyng of Egypt.

Then came Seleuchus to Bochas complaynyng,
A myghtye Prynce and a manlye knyght
Sonne of Antiochus the famous kyng.
Was moſt fauoured in Alexanders ſyght,
Whiche Seleuchus for wiſdome & for might,
Borne of a prynces the cronicle ye may ſene,
Called Leodice the great famous quene.

The byrth of him ſtraunge & marueylous,
For his mother vpon the ſame nyght
That ſhe cōceyued, dreympt, & thought thus
As it ſemed playnely in her ſight,
Of great Appollo the heuely god moſt bright
How ſhe the tyme of her conceyuynge
Receyued that night, of golde a riche tyng.

In whyche tynge was ſet a precious ſtone
Yeue vnto her for a great guerdon,
Graue wt an anker, her cōmaunding anone
After the byrthe without dylacion,
To yeue the tynge of whole affection
To Seleuchus, wherby in eſpeciall,
He ſhould excell in actes marciall.

The ſame morow after the childe was borne,
Within her bed was founde a riche tyng
Wyth all the tokens rehearſed here toforne,
The anker graue like in euery thing
Whiche that the quene toke in her kepyng:
And of entent for her auauntage,
Kept it ſecrete tyll he came to age.

Another maruayle fyll alſo withall,
This Seleuchus, which was a wōder thing
Had enprynted eke in ſpeciall
Upon hys thygh, an anker and a tyng:
So had all by recorde of writyng,
Suche carectes the ſtory doth determyne,
That after him were borne of that lyne.

When Seleuchus as made is mencion,
The tender yeres had of his age ronne,
And came to yeres of diſcrecion,
He by this tynge ful many land hath wonne:
Whoſe knightly fame ſhone ſhene as ꝑ ſonne,
He well aduiſed, hardy, of great myght,
Time of Alexander hold one the beſt knight.

In

In warre and armes he his time hath spent,
Brought all Inde to subiection,
Gate all the kingdomes nye of the Orient,
Held them longe in his possession:
But here alas Bochas maketh mencion
All his victories that did in honour shyne,
With sodaine chaunge were turned to ruyne.

For whan Seleuchus was most victorious,
Had all Inde conquered in substaunce,
Atwene him and king Lisymachus
Of whom tofore is made remembraunce,
Began a warre and a great distaunce:
And as they met with their apparayles,
In a great felde ordeyned their battayles.

On Lisymachus fyll the disconfiture,
Wherof Seleuchus glad in especiall
Dempt his winnyng came not of nature,
But by influence very celestiall:
Gan waxe proude in his estate royall,
Not supposing in his victorious stall,
Of his mischeues that should after fall.

For as the processe declareth vnto vs,
How of Egypt the great Tholome
Brother in lawe to Lysimachus,
Fyll on Seleuchus by full great cruelte,
Slew him at mischefe the story ye may se,
Loste his lyfe as made is mencion,
In Macedoyne, the mighty region.

And it is know of antiquitee
By rehearsayle of the olde auctours,
That this forsayd great Tholome
Was to Alexander one of the enheritours,
Kyng of Egypt there raignyng in his flours,
After whose name descēdyng downe by grees
Were all the kinges called Tholomees.

As I fynde touchyng his lynage,
By procreacion he had children three,
The first of them to speake in playne langage
Inamed was Ceraunius Tholome,
Next Philadelphus, a daughter Arcynoe
That wedded was by her faders cōsentyng
To Lisymachus of Macedon kyng.

The.xx.Chapter.

¶ Howe the two sonnes of Quene Arcynoe were by their mothers brother trayterously slayne, and she exyled.

And thus remembred in bokes olde
Death of Seleuchus wrought by Tholome,
Unwarely slayne tofore as I haue tolde,
Next in order came Arcynoe
To John Bochas, by great aduersite,
All with teares bedewed her vysage,
And gan cōplayne the cōstraynt of her rage.

This mighty quene the sayd Arcynoe
Had sonnes twaine, full famous of renoun,
The tone Lisymachus excelling of beautye,
That other Philip, as made is mencion:
And her ioye and dilectation
In worldly blisse there is no more to sayne
Was holy set vpon these children twayne.

For by the occasion of their great fayrenes
Men delited greatly them to se,
Namely women the story dothe expresse,
And their mother this quene Arcynoe
Stode in great hope that they should be
Mighty kynges by iust succession,
In Macedony the mighty region

Onely by the title of their fathers ryght:
Whiche to her hart gaue full great gladnes,
For she dempt that none other wight
To succede should haue no entresse.
But Fortune the blynde false goddesse
Disposed so for her children twayne,
That none of thē their purpose shold attayne.

For whā their father Lisimachus was slaine
The sayd quene called Arcinoe
To saue her lyfe coulde none other gayne
But with her sonnes fearfully to fle
Into Cassander a mighty stronge citee:
Onely for drede of one Antigonus,
Whiche thē pursued, the story telleth thus.

But the brother of quene Arcynoe
Called Ceraunius rescued her party
Agayne Antygonus, ye may the story se,
yet in his hart he had great enuy
Albe that they were nere of one alye,
That her two sonnes should kynges be
Of Macedoyne, and raygne in that countre.

For he was set onely of couetise
To be crowned in Macedoyne kyng,
And of his false treason, the story doth deuise,
Them to disceyue this was his working:
First to the quene full humbly kneelyng,

He

He made promise vnder great surete,
In Macedoyne she should crowned be.

And her children so fayre of their vysage
Should be kept vnder gouernaunce,
Unto time that they came to age:
And for to put her in more assuraunce
Ceraunius swore, god geue him sory chaunce
He purposed for all his falle worckyng,
To crowne her quene & make her sones king.

Toke all the gods therunto witnes
And swore agayne with a plaine vysage
Unto the quene, of fraude and doublenes,
His purpose was to haue her in mariage,
Crowne her quene to her great aduauntage,
Thus he swore all be he was her brother,
Yet in hart god wot he thought another.

Under colour of this assuraunce
She let him enter Callandre the cite,
Came again him to do him more pleasaunce
With all her lordes of hye and lowe degre:
Made the stretes hanged for to be
With clothes of golde, & in solemne wise
To all their goddes she did sacrifise.

And thus he was receyued solemnely,
The day was halowed and holde festiual,
The quene for ioye ordeyned rychely
Her two sonnes that were so faire in all
To be crowned with crownes full royall,
Go afore her in the maister strete,
Gloriously their vncle for to mete.

With felonous hart vnder a frendly face,
This Ceraunius rote of all treason
Gan his cosyns benignly embrace,
Him purposyng by false collusion
To procede to their destruction:
And fynally fyrst he did his payne,
The quene to ryue, & slea her chyldren twayne.

But or this treason was brought to a preke,
Whan the quene apperceiued his falsenes
And saw her sonnes brought to mischefe,
She coniured him in her mortall distresse
To haue pitie, of naturall gentilnes
Spare his cosins afore him where they stode
Of royall mercy for to bere some of his blood.

And with a crye pitying lamentable
She fyl afore him, swownyng vnto grounde
Like as she had be wretchly culpable,
Seing her sonnes bleadyng wt many woũde:
But all for nought there was no mercy foũd,
For with their blood, this story is not fayned
Her garment was dolefully distayned.

Her face fayre was foyled with ordure,
Her golden heere was all to torne & rent,
And like a thrall this wofull creature
With mortall wepyng had her sight blent:
And after that I fynde how she was sent
To bury her children, for there was no space,
Into an yle called Samothrace.

Is any story which maketh mencion
That a pryncesse of so hye degre
Founde so great cause of lamentacion,
She beyng daughter to great Tholome,
Her children slayne by vengeable crueltie,
And to beholde the death most dolorous,
Of her husbande called Lisymachus:

She after banished in exyle made her ende,
wt sorowful cõplaynt her life thus drawe alõg.
Tyll into fate her spirite did wende:
It is no drede her paynes were full stronge,
And if I shoulde rehearce all the wronge
That she suffred, it woulde greue me to sore,
Therfore of her now I write no more.

Lenuoy.

This tragedy sheweth an apparence,
And a lykenesse of faythfull assuraunce
Exepte men to geue false credence
Unto Fortunes false variaunce,
Which cast her baytes & angles of pleasaunce
In hoke hid vnder of vengeable crueltie,
As this chapiter put in remembraunce,
Of Lisymachus and of Arcynoe.

Is there any greater euidence
Of worldly trouble or worldly constaunce,
Than to se prynces from their magnificence
And from their mighty royall puissaunce
Unwarely brought by fortune to mischaunce,
And ouerwhelmed from their tranquillitee
Se here a myrror full notable in substaunce,
Of Lisymachus and quene Arcynoe.

The ryng, the anker of great excellence
Gaue to Seleuchus for martiall sufficiaunce,
Whan Appollo by heauenly influence
Lyst with his mother make his alyaunce:
Sent hi these relikes of singuler acquaintãce

To

To set his manhode in moze surete,
But in al such quauerynge acquayntaũce
Thinke on Lilimachus and Arcinoe.

The vncouth treasour, the gold, ne the dispẽce
Of them that haue this wozld in gouernaũce,
Noz al the subiectes vp reken̄ed in sentence,
Noz al the regions vnder their obeysaunce,
Pzinces pzinceſſes with al their attendaunce
May agayne foztune yeue them no lybertie,
Who not knoweth her vnsure gery chaunce
Thinke on Lilimachus and Arcinoe.

Her chyldzen & she slayne by violence
Of Ceramius, god yeue him sozy chaunce,
That by falſe coloure dyd her reuerence
And pzetended a maner obleruaũnce,
The treson cloſe of venomous purueyaunce,
Purposed afoze to outray them all thze:
The chyldzẽ slayne which knew no cheuiſaũce,
The mother exiled called Arcinoe.

Noble pzinces beware, of hie pzudence
Amonge your selfe that there be no distaunce,
Hyde no rancoure of hateful vyolence
Under a curtayne of double daliaunce,
Lyke your hert shewe out your countenaũce,
Uoide of diſſimulinge and duplicitie:
Wyſely way this chapter in balaunce,
Of Lylimachus and quene Arcinoe.

The.xxi.chapiter.

How Ceramius of Macedoyne kyng that murdzed his cosins, was slayne in batail by them of Fraunce.

The Noble Poete Jhon Bochas, in his boke
Pzocedyng fozth cõplaineth of pite,
With quaking hande whan he his pen toke,
And gan to wzit the woful destenye
As ye haue herde of quene Arcinoe,
And how Ceramius the stozy maketh minde,
Was to her falſe, traytour, and vnkynde.

Of whose treason is made a great pzocesſe,
And howe he after was slayne in batayle,
Punished by vengeaunce foz his falſenesſe,
Lyke as his stozy maketh rehersayle:
Whych to remembze I aſſent me not to fayle,
Folowyng myne auctour & pzocede in wzityng
Howe Ceramius was slayne, beynge kinge,
Foz whyle that he by his falſe wozkyng,
In Macedoyne had the gouernayle,
Thze hũdzed. M. accompted by wzitynge
Went out of Fraunce to conquere Italye,
The hoſt departed in many stronge batayle,
Gate by conqueſt thzough theyz hye renoume
Ful many a pzouince, and many a regiõn.

And as they rode thzough many a gret routre
This people of Gaule in stele armed clene,
They founded caſtels & many stronge cytie,
Towarde Rome they bylded Mylan & Sene
Upon the Alpes their armour shone ful shene
And some of them vp to Rome went
By very fozce, and the citye bzent.

Some parted vp to the grekyshe see,
Had a custome to chese their dwellynge place
By Augurie, as byzdes dyd ſie,
Folowynge their flyght they gan after trace,
Holdynge their way within a lytell space
With myghty hand, the boke doth specify,
They came to a countrey called Pannony.

This folk of Gaule, whych is called Fraũce,
To conquere landes put them selfe in pzees,
As most notable people of puiſſaunce,
Folowynge ỹ exãple of their knightly encrese
In theyz ridynge, of wozthy Hercules,
Which was wozshipped in their actes merrial
Lyke as a god, and called immoztall.

Thzough grace of foztune in their chyualryes
Conquered countreys alwaye fozth rydynge
Them selfe departynge in diuers companyes
Who them withstode they cõsumed by bzẽnig:
Came to Macedone where Ceramius was
Of pzesũpciõ wening it should auayle, (kinge
Out of ozdinaunce he met them in battayle,

This Ceramius of outrage and of pzide
Dempt him able to mete with thẽ of Fraũce,
But foz he was thzough murdze an homicide
He lacked grace, and power in substaunce:
Yet they of Gaule by pzudent gouernaunce
Offred vnto hym, though he was retcheles,
With Macedonoys foz to treate of pees.

But foz pzesumpcion and melancoly
Agaynst his enemies he the felde hath take,
And discomfited anone was his party,
His men gan flie, and haue their lozd fozsake,
Hys heed smyt of and set vpon a stake:
But al his mischefe was to lyte in dede

To recõpence his fraude and his falchede.

There is no paine againe so great offence
May be deuised in no boke that men rede,
Equiualent murder to recompence,
Duely to punyche so outragious a dede,
Of him that made ponge childzen biede:
As did Ceramius, whiche of false couetise
His colyns slough as ye haue heard deuise.

To thinke on murder it is foule a thing,
To god and man hatefull and terible,
The infernal fraude, the deuilysche cõpassing
To eche creature of nature is odible:
Whiche to redzesse is an impossible,
O cursed Ceramius I leaue thy stozy here,
Thy name no moze shal blot my papere.

The.xxii. Chapiter

How the pzynce Belgius was discomfited, and bzought to nought.

After this tyzaunte as ye haue hearde the caas
Slayne in battayle, this traytour odious,
Anone in ozder came to John Bochas
A mighty pzynce, called Belgius,
Deadly, pale, with face furious:
Whiche cõplayned amonge this wofull pzees
His discomfiture done by quene Sostenes.

This sodayn mischefe greued his hart sozе,
Foz all the folke that were in his battayle
Were put to flyght, Bochas wziteth no moze
Of his knighthode noz of his apparaile,
Saue onely this, he maketh rehearsaile
Of the Frenche host he telleth in certaine,
How he was chosen foz a chefe captayne.

And how he came into the riche lande
Of Macedoyne with his people of Fraunce,
Tyll Sostenes the quene wt myghty hande
Discomfited him, & bzought to mischaunce:
Of whõ I finde none other remembzaunce
Saue whan he wende to be most glozious,
He was outrayed by fozce of Bzennus.

The.xxiii.chapter.

How duke Bzennus delityng to robbe and steale mischeuously ended.

This Bzennus full knyghtlye in wozkynge,
Which by cõquest gate many great citie
And as I reade of Danes he was kyng,
Disployled regions, & many a great coũtrie,
Robbed people of hye and lowe degre,
Spared no goddes, but by vyolence
Toke their treasures, did them no reuerence.

There was a temple great and marueylous,
Built on a roche and on an hyll of stone,
Sacred to Appollo, called Delphicus
In all Grece so great a god was none:
And oft sythe the people wouldе gone
Up to a Theatre, whiche that stode wythout,
To haue answere of ỹ they stode in doubt.

Their trust & hope was to ỹ god applyed,
Hauyng to hym singuler affection,
As though he might haue holpe & magnified,
And done to them great consolation:
Foz by a spiryte of false deception
He gaue answere of sundzy questions,
To folke that came from diuers regions.

Kyng Bzennus had no fantasy
In their temples after their panym gyse,
Neither to wozship noz to magnify
Their Grekysh goddes, to do thẽ sacrifise:
Foz in his hart he gan them to despyse,
Caught a ioy wyth all his false robbours,
Them to dispoyle & robbe of their treasours.

Behyght his men & sayd in playne langage
That his desyze and hys entencion
Was, to be boty with them of such pyllage,
As Goddes had in their possession:
And part with thẽ foz singuler guerdon,
Foz their labour and great trauayles,
That they had had wyth him in battayles.

He gaue his people a maner hardines,
Made them trust in great multitude,
Hauyng despyte of the innocent symplenes
Of his enemies, because they were but rude,
I meane tho folke shoztly to conclude,
Whiche had in keppng the iewels pzecious
Of great Appollo, called Delphicus.

The people also whiche was with Bzennus
Had all the day dzonke myghty wynes,
To fyll their paũches they were so desyzous
That they fozgate their marciall doctrines:
To alcẽd ỹ moũtayne feble were their chines

Their

Their heades totter, & their braine gan faile,
The temple aloft to spoyle or to assayle.

In their assending by wayes that they chees,
Upon the roche they were beat doune,
Priestes of the temple put thē selues in prees
One bare a standard, another a penoune,
Clad in chelibles for hye deuocion,
And with their other vncouth apparayles,
Bothe on the roche & lowe in their battayles.

The people of Brennus was incomperable,
Spred all the felde the story beareth witnes,
But it is sayd of olde and is no fable,
That no defence is in dronkennes,
And wisdome fayleth where is greate excesse
And in a felde playnly to conclude,
Victory alwayes standeth not in multitude.

For they were set as Bochas dothe deuise,
Not to knighthode but to false outrage,
To spoyle and robbe by gredy couetise,
And stuffe their somters with great pillage,
Furious rauine hath brought thē in a rage,
And farewell knighthode & marciall noblesse,
Where couetise is lady and maistresse.

Two mighty dukes were with Brennus
Whiche that were chefe of his counsayle,
Euridanus that one, that other Thessalonus,
Which, as they thought to their great auaile,
Began a purpose, and it was disauayle
To robbe the people, the countrey, & ech toun,
Whiche turned after to their confusion.

Thus auarice ẅ stomake vnstaūcheable
Hath strāgled ŷ power of many a worthy kni-
And couetise her sister vntretable (ght
Hath of high nobles full oft quaint the lyght,
Wher Tātalus raigneth a lion hath no might
This to meane honger and couetousnes
Turneth all nobles into cowardnes.

For by the counsayle of these dukes twayne,
Brennus let all his opinion
To spoyle and robbe, dyd his busy payne
To pyll the cities of all that region:
But in this while as made is mencion,
Wyd their battayles Bochas dothe me lere.
The God Appollo and Pallas did appere.

Appollo first shewed his presence
Freshe, yonge, & lusty, as any sunne shene,
Armed all with golde, & with great byolence
Entred the felde as it was well sene:
And Diana came with her arowes kene,
And Mynerua in a bright haberion,
Which in their cōminge made a terible soun

The noyse was herd of their bright armure,
Which made their enemyes almost to raue,
That they might afore them not endure:
Fled the felde for drede them selfe to saue,
And there was herde an hidous erthquaue:
And from heauen in this mortal batayle
Of colde constreyning, great stones do hayle,

Their aduersaries beate downe & grounded,
And afore them durst not abide,
And Brennus so mortally was wounded
Both brest & herd & hurt through eyther syde:
Lo here the ende of couetise and pride,
For Brennus for constraynt of his smert,
Roue with a dagger him selfe to the herte.

This was his ende dēgeable & merueylous,
And his dukes slayne both twayne:
Called Euridanus and Thessalonus,
The grekish goddes gan at him so disdayne,
Of sacrilege se here the greuous payne:
For to goddes who lyst do no obseruaunce,
Shall vnwarly be punished wyth dēgeaūce.

It is not holsome with goddes to play,
Nor their puissaunce presūptously to attame,
For where as they by vengeaūce lyst werray
who lyst assay shall fynde it no game:
For his prelūpcion Brennus founde the same,
For Appollo, Diana, and Mynerue
For his outrage vnwarly made hym sterue.

Lenuoye.

This tragedy declareth who lyst here
Of duke Brennus many great batayle,
His extorte conquest and holy the maner
Howe by force he rode through al Itayle:
After how he the Romayns dyd assaile,
His fall in Grece by vengeable violence,
For he to goddes would do no reuerence.

Toke al the treasours & iuels most entere
Out of their temples, and richest apparayle,
Golde and perle, and al that ylere
To his encrease whych that myght auayle:
The rich he robbed, oppressed the porayle,
Of verye pompe and frowarde insolence,
And lyst to goddes do no reuerence.

This mighty tiraūt moſt ſurquedous of chere
With couetyſe bzent in hys entrayle
Whole gredy fret ther might no meſure ſtere,
Tyll that foztune at miſchefe dyd hym fayle:
He lacked might her variant whele to nayle,
Agayne whole fall there was no reſiſtence,
Foz he to goddes lyſt do no reuerence.

Noble pzynces conceyue and do lere
The fall of Bzennus foz miſgouernayle,
And pzudently paiſyng thys matere
Uertue is ſtrōger than outher plate oz maile.
Afoze conſidzed what Bzennus doth coūſayle
Chefe pzeſeruatyfe of your magnificence,
Is to god to do due reuerence.

The.xxiiii. Chapter.

Howe Pyzrus kynge of Pyzothe lyſt nat lyue in peace, but of pzyde and pzeſumption in warre, came vnto miſchaunce.

IN Bochas boke next folowig on ỹ rig
Came yong Pirrus ſonne of Eacides
Bozne by diſcent to reigne & be kyng,
And to enherite the lande of Pyzothes:
Yet in his youth and his tender encrees
The frowarde people dwellynge in ỹ place,
Without his gylte gan his dethe purchace.

But to pzeſerue hym as made is mencion
He was committed and take in keppyng
Certayne peres foz hys ſauacion
To one Glaucus, of Illirie king:
Whoſe wife was coſyn, by recozd of wziting,
To the ſayde famous Eacides,
And ſhe in ſtozy called Beronices.

He nye of blode to thys noble queene,
Bothe twayne bozne of one lynage,
Wonder gracious to all that did him ſene,
And well fauoured of fetures and viſage:
And in the whyle of his tender age,
One Caſſander of Macedone kyng,
Compaſſed his deth by ſubtel falſe wozkyng.

And his purpoſe foz to bzyng aboute
He ſent foz hym by falſe colluſion,
Puttyng Glaucus playnlye out of doute
But yf he came lyke hys entencion,
He wolde wozke to hys deſtruction:
Gather people bothe nye and farre
And on Glaucus, gyn a moztall warre.

But kyng Glaucus to be herof no hede,
Hauyng to Pyzrus ſo great affection
Of him receyued verely in dede
To be his ſonne by adoption,
Purpoſyng of whole entencion
To make Pyzrus plainly if he may,
To be his heyze and raigne after his day.

Pyzrus alway bpgrowyng by encrees
Full amiable bothe of chere and face,
And in this while the people of Pyzothes
Knowyng that he ſtode in Glaucus grace
Chaunged their hartes, caſt thē in ſhozt ſpace
Foz to reſtoze all of one courage,
The ſayd Pyzrus to his heritage.

Thus by aſſent he was crowned kyng,
Yonge, freſhe, and luſty, & ſemely therwithal,
Wonders well thewed in his bpgrowyng,
Like his lynage of courage wert royall:
The whiche was cauſe in eſpeciall,
He was beloued of frendes about,
And of his enemyes greatly had in doubt.

The name of him gan to ſpzede farre
Thzough all Grece about in eche countrey,
The lande of Tarent gan in his tyme warre
Agayne the Romaynes as ye may ſe,
Requiryng Pyzrus that he wouide be
Fauourable and helpyng of entent,
To the party of them of Tarent.

To their requeſt he can condiſcende,
And of purpoſe caſt him not to fayle,
If that foztune wouide him grace ſende
With myghty hande, & marciall apparayle,
Foz to be lozde and conquere all Itayle,
As did his vncle whilom doubtleſs,
Kyng Alexander, called Epirothes.

Firſt he began his conqueſt in Itayle
Toward Heracipe a mighty great citie,
Where with Bzennus he had a great battaile
Conſull of Rome and lozde of that countrye:
And to the encreaſe of his felicitie,
As it is remembzed in his ſtozy,
Upon Romayns he gate that victozy.

The Olyphantes with caſtels on their backe
Cauſed Pyzrus the yong manly knyght
With his wiſdome wherin there was no lack
To put his enemies that day to flyght:

And

And in this while it happened forthright
The Sicilians (Bochas beareth record)
Amonge them selues were fall at discorde.

There was atwene them great diuision
Eche to other contrary in worckyng,
But to reforme their falle discention
They prayed Pyrrus to come, & be their king
To whose request he fully assentyng
By them made stronge, lyst not to deferre
Against the Romayns for to gyn a warre.

Beside a castel called Esculus
Within Poyl his banner he gan splay,
The same day not happy nor eurous
Contrarious fortune his power gan affray,
Woũded to the death gan greatly him disnay
By whiche occasion this Pyrrus anone right
Lept on his courser, and toke him to flyght.

A sonne he had called Helenus,
Borne of the daughter of kyng Agathocles
Whō he ordeyned mine auctor telleth thus,
For to be crowned to his great encrees,
Of Siciliens to raygne there in pees:
Wenyng therby to haue had auauntage,
And in this while came to him a message

Out of Tarent, whiche stode in auenture
For his absence out of that region,
If he not came they might not endure,
Againe the power of them of Rome toun,
Whiche of assent were discended downe
Agaynst them, they standyng in dispayre,
Saue in abydyng vpon his repayre.

Pyrrus this while stode in full hard poynt,
Wart abashed and dull in his corage,
Atwene twayne hangyng in distoynte:
Werreyed of Romayns, hated in Cartage,
Had a battaile to his fynall domage,
Within a felde called Iruslus,
There put to flyght by one Fabricius.

Destitute by Fortune and appayred,
Voyde of succour, barrayne of rychesse,
Like a man of hope dispayred
Towarde Epyre in haste he gan him dresse,
Where he was first, his storp doth expresse,
As ye haue heard rehearced by writyng
By succession whilom lorde and kyng.

But whan he came to Epyre the citie,
He gan of new agaynst Antigonus
kyng of Macedoyne, a full stronge countrie,
Hym to werrey, he was so desierous:
And by conquest the storp telleth thus,
Within a while there was no great lettyng,
By helpe of Fortune he was crowned kyng.

Not seuen monethes raignyng in quiete,
By Lisymachus maugre all his might
He was put downe, & remoued from his sete:
Yet of presũption though there was no right,
He toke on him to gyn a newe fyght
Gayne Lacedemonois, & felly them werrey,
Onely because they would him not obey.

Whose presumption whan they beheelde
Bothe of prudence and policy
Women were armed, to make a large felde,
With multitude to oppresse his party,
For cõmon profite put them in ieoparty:
And fynally suche was their ordynaunce,
That Pyrrus was brought to mischaunce.

His sonne there slayne called Tholome,
And many other lost there their liues,
And for all that of pride and crueltie
He gan a warre agayne the Argyues,
And at the ende of his mortall striues,
For conclusion, this was his last fall,
Slaine wt a stone as he came to their wall.

His head smit of in the same place,
And therof made an oblacion
To Antygonus, for a great solace:
Thus lyst fortune quite his presumption,
After his warres with many region:
Lo here the ende of folkes retchles,
That folowed warre, & list not liue in pees.

¶ The. xxv. Chapter.

☞ How the tyrãt Aristotimus by trecherous worckyng, set aside the right line, and was crowned kyng of Epirothes and after slayne.



For the proceadyng folowyng John Bochas,
I wil reherce in ful playne lãgage
How Aristotim a tyrãt (this ỹ tale)
Cast and compassed by full great outrage,
(Hauyng no title of right nor heritage)
Of Epyrothes by trecherous worckyng,
Voydyng the line, there to be crowned kyng.

Liuyng two children the storp telleth thus,

Borne by discent to raygne in that citee,
The eldest of them called was Pyrrus,
And the seconde named Tholome:
And bothe twayne by the cruelte
Of Aristotym, were falsely set aside,
He made kyng this tyrant thrzough his prryde.

And while that he thus gan occupy
Lyke a tyrant cruell and vengeable,
Of false rancour and melancoly
Slewe all the citizyns ỳ were most notable,
And exyled (this storzy is no fable)
Onely of malice within his hart close,
All that were contrary vnto his purpose.

Unto the women by fraudulent sentence,
He made ordayne after that anone
Of fained pitie, gaue to them lycence
To their frendes frely forz to gone
With their riches, but they were euerychone
By his biddyng and by his false treason,
Take by the way, and fettred in prrylon.

Or they were ware was set on them arrest,
And after that of vengeable crueltie
The childzen slayne suckyng at their brrest,
Maydens oppzessed of their virginitie:
But in this while at Cyprze the citie
There was a knyght passyng of great age,
Whiche cast of purpose to auenge his outrage

The same knyght, mine auctour telleth thus,
In the storzy playnly as I rede,
Was in Greke tonge called Helematus,
Right wise & manly both in wozd and dede:
And thinges twayne put him out of drzede
To execute his purpose in certayne,
Maugre all tho that would be him againe.

For cõmon prrofite he drzad not to be dead,
A cause was this forz he was fall in age,
And another that put him out of drzede
For he no childzen had of his lynage:
His quarell rightfull gaue him aduauntage,
And herevpon gathered him of newe
Suche as he knew, ỳ manly were and true.

This purpose helde vb circumspect auise,
And theron made full prrudent ordinaunce,
This Helematus olde, hardy, and right wise
Aforze prrouided, by knyghtly purueyaunce
The said tyrant brrought vnto mischaunce,
By helpe of them that were to him assented,
Unwarely slain, whole deth was not repẽted

The.xxvi. Chapter.

How quene Arcinoe forz the aduoutry done with Demetrius husbande of her daughter Berenices, ended in sorzowe.

After this storzy Bochas gan apply
To turne his pen, like as ye shall here,
To wrzite and tell the frowarde lechery
Of Arcynoe, pleasaunt of loke and chere:
Whiche of her prrowesse and eke of her manere
Was in her dayes, like as it is founde,
Forz craft & beauty called Uenus the seconde.

Forz her fayrenes yeuen in mariage
To noble Agas of Cyrenes kyng,
Atwene them while they were yonge of age
They had a daughter by recorde of wrytyng,
Called Berenices, the kyng at his endyng
In his testament bad that she should be
Wedded to the sonne of kyng Tholome.

And this was done of entencion
To cease the warres ỳ had endured longe,
Atwene Egipt, as made is mencion,
And the Cyrenes, bothe realmes stronge:
By this mariage ỳ he myght vnderfonge
In his dyng to set a fynall peace
Twene these.ii. realmes, forz their both ẽcrece

After whose death thus the matter stode,
Quene Arcynoe most subtyll in wozkyng,
Agayne this matter so cruell was and wode,
Maryed her daughter wout moze lettyng
Called Berenices, agaynst the biddyng
Of her father that called was Agas,
As heretofore, rehearsed is the caas.

She maried her to one Demetrius,
That brzother was, by Bochas rehearsynge,
Unto the mighty great Antygonus,
Beyng in Grece of Macedoyne kyng:
But infortunate was she after her weddyng,
As in this storzy suyng ye shall se,
By the false wozkyng of quene Arcynoe.

And to conclude shortly this mattere,
Whan thys quene this double Arcynoe
Sawe of Demetrius the bysage & the chere
His loke, his coloure, his langage, & beautie,
His manly porzt, and his liberalitie,
She was enamozed of fleshly pleasaunce,

Like

Lyke her delyre, to haue his acquayntaũce.

Of her nature she was most lecherous,
And of her frowarde inclination
She brought about that Demetrius
Assented was, by her suggestion,
For to accomplish lyke her opinion,
All her desyres of fleashly appetite,
Thus of accorde there folowed their delite.

Lefte his wyfe called Beronices
The quenes doughter, & agayne all ryght
In a place secret out of prees
They lay together almost euery nyght,
Takyng no hede of god nor of no wyght:
Tyll of fortune the case is so befall,
That he was hated of hys knyghtes all.

Dispyte they had of Arcynoe,
The dede horrible whan they dede espy,
Hys wyfe Beronices eke whan she dyd se
Holy the maner of theyr ribaudry,
In heart she caught a great melancoly,
Ordayned knightes in stele armed bryght
In their aduoutry to take them on a nyght.

Lying a bedde slept and toke no kepe,
After falle lustes whiche they had vsed,
They felyp on them whyle they dyd slepe,
The dede open myght nat be excused,
To all the worlde thus they were accused:
With swordes drawe ỹ knyghtes thilke night
To slee thẽ both were purposed anone right.

Out on Beronices (cryeth John Bochas)
Because she badde spare Arcynoe
Grounde & gynnyng of this horrible caas,
Sayth her mercy was very cruelte,
To saue suche one it was a false pite:
As sayth myne auctour, a thyng cõtrarious
Her to preserue and slee Demetrius.

O Beronices small is thy discretion
To saue the quene ỹ hath the treason founde,
First to Demetrius she gaue occasion
For which she shuld haue had the first woũde
Take for them bothe and in cheynes bounde,
And after that thys falle Arcynoe,
To example of other shuld haue punished be.

And whyle they were taken thus in close,
The sayd Arcynoe made no delay
But fro her bedde anone she vp rose,
Without clothes, naked as she lay,
Ran to their swordes in all theyr gret affray,
Went atwene them, dyd her busy payne
To beare of strokes with her armes twayne.

To saue Demetrius naked as she stode
Voyde of all drede dyd her busy cure
Her whyte body all bespreynt with blode
Gan to cry out on euery creature:
Alas (quod she) let me alone endure
Deth by my selfe, ye be to dispitous
To saue my lyfe and slee Demetrius.

To the erthe anone she fyll adowne
To stande vpryght she might nat sustene,
Deed, pale, & wan, with many pitous sowne
Dethe of Demetrius gan wofullye bemene:
Embrasyng him with all his woũdes grene,
And in her armes albe that he laye deed,
She kyssed his mouth, blew & nothyng reed.

In sorow & cõplaynt thus she made an ende,
I write no more of thys Arcynoe
But to Beronices agayne I wyl now wẽde,
For Bochas sayeth in the story ye maye se
She after wedded was to worthy Tholome
Like as it was her fathers first entent,
When ỹ he dyed, and made his testament.

☞ Thus endeth the fourth boke, and hereafter folowe the fyfte.

Here Bochas vvryteth agaynſte them that delyte in beaute and ſemelyneſſe, callyng to purpoſe howe a man bozne in Tulcan, whiche excelled in beaute and fayzneſſe, and foz hys beaute ſhould nat geue other occaſion to ſynne, he diſfigured hys vyſage and body, wyth manye a great wounde and ſpotte.

The firſt Chapter.



Ere Bochas ſcozneth & hath diſdayne
Of thze maner of folke he dyd ſe,
In this wozlde whiche that in certayne
Set al theyz ioy and all their felicite
Foz to excell in fayzeneſſe and beaute:
Nat withſtandyng as ye well tell can,
It hath vndone full many a wozthy man.

Recozde he taketh of Demetrius,
Which in his tyme was fayzeſt in certeyne,
Which cauſed hym to be contrarious
To al vertue, his ſtozy ye haue ſeyne:
But of tho folke Bochas hath moſt diſdeyne
That buſy ben to conquere and recure
Beaute by craft, which cometh nat of nature.

The thirde is he þ grutcheth agayne kynde
Foz lacke of ſtature and of ſemelyneſſe:
And all theſe thze ben ignozaunt and blynde,
And agayne reaſon their cozages they dzeſſe,
Yet aboue beaute vertue is mayſtreſſe,
And lytle wozthe is fayzneſſe in certeyne
In a perſon where no vertue is ſeyne.

Unto purpoſe he telleth of a man
That excelled all other in fayzeneſſe,
Called Spurnia & bozne was in Tulcan,
And folke had ioye and great gladneſſe
To beholde hym foz his ſemelyneſſe
Whoſe beaute bzought women in dotage,
When they caſt her loke on hys vyſage.

Wyues & maydens dwellyng in that countre
Pzeſed faſt on hym to beholde,
By thoccaſion of hys great beaute
Nat onelye yonge but ſome that were olde
Wyth loues axceſſe nowe were they hote nowe colde,
Thus was hys beaute to many a creature,
Founde in effecte a perylous lure.

Huſbandes olde caught a fantaſy
And had a maner ſuſpection,
Styzed by the ſerpent of falſe Jelouſye
Towarde Spurnia, as made is mention:
But foz to auoyde all cruell occaſion,
Of any people that ſuche malyce thought,
Ye ſhall here howe wyſely that he wzought.

To put awaye falſe dyſlectacion,
And all occaſions of Cupides rage,
He of pzudence and diſcretion
With many wounde diſfaced hys vyſage:
Foz he dempt it was great domage
That by thenchezen of excellent beaute,
Any creature hyndzed ſhoulde be.

Philoſophers and poetes that were wyſe,
Gaue vnto hym a great commendation,
That he coude ſo notably deuyſe
To fynde a waye within hys reaſon
To ſet alyde all occaſion
Of ſuche vnlefull flechlye fantaſye,
That might ſtyze women vnto lecherye.

He knewe afoze and ſaw by experience
That all beaute ſhall waſte away and fade,
Lyke ſomer flours in theyz moſte excellence,
That growe on hylles oz be lowe in ſhade:
The roſe, the lylye, whan they be moſt glade
Upon theyz ſtalkes, theyz pzeſe is dayly ſeyne
Been beten downe with a ſtozmye reyne.

And

And semblably in euery creature
Of lowe degre or of hye estate,
Beauty abideth nat nor lenger doth endure
Than youthes selon, ẅ age is ful checkmate:
Who thinketh hereon I holde hym fortunate,
And can afore in his reason caste
No worldly beauty, in erth mai alway laste.

¶ Lenuoye.

Ye worldlye folke that reioyse in beaute,
Se with the eyen of your aduertence
Howe with a smale sodayne infirmite
When deth & age lyst shewe theyr presence,
Disdayne al freshnes with vnware violence
Agayne whose might there is no other grace
Processe of yeres all beaute doth deface.

Though Demetrius was fayre vpon to se
As ye haue herde rehearsed in sentence,
Gayne law and right he loued Arcynoe
Thoccasion founde by her false insolence,
Bycause reason made no resistence,
Nat aduertyng how euery hour and space
Processe of yeres, all beaute doth diffface.

Full horrible was their iniquite,
And tofore god hatefull their offence,
For through false lust and sensualite
Lost was the bridell of inwarde prouidence,
Sharpe mortal sworde made ỹ recompence,
Drowned in teres whan she dyd hi embrace,
With blody woundes disfigured all hys face.

O noble prynces let thys story be
A clere myrrour to your magnificence,
Therein considred the false fragilite
Of worldly fayrnes which is but apparence,
And transitory, but so be that prudence
Gouerne the passage vicious lust to enchace,
Processe of yeres, all beaute dothe diffface.

The.ii. Chapter.

¶ Howe the two brethren, Seleuchus and Antiochus, eche desyrous to excell other, fyll at discorde and ended in mischefe.

There is no man that can in story rede
Of more mischefe nor of more debate,
Than of debate that is atwene kinrede,
Twene blode & blod, gayne kide infortunate.
Namely in persons whiche ben of hye estate,
As it fyll ones, the story beareth recorde,
Atwene two brethren that were at discorde.

That one Seleuchus, Antiochus the other,
As the story hereafter shall deuyse,
Eche desyrous for to excell other
In worldly worschyp, & wonderly they were
And both blent by worldly couetyse (wyse,
For to clymbe vp to hye estate
Whiche caused them to be at debate.

Both mighty kinges Bochas maketh mẽcio,
And of one wombe sothlye they were borne
Under a cursed fell constellacion,
Of frowarde sede may grow no good corne:
And through couetyse bothe they were lorne,
And distroyed by the mortall werre
That was atwene them, in Asie nye & ferre.

It is to me verye contagyous
To rede the batayles and discencions,
The false promyses of Antiochus,
With the disceytes and conspirations:
Betherne of byrth, and of condicions
Contrarious wayes euer they dyd wende,
Frowardly they began, & so made an ende.

Their mother was called Leodices,
And in Asya Seleuchus was reignyng,
Euer in werre, coude nat lyue in pees:
And in Surry Antiochus was kyng,
And among robbers they made theyr ending,
Where euer they fought in wronge or right,
Neuer they bode but toke them to flyght.

Though Seleuchus was at his gynnyng
Shynyng in glory and in hye prowesse,
And of Asya he was lorde and kyng,
With great diffame was derked his noblesse:
Bycause that he of great vnkyndnesse
Ful falsely slewe without iudgement,
Hys yonger brother that was innocent.

And by the byddyng of Leodices
Which was his mother of hatefull cruelte
Falsely to murdre the quene Beronices,
Wife to the kyng called Tholome,
Reygnyng in Egipt, but it stode so that he
For all his power fayled of hys pray,
Bycause that she was ware, & fled away.

yet afterwarde of olde hate and enuy

This

This Seleuchus by full falſe treaſon,
Murdred Beronices by conſpiracy,
Her ſonne alſo, as made is mencion:
The ſclaundre aroſe thrꝛough many a region,
And was repoꝛted vnto hys diffame,
Wherthrꝛough he loſt his woꝛſhip & his name.

And on thys murder auenged foꝛ to be
Foꝛ the hoꝛrible great abuſion,
The kyng of Egypt the ſayde Tholome
Gan make him ſtrong, & came w̄ people doun
But foꝛ there was ſo great diſcention
Thꝛough al his land, the ſtoꝛy ſaith certayne,
He was conſtrained to returne home agayne.

Seleuchus than made a ſtronge armee
Gathered chyppes, ſtuffed them w̄ vytayle,
Towarde Aſye he taken hath the ſee,
But ſuche tempeſt gan hys people aſſayle,
That hertes and power of them gan fayle,
W̄ thundꝛing & lightning vēgeably diſtrained
To take the land of nede he was conſtrained.

The people of Aſye ſeyng thys miſchefe
Had of Seleuchus great compaſſion,
And their ſuccour to ſet at a pꝛefe
They hym receyued into that region,
Though it ſtode (as made is mencion)
That afoꝛetyme foꝛ hys cruell dede
They had his perſon in full great hatrede.

And foꝛ he fonde foꝛtune fauourable
Nat conſidꝛyng her mutabilite,
He caſt of rancour foꝛ to be vengeable
And gyn a werre agayne Tholome:
His men outrayed he was conſtrayned to fle,
Knewe no refute noꝛ ſuccour of none other,
But foꝛ great miſchefe ſent to hys bꝛother.

I meane hys bꝛother called Antiochus,
Beheſtyng him foꝛ to crowne hym kyng
Of all Aſye, hys ſtoꝛy telleth thus, (kyng
Toke truſe thys whyle by ſubtyll falſe woꝛ-
With Tholome, foꝛ ten yere endurynge:
And when his bꝛother came with his powere
Falſed his pꝛomiſe, double of hert and chere.

Thus of newe they fyll at debate
Eche gan other myghtely werray,
Falſe couetiſe to encꝛeace theyꝛ eſtate
Cauſed that nouther lyſt other to obay,
Yet in a felde there is no moꝛe to ſay:
Fought hād foꝛ hande, their hoſtes both two
Seleuchus fled as he was wonte to do.

Thus a falſe werre of hatred fraternall,
Agayne nature ſet them at diſcoꝛde,
Eche buſy was in eſpeciall
As their ſtoꝛy remembꝛeth by recoꝛde,
Neuer their lyfe to be at one accoꝛde:
But whā Seleuchus was put thus to flight,
The people of Surry gan deme anonryght

That he that day was outher take oꝛ dede,
And Gallougreis a people of great poſte,
Of Couetyſe gan haſt them in great ſpede
To entre Aſye and ſpoyle all that countre:
To Antiochus they had eke enmyte,
That he was fayne foꝛ hys fauacion,
To pay to them a full great raunſom.

Their heart was yeue onely to pyllage,
Takyng of hym of golde a great quantite,
And he ſeyng of robbyng the outrage
Dꝛew to the pyllours, & one of them was he:
And thꝛough al Aſye they robbed eche coūtre,
Foꝛ Seleuchus they gan ſo purchace,
That he nat durſt abide in no place.

Than Antiochus dꝛewe to Tholome,
Voyde of ſauecondūyte oꝛ any aſſuraunce,
Though ꝑ atwene them was great enmyte
Foꝛ a ſeaſon as made is remembꝛaunce,
To haue founde ſuccour in his gret greuaūce:
But all foꝛ nought, foꝛ in concluſion
Tholome hym toke and caſt in derke pꝛiſon.

There conſtrayned of neceſſite
Knowyng no meane to make his raunſon,
By a woman that lyued in pouerte
He was holpe out of that derke pꝛiſon:
Lo here of foꝛtune a falſe condicion,
That coude make a kyng without pere,
Of a woman to ſtande in daungere.

To pꝛoude folke this maye be a myꝛour,
To ſe a pꝛynce thus ſodaynly bꝛought lowe,
That ſhone in ryches lyke an emperour,
Which of diſdayne lyſt no man to knowe,
Now is he caſt, nowe is he ouerthꝛowe:
Now hath he cauſe to plain, wepe, & mourne,
Knowyng no frende foꝛ ſuccour him to turne.

He was aferde to holde hys paſſage
By hye wayes, oꝛ foꝛ to come in ſyght,
Fyll amonge theues & they by great outrage
All mercyleſſe, ſlew hym anone ryght,
And his bꝛother foꝛ all his great myght
Called Seleuchus, which was a wonder,

Fyll

fil frō his courser, & brake his necke alōder.

The.iii.Chapter.

¶ Howe the noble Queene Laodomya, was in the temple slayne, and vengeaunce take vpon hym that slewe her.

Syre of estates prynces and prynceses
Shewed them to Bochas pitouslye playnynge,
To hym declarynge theyr moztall heuynesses,
And first of all there came to hym weppyng
The noble queene her sozow reherslyng,
Called Laodomya which with heuy chere
Complayned the mischefe of her suster dere.

Called Nereis, ponge and tender of age
That wedded was of Cycile to the kyng,
And on the daye of that great mariage
There fyll a stryfe and a great meuyng
Amonge the commons, by a maner rysyng:
And when the quene therof had a syght,
To Dianes temple anone she toke her flyght.

The people was party & rose againe ỹ kyng,
Foz whiche rumoze and sodayne stryfe
Laodomya full fearfully quakyng,
Ran to the temple foz to saue her lyfe,
Supposyng in her ymaginatyfe
That foz the temples chaste reuerence,
Men woulde spare to do there violence,

But there was one by whom the strife began
And was first grounde of this great motion,
Called Mylo, a false Cecylian
Voyde of all reuerence and deuocion,
Ran to the temple feirser than a Lyon,
And where the queene the auter dyd enbrace,
With a sharpe swozde slew her in the place.

This sacrilege was punished by vēgeaunce,
Gods were wzothe throughout this gret offēce,
And Diana by full great displeasaunce
Made in the courte a sodayne pestylence,
And Mylo was by vnware violence
Tourned bestiall, made wode in that affray,
And slewe hym selfe syxyng the twelft daye.

The.iiii.Chapter.

¶ How Cleomenes king of Macedone was slayne with his wife and childzen.

After this vengeaūce taken on Mylo,
Came Cleomenes of Macedoyne king,
And to Bochas gan shew his deadly wo
His great iniuries of enemies assaylyng,
His hye empzises, his kyngdome defendyng,
And alderlast how he in his citee,
Was by the sonne slayne of Tholome.

First in his countrey, the storz doth deuise,
Againe his enemyes he had a great battayle,
Of his people defendyng the fraunchyse,
Of knightly prowesse as he ỹ list not fayle
Foz his rycht to fycht in plate and mayle:
His lieges echone beyng of one assente,
To lyue and dye with hym in their entent.

Men, women, and childzen ponge of age,
Were in one hart as in that mattere,
Whiche made them stronge & gate auaūtage
That vndeuided they stode echone yfere,
Of one corage, of one will, & of one chere,
Greatly assured in their opinion,
Because among them was no diuision.

Their cōmon profite they did moze prefarre,
Than they did treasure, lyfe, oz good,
Foz their fredome aye ready to the warre
Not afrayed to spende their owne bloude:
And fynallye so together they stode
That of one thought echo gan him redy make
To lyue and dye foz his bzothers sake.

He had an enemy bozne of that region
The name of whom was Antigonus,
And he had wedded the boke maketh mencion
The olde quene of kyng Demetrius:
And had her sonne the storz telleth thus,
Called Phylyp, fro youth in hys kepyng,
Therby pretendyng a tytle to be kyng.

Of Lacedemonoys claymed agayne rycht
There to raigne and take possession,
Lyke a tiraunt vsurpyng of great mycht
Foz to be crowned in that region:
But foz all his false presumption
He was put of and yset a farre,
Though he with thē helde a moztal warre.

And Cleomenes that was rightfull kyng
Was in the felde armed euery day,

Hardy

Hardy as Lyon, dzede hym nothyng,
Gayne his enemyes he ſtode ſo at a bay
That fro the felde he made them flye away:
His dzedefull ſwozde grounde was ſo kene,
That to abyde hym they myght nat ſuſtene.

And on a daye deſcendyng from his cite
Yelde in the felde a full ſtronge battayle,
With lytle people made his fone to flie:
Retournyng home ful wery of trauayle
Thought in his heart that it ſhould auayle
To ſtynt the werre, hangyng in no certayne
Tyll ỹ his people refreſhed were agayne.

Set ozdinaunce thzough all the countre
Gayne all enemyes to make reſiſtence,
And into Egypt he goth to Tholome
With wife & childzen wdzawing hys pzeſéce,
There receyued with great beneuolence,
Lyke his eſtate out of care and dzede,
And there abode tyl Tholome was dede.

But the ſonne of kyng Tholome
Whiche raygned after by ſucceſſion,
Of faiſe enuy and vengeable cruelte
Slew Cleomenes in that region,
His wife, his childzen, voyde of compaſſion,
Alas it was to ſtraunge a cruel thyng,
Within a kyngdome to murder ſo a kyng.

The.v. Chapter.

Of kynge Nero, Cozneły, and Hanyball.

After whoſe deathe thus wzought by violence,
The ſtozy remembzeth pzocedyng
Fozth came Nero and ſhewed hys pzeſence,
Of Siracuſe the myghty ſtronge kyng,
Tofoze Bochas full pitouſly playnyng:
Beſechynge hym with a full pitous chere
Of his miſchefe to wzyte the manere.

The whiche Nero, wylfull and furious
Lyſt to pzeſume of faiſe rebellion,
Foz to debate with Appius Claudius
And to maligne agayne Rome toun:
But he anone foz his pzeſumptioun
Conſtrayned was in all his moſt pzide,
Lyke a cowarde to flye and nat abyde.

No moze of hym myne auctour wziteth here,
But in his boke as he dothe pzocede,
There came Cozneły, of Rome a conſulere
Hym ſelfe complaynyng of ỹ great falſhede,
Whiche vnto hym accompliſhed was in dede,
By aſſuraunce bzoke of Hanibal,
Which of Cartage was chefe admirall.

To thys Cozneły Hanibal was ſwozne,
With the Affricans by a maner flakery,
To ſuccour hym as we haue tolde tofozne,
With the Romains to holde vp his party:
But whan they met, the boke doth ſpecify,
Cozneły was take and fettred in pziſon
At miſchefe dyed, there gayned no raunſon.

Than Hanibal entred of entent
With his knyghtes into a great cite
Of Cicile called Agrigent,
Where Julius Silua lyke of olde enmyte
Layde a ſiege with a great meyne,
That he conſtrayned the ſayde Hanyball
Foz very hungze to leape ouer the wall.

By a poſterne he toke hym to the flyght
Gathered chyppes, and toke the large ſee,
And Julius Silua lyke a manly knyght
Faught with him, and made hym foz to flee
Upon the water, anone after he
Was of his knyghtes ſtoned to the dethe,
And ſo conſtrayned he yelded vp the bzethe.

The.vi. Chapter.

Of the duke Zantipas caſt into the ſee.

After that Hanyball was ſlayne thus
And putte to flyght as made is mencion,
Tofoze Bochas came wozthy Zantipus
A famous duke full notable of renoun,
And he was lozde of the ſtronge region
Lacedemoyne, and was come a ferre
Into Cartage, to helpe them in the werre.

By whoſe pzoweſſe to his encreace of glozy
The pzoude Romayns were put to flyght,
Cartaginences had of them victozy,
And there was take the wyſe manly knyght
Marcus Regulus, and bzought anonryght
Into Cartage, and led as pzyſonere
By Zantipus, as Bochas wziteth here.

Thys noble duke foz all his hye pzoweſſe
Done in Cartage, and ſhewed to their toun,

And

And for all hys notable kyndnesse
They most vnkyndly quit hym his guerdon:
For saylyng home towarde his region,
In a chyp stuffed of their countre,
Of falle enuy they cast him in the see.

To his noblesse and famous chiualry
Whan he of knighthod late hielt i his flours,
They of Cartage by hatred & enuy (cours,
Maligned agayne hym, cheke sun of their so-
Taclipsed his lyght, but theragayn auctours
Haue by writyng perpetually set his name
And it regestred in the house of fame.

The.bii.Chapter.

☞How Marcus Regulus of hys freewyll, dyed for the common wele.

Who can tell or reherse the grounde
of werres
The fyrst cause of suche mor-
tall outrage
Whether it began by influence of sterres
Twene man and man, or of wylfull rage
Atwene Romayns and folkes of Cartage,
To great hyndryng, consydred the manere
Of both parties, as Bochas doth vs lere.

Italiens therwith were greued oft,
Namely whan fortune was theyr aduersary
And Affricans felt full vnsoft
Whan she to them lyst be contrary:
Whose course of custome stoũdmeale doth va-
By experience it hath be proued wele, (ry,
In ỹ ouerwhelmynge of her vntrusty whele.

The most worthy and the most famous
Afore remembred vpon eche party,
Fortune to day made them victorious,
And to morow she dyd theyr myght defye:
Now vp, nowe downe, all stode in ieoperdy,
Lyke as she lyst them fauour nye or ferre,
Their losse & wining called fortune of werre.

To some well wylled, happy, and eurous,
To some also full straunge of acquayntaũce,
Reken amonge other Marcus Regulus,
On Romayne partye a Prynce of great
substaunce:
To be preferred and put in remembraunce,
One the most worthy & true founde in dede,
Of knyghtly policy that I can of rede.

To common profit was aye his aduertence,
Twene loue and hate standyng so vpryght
To nouther syde declyned the balaunce,
Of his domes, for fauour of no wyght:
Tyll that the eye of hys inwarde syght,
Conceyued had where the trouth stode,
Than gaue he sentence, and theron he abode.

In all this world ther was no better knight
Better named, and borne of good linage,
A semely person delyuer & of great might,
Hardy as Lyon, right manly of visage,
Wal of Romains, sharpe yarde to Cartage:
Demure nat hasty seynge all thyng tofore,
And in Papinia I fynde that he was borne.

And for he had so great discretion
This worthye knyght, thys Marcus Regu-
Chosen he was a Consul of the toun (lus,
And had a felow called Manlius,
In armes manly wyse and vertuous,
Whiche for theyr notable hye constaunce
Of Romayne werres had the gouernaunce.

Theyr shyppes stuffed made a great armye
Full prudently with knightly apparayle,
These princes twayne taken haue the see
First with Ciciliens had a great batayle,
Discomfited them at their arriuayle,
Outrayed Amylchar, the story is no fable,
That was of Affrike capitayne & constable.

Whan in that countre castels many one
Toke prisoners, stuffe, and great rychesse,
And all that party to Rome he sent anone
By Manlius the story beareth witnesse:
And the Romayns for his worthynesse
All of assent because he was so wyse,
Prolonged haue the terme of hys offyce.

Of knyghtly noblesse was none to hym lyke,
Nouther in armes, nor politike ordinaunce,
And for the conquest of Cartage and Affrike
To hym they gaue whole the gouernaunce:
Brought cities & townes to the obeysaunce
Of the Romayns, thys noble worthy knyght
Wher euer he rode maugre their foes myght.

By his faythfull laborous dilygence
Gate all the countreys to Cartage toun,
Tyll tidynges came vnto hys presence
Beside a ryuer there was a great dragon
So horrible (as made is mencion)
That al ỹ countre of him stode in such doute,

No man durſt neygh hym ferre aboute.

An hundred fote & twayne was hys length,
Lyke as writeth Tytus Liuius,
Was none ſo hardy man nor of ſuche ſtrength
That durſte approche he was ſo venomous:
But by the manhode of Marcus Regulus,
Slayne was this monſtrous ſerpent,
And for a maruayle the ſkinne to Rome ſent.

Thus in conqueſt whyle he dyd his payne
To get caſtels & myghty ſtronge towns,
Agayne hym were ſent Aſdruballes twayne,
Called of Affrike the hardy champions,
With al the power of their regions:
But as the ſtory maketh reherſayle,
They were diſcomfited in battayle.

Amylchar after came with ſpeare & ſhelde
In defence of Affrike and Cartage,
And he was alſo diſtroyed in the felde
With all his hoſt maugre his viſage:
Thus Marcus hadde alwaye the vauntage
Making ꝑ Romains this knyght vertuous,
Through his proweſſe to be victorious.

And where that he in hys tender age
Lyſt do labour and tyll his owne lande,
For exerciſe, and vertuous auauntage
To hold the plough & lede it with his hande,
Auoyding ſlouth as ye ſhall vnderſtande:
Now through Affrike w̄ many noble knight
In ſtele and mayle he rydeth armed bryght.

Thus noble Marke what euer he had ado,
He was in armes ſouerayne ſingulere,
And in the temple at Rome of Appollo,
For him was kept a crowne of freſh laurere:
Forged of golde, fret ful of ſtones clere,
And in the temple of Joue was reſerued,
A robe of victory, which he hath deſerued.

To theſe goddes who can conſider well
Of olde cuſtome the ryghtes to mayntene,
As for a thyng beyng perpetuell
Which fadeth neuer, of nature, thus I mene,
Ylacred is the freſhe laurere grene
For cauſes twayne, graũted to conquerours,
In marcial actes by cõqueſt made victours.

For the nobleſſe of this tre diuine,
Sheweth his odour in wiſdome & excellence,
By the greneſſe whiche neuer dothe declyne,
Longe abydyng of vertuous prudence:
The rounde crowne betokeneth prouidence,
In ſigne onely of knyghtly gouernaunce,
Taketh his guerdon of longe continuaunce.

Their ſtrength graũted them nat the crowne,
Nor a proude ginninge ſtably ſheth nat theyr
But perſeuerãce who liſt muſe & roun(glory,
Graunteth to them and putteth in memory
The triumphe, and palme of theyr victory:
The crowne of laurer in ſtory it is tolde,
And of Jupiter the ryche crowne of golde.

Who can diſcerne, of all theſe gyftes thre,
Moſt appertayneth vnto chyualry,
Manly proweſſe & wiſdome, anone let ſe,
Strength, hardyneſſe, conqueſt, and policy,
For the Romans caught a fantaſy,
For his merites notable and glorious,
To magnifie this Marcus Regulus.

For this Marcus durynge his luſty yeres
Prince of ꝑ werres gayn Affrike & Cartage,
Toke all their yonge knightes priſoneres,
Sent them to Rome for common auaũtage:
But o alas whan he was fall in age,
The gery goddeſſe among her chaunges all,
Agayne thys prince her fauoure dyd appall.

For to withſtand the proweſſe of this knyght
In helpe of Affrike as made is mencion,
Came Xantipus of whom I ſpake now right
A mighty duke the whiche was ſent doun
Fro Lacedemone, which through his renoun
Whan the power of Marchus gan to fayle,
His meyny ſlayne, toke hym in battayle.

Into Cartage ſent hym priſonere,
And there he lay in ſtronge chaynes bounde,
Lo how fortune chaunge gan her chere
Falleſt of truſte, whan ſhe is moſt iocounde:
Firſt fauourable after frowarde founde,
This is her maner with her double face
Folke ꝑ ſyt hyeſt to chaũge thē fro their place.

For he that whylom had in ſubiection
Almoſt all Affrike, and Cartage the cite,
Now lyeth he bounde and fettred in pryſon:
Whylom in glory, now in aduerſite,
Caſt in miſery from hye proſperite,
Fortunes be made who ſo loketh wele
Of bryttyll glaſſe rather than of ſtele.

Thys manly knight albe ꝑ he laye chayned
Whiche had brought Rome to ſo hye encrees

That

That they of Affrike & Cartage wer cõstrai-
Unto Romains to purſue for a pees, (ned
And for to accompliſche this matter doutles,
Under aſſuraunce made in Cartage toun
They toke Marcus anone out of pꝛiſon.

Bound by his othe there is no moꝛe to ſayne,
Ye to be chaunged for Affrike pꝛiſoneres,
There for to abyde & they to come agayne,
The yong knightes freſh & luſty of their che-
So that Marcus feble & olde of yeres, (res:
By Affricans were to Rome ſent,
Bothe aſſured to accompliſche their entent.

For the Romains had in ſuche deynte
This noble Marke for manhode & pꝛudence,
And for the furtheryng of theyꝛ commonte,
They had his perſon for wiſdom i reuerence,
Called in ỹ toun their wall & theyꝛ defence:
Had in moꝛe cheerte for knighthode in ỹ age,
Thã all their pꝛiſoners of Affrike & Cartage.

Romayns greatly reioyſed of his commyng
And ſpecially for his delyueraunce,
All at ones of hert and true meanyng
Said welcome home our ioye and ſuffiſaũce,
Welcome myꝛrour of knightly gouernaũce:
This was their voyce, & this was their lan-
At his repayꝛe fro Affrike & Cartage. (gage,

And thus was he receyued lyke to his eſtate,
And conueyed thꝛough all the cite,
Nobly pꝛeſented vnto the Senate,
Began his tale anone as ye ſhall ſe,
As he that had moꝛe in cheerte
The common pꝛofite, than his deliueraunce,
Said vnto them theſe woꝛdes in ſubſtaunce.

Syꝛs by the auyce of you echone pꝛeſent
Firſt by the eſtates, next by the commonte,
As pꝛince & Conſul to Affrike I was ſent,
And as ye know ſeuen yere there I haue be,
To chaſtyſe rebelles of that countre,
And by the fauour and helpe of gods myght,
To your citie haue quit me lyke a knyght.

In this matter it nedeth nat to tary
Ye knowe your ſelfe I am now weꝛen olde,
And foꝛtune is to me right contrary
Whereby youre enemies in Affrike be made
And they deſire me for to be ſolde (bolde,
In exchaunge by ſhoꝛt concluſion,
For pꝛiſoners which they haue in the toun.

And by the fauour of goddes hye in heauen
And by my felowes wyſe mediacion, (uen
Countreys & pꝛouynces moꝛe than ſyxe oꝛ ſe-
I haue in Affrike made ſubiect to this toun,
Maugre their myght and their rebellion:
And them conſtrayned lyke as ye deſyꝛe,
For to obay vnto your empyꝛe.

To make your empyꝛe moꝛe glorious
And to encreaſe the boundes of your cite,
Whylom by grace I was victoꝛious,
Vẽquiſched your enemies wher I dyd the ſe,
Nowe thꝛough foꝛtunes mutabilite,
Made vnhappy, and deſolate of chere,
Somtime a pꝛynce, & nowe a pꝛyſonere.

Afoꝛe my power by foꝛtune was frañchiſed,
Now am I thꝛall and fettred in pꝛyſon,
Myne olde tꝛiũphes be newly now diſguyſed,
And victoꝛies oppꝛeſſed and boꝛne doun:
With this conſidꝛed the tranſmutacion
Of youth paſſed, and myne vnweldy age
Lytle wonder though dull be my coꝛage.

Yet ther is a thing ỹ dꝛaweth a lẽgth my life,
Whiche in my hert hath ſet great gladneſſe,
To your encreace howe this moꝛtall ſtryfe
By my labour and knightly buſyneſſe
The marciall pꝛynces famous in woꝛthyneſſe
W̃ all the knightes moſt ſouerayn of renoun,
Sought thꝛough Affrike be in your pꝛyſon.

By whoſe abſence febled is Cartage,
The coũtre poueriſched, bꝛought to diſencrea-
Seynge ỹ I am dull and fall in age (ce,
Gayne Affricans to put my ſelfe in pꝛeac:,
Cauſyng your enemies to purſue for peace,
By exchaunge of me ỹ may but ſmall auayle,
For affrike knightes moſt expert in batayle.

They ſtande in hope of theyꝛ delyueraunce,
By exchaunge of me now ſent out of pꝛyſon,
Of entent to encreaſe theyꝛ puyſaunce,
Of new to gynne a werre vpon your toun:
Now take good hede in your diſcretion,
Payſe of pꝛudence this thing ỹ I haue tolde,
Theyꝛ youth conſidꝛed and howe I am olde.

I am conſumed and weared in the werres,
Foꝛtune contrary, I febled to beare armour,
They luſty, freſhe, their name ſpꝛed farre is,
And in the felde they able to endure:
I vnweldy, and lyke a creature
Moꝛe ſemely to dꝛaw home to my graue,

Than be armed this cite for to saue.

And in effecte I haue more cheerte
Of very faythe without variaunce,
Unto the profyte of your commonte
Than to the matter of my delyueraunce:
Two thinges payled and wayed in balaũce
Of Affrike knyghtes expert worthynesse,
In me the constraynt of ages feblenesse.

And to conclude vpon thys matere
I myght neuer as semeth vnto me
As of knyghthode deserue the laurere,
Nor the triumphe in this famous cite,
Better than dye to encreace the commonte:
And thus auysed of heart and hole corage
Yelde vp the spirite of my vnweldy age.

In this purpose he stedfast as a wall,
Of one wyll and one perseueraunce,
Him selfe commendyng to goddes immortal,
Chase for to dye of polytike constaunce,
And to preferre by notable purueyaunce
The common profite, this was his motyfe,
Set alyde his good, his treasour, & his lyfe.

Right wel chered, stable of his visage,
Of perfite loue he had vnto the toun,
He is repayred agayne vnto Cartage,
The articles kept and the condicion
At the departyng from Affrike region:
This to say, terplete their lust certayne,
Or prisoner he for to resorte agayne.

At his departyng the Romayne senatours
Gan were pale of compassion,
To se the pauis of all theyr olde socours,
As prisoner departe out of the toun:
Princesses and ladyes fyll in a sowne doun,
Childzen wept, and cryed for pite,
Farwel vpholder, chefe wall of their cite.

Was euer founde any trewer knyght
Whiche of his owne faythful motion,
Where he was free & had power and might
To haue stande at large, by hys election
To kepe his promyse repayred to prisone:
What shall I write of his nobilesse or shewe,
To fynde one lyke hym I rede but of a fewe.

And when he came agayn with his message,
knowyng thentent of this worthy knyght
Most furiously the people of Cartage
In the presence of euery maner wyght
Ordayned haue to tourment anonryght,
First the lyddes of his eyen twayne
They cut of, to encreace his payne.

That he nat should slepe in pryson,
But euer watche with payne intollerable,
And for the constraynt of hys passion
Crye and complayne with sighes lamẽtable:
And after this toke a playne table
Fret full of nayles, sharpe whet & grounde
And therupon naked they hym bounde.

Another table they layde on hym aloft
Nayled also, and atwene these twayne
They couched hym, this bed was ful vnsoft,
Moste importable so hidous was ꝑ payne,
The blod ran out of euery senow and vayne:
This was his turment, alas a cruell dethe,
Of worthy Marcus tyl he yelde vp ꝑ brethe.

Who redde in bokes or euer dyd se,
Of any princes so stedfast and so stable
As whylom were in Rome the cite:
Or in theyr conquest so longe perdurable
Of vertue founde, of corage vnstauncheable:
Reken vp all that euer were in that toun,
And to this Marcus make no comparison.

Reken Camillus, Papyrius, Scipions,
Notable & worthy for many great victory,
Reken vp all the worthy champions,
Curlius, Fabricius, famous of memory,
But this Regulus eclipseth all theyr glory,
And surmounteth by reporte of renoun
All these forsayde in comparison.

Reken vp ꝑ four that whylom were so ryche
The first of them called Lucius,
Other twayne of condicion lyche,
As was Scaurus, and Gayus Delius,
And forget nat the great Emilius,
But for all theyr great possession,
Make to Marcus no comparison.

Remembre of Crassus of whome it is tolde
The Assiriens to staunche his couetyse
Powred in his throte strãgled him vb golde,
So he dyed the story dothe deuyse:
And though these foure wende haue be wyse,
Greatlye commended through false opinion,
Of them to Marcus make no comparison.

Touchyng this Marbelet men beholde & se
He left his treasour, fredome and rychesse

And

And for the profite of the commonte
Forsoke hys frēdes, Bochas bereth witnesse,
To further his towne dyed in distresse,
To kepe hys fayth reserued to prison,
Make of none other to hym comparison.

Myne auctour here putteth in remembraūce
Some that had golde, stones, and pierre,
Some that had of rychesse habundaunce
And of other that stode in dignite,
And some that had worldly prosperite,
Set all aside and conclude of reason,
Twene them and Marcus is no comparison.

Princes may lyue after theyr ententes,
After theyr power frowardly in vices,
Of gold and purpure wear riche garmentes,
After theyr lustes and theyr delyces,
Graunt theyr ministers great offyces:
Twene all their pompe and vayne ambicion
And atwene Marke make no comparison.

All these thynges remembred in certeyne,
Wel considred and yput in mynde,
There was in Rome but fewe suche seyne
To common profit that found was so kynde:
And tyll I may suche another fynde
In all thys boke turnynge vp so doun,
I wyll to hym make no comparison.

Lenuoye.

THys tragedye who that can take hede
Is entermedled wyth wo and gladnesse,
Joye for worshyp and singuler manhede
That was in Marke by excellent noblesse,
To rede his fall it is great heuynesse:
Whiche chase to dye where as he stode fre,
Onely for profite of the commonte.

To kepe hys othe playnely as I rede,
Made in Cartage, there beyng in distresse
Thys noble prynce constrayned of no nede
But of frewyll, myne auctour doth expresse,
Fro Rome agayne thyther gan hym dresse,
To sucker tourment of hys fre volunte,
Onely for the profyt of the commonte.

Thys story shoulde crowned be in dede
With golden letters, for to beare wytnesse
Howe the sayde Marke, haynge of death no dred,
To set Rome fro werre in sykernesse:
Whose hie renome most souerayn of prowesse
May neuer eclypse by none antiquite,
Which chase to dye to forther the commonte.

He deserued for to haue the mede
Of triumphe, and marciall worthynesse,
And of Jupiter to weare the purple wede
Fret full of stones, most heuely of brightnesse,
The laureat crowne cōseruyng hys grenesse:
Graunted to victours who lyst consider & se,
Which chase to dye for the commonte.

Noble princes whiche that gouerne & lede
All worldly people, take hede in your hynesse
To this story trew as is the crede,
Takyng example to do your busynesse,
Aye to support & mayntayn ryght wysnesse:
And let Marcus to you a myrrour be
Whiche chase to dye to forther the commonte.

The. viii. Chapter.

Howe Tholome kynge of Egypte, called Philopater slewe father and mother and hys wyfe, in lecherye spent hys lyfe, and mischeuously ended.

NExt in order to Bochas complaynyng,
Vicious of lyfe there came Tholome
Called Philopater, & was of Egypt kyng,
In tender age by horrible cruelte
Slewe father, mother, & suster ye maye se:
He to be crowned, as it is made mencion,
To reygne alone in that region.

He was disposed vnto euery vyce,
Frowarde to vertue and to all doctryne,
Slewe hys wyfe called Erudice,
Left hys spouse and toke a concubyne,
Wasted hys lyfe and gan hym selfe enclyne
To all ryote, surfet and outrage,
And in this wyse he spent hys yonge age.

Thus was disclaundred hys royall maiesse,
In lecherous lustes watched all nyght,
In bed tyll noone agayne all honeste,
Of false excesse chope hym anonryght
When he arose to drynke agayne myght,
Gorge vpon gorge, to affore hys lechery,
The longe daye he spent in glotony.

I were wery the proceſſe for to write
Of this tyraunt vicious and wode,
It is contagious the proceſſe to endite
Becauſe the example doth harme & no goode:
And of vengeaunce thus with him it ſtoode,
Of ſodayne miſchefe I rede he dyd fyne
Enbraced in armes of hys concubyne.

Agathoclia playnly was her name,
And had a ſonne called Agathocles
Vicious bothe and ſclaundred by diffame
Noyſed by report they were ſo recheles,
Bothe at ones take in a ſodayne preſs,
With their alies all at ones ſet,
And by iuſt dome led to the gybet.

The.ix.Chapter.

Chow Brythomarus and Viridomarus dukes of Fraunce after great batayls were by Romayns ſlayne.

Nexte Philopater called Tholome,
Ther came in order a worthy duke
of Frauuce,
Brythomarus, & out of that coũtre
Rode into Grece with a great puyſaunce,
And firſt he gan to make hys ordinaunce
Agayne Romayns albe they were ferre
Proudly with them for gynne a werre.

But they of Rome to theyr confuſion,
By theyr byſchoppes and prieſtes gan deuiſe
To vſe a curſed falſe ſuperſticion,
Unto their goddes, in full cruell wyſe
To offer vp men by a newe ſacrifice,
To burye thẽ quike, in Bochas thus I rede,
By a falſe hope the better for to ſpede.

Of Fraũce & Grece they toke ten in nombre
Halfe men & womẽ togider twayn & twaine,
And by falſe murder they dyd thẽ encombre,
Buried thẽ quike their dethe was ſodayne:
At this ſacrifice the goddes gan diſdayne
And to the Romayns werte contrarious
For theyr falſe ryghtes ſuperſticious.

And by recorde of olde Croniculers
The yere fyue hundred fro their foundacion
And one and twenty, tho beyng conſulers
Thre in numbre as made is mencion,
Whiche gouerned and ruled all the toun
The firſt called Lucius Emilius,
And the ſeconde Catullus Gaius,

Actilius Regulus the thyrde conſulere,
By al the ſenate ordayned were theſe thre
As I haue tolde the ſelfe ſame yere,
For to gouerne and rule the cyte:
And to preſerue them from all aduerſite
Agayne two peoples of Gaule & Lumberdy
Which them werred of malyce and enuy.

Of whiche werre ỹ Romayns ſtode in doute,
The Senatours & all the citiſayns, (route
Becauſe agaynſte them there came ſo great a
Of Lumbardes, by this halfe the mountayns,
Joyned together with many fell forayns,
Which ſtode departed as made is remẽbraũce
Fro them of Rome and theyr obeyſaunce.

The people rude beſtiall and vnſtable
Together aſſembled wode and furious
Of multitude very innumerable
Uengeable of heart of corage diſpitous,
Voyde of all reaſon ſodaynly furious,
As ſaythe Bochas I can no further gone
Their ſoudiers bare giſarmes euerychone,

And giſarmes of giſarmes they were called,
Towarde Rome them haſtyng day by day,
Of great labour the fotemen ſore appalled
But aye theyr truſt on multitude laye,
Of whoſe commyng Rome ſtode in afray,
And ſpecially the Conſulers thre
That out were ſent to fight for the cite.

Four ſcore thouſand as write the croniclere
Wyghty and ſtronge to ſtande at defence
In his felowſhyp had eche Conſulere,
And of the giſarmes numbre in ſentence
Thre hundred thouſande by ſturdy violence
Goyng on fote, I fynde that they had,
Eyght thouſande ouer, ỹ all the felde ſprad.

I reken nat them that rode on horſbacke,
Which ſixe & thirty thouſand wer in numbre,
Sixe hundred ouer purpoſed for the wracke
Finally the Romayns to encombre:
The ſhadow of them gaue ſo great an vmbre
That on the ſoyle whiche tofore was grene
There was vnneth any ſunne ſhene.

Their captaine was Brythomarus,
A manly man and a ful worthy knyght,

And

And with them went Viridomarus
Another captayne in stele armed bright,
Twene them & Romaynes long last the fight
But on the party of Rome the citye
Was slayne a Consull one of the thre.

After whose deth of fortune, anonright
On the partie of them of Rome toun
Eight hundred thousand toke them to flight,
And thus began the fame and the renoun
Of Brithomarus, as made is mencion:
Of whiche victory his hert was made fayne,
And on his partie were thre thousand slayne.

But the Romayns resorted be ageyne
And after that had a stronge battayle,
And in the felde so manly they were seyne
And so proudly their enemyes dyd assayle,
That as myne auctour maketh rehersayle
Of the Gisarmes longe or it were night,
Fourty thousande were slayne in that fight.

The thyrde tyme wt helpe of them of Fraunce
Joyned to Lumbardes & folk of Gaule also,
They fought agayne all out of ordinaunce,
Besyde the ryuer that called is the Po,
Where bothe battayles together had ado:
And as I fynd Consulers twaine
Two Romaine shelträs knightly dyd ordain

Manlius Torquat called was that one,
Flaminius Flaccus was wyth him yfere,
And with the Romains forth togider thei gon
Coward that ryuer with a full manly chere:
In whyche battayle the story doeth vs lere,
Nyne & fourty thousande slayne on that daye
Of their enemies, that none ne went awaye.

Brithomarus was taken prisonere,
In token of triumphe brought to Rome toun
To the capitoyle, wyth a full pale chere
Bounde in chaynes, there gayned no raũson:
Thus hath fortune appalled his hie renoun,
And in token of his discomfiture,
Offred to the goddes was his cote armure.

Thus Lachesis his lynes threde gan draw
Tyll Attropos it brake with ful great paine,
Viridomarus that was his felawe
Slayne in the felde by Romains in certaine,
And of these worthy princes twayne
This was the ende, and the mortal fall,
The feest accomplished called funerall

And in the tyme of these mortall werres
Atwene these dukes & them of Rome toun,
Many tokens were shewed in the sterres,
Meruayllous lyghtniges fro the heauẽ doun,
And many an vncouth constellacion:
Sondry cometes dyd in the welken appere
Who seeth the storyes may the trouth lere.

The water Rytene that renneth in Italy
Whiche in that countre is a famous flode
The same houre & tyme of their battayle
As sayeth the storye, was turned in to bloud:
Fyres in the eyre moost furious and woode,
That mighty towrs were vp the flames brẽt,
Thre mones apperynge in the Orient.

The people for feare fled in to lowe caues,
For drede wert pale & deedly of their chere,
And in thre dayes were thre erthe quaues
Durynge this werres, and in the same yere
Of greate Appollo fyll downe the pyllere
Of marbyl whyte, large & of great strength,
That syxty cubytes accoũte was the length.

And in that tyme, the story sayeth not nay,
Of Rome a Consul wyth a great puissaunce
Called Claudius slewe vpon a day
Thyrty thousande, & brought to mischaunce
Of the soudiers that came out of Fraunce:
And ther was slayne wt many a captain lorne
Viridomarus, of whome I spake tofore.

To his greate shame and confusion
As it is remembred by scripture,
The Romains made a great oblacion
Up to Jupiter, of his cote armure:
And in token of his discomfiture
Within that temple of golde beaten clere,
To his dispite they hynge vp his banere.

¶ The. x. Chapter.

¶ Howe Siphax kynge of Numedy was take, and dyed in prison.

Here Bochas breuelye for a remembraunce,
Writeth werres, debates, and battayls
That were that tyme in Italy & Fraũce
In Spayne, Chãpayne, with marcial appa-
And among other in his rehersayles (rails
He telleth in Affrike the great discencion

Atwene Hanyball, and worthy Scipion.

He toucheth their names & abydeth not long,
Upon their stories he byde not but a while,
Here not reherlyng their werres stronge
Nor of their strives he doth not here compile,
But downe discēdyng directeth forth hys stile
For to reherce and tell by wrytynge
The fal of Siphar, in Numedy kyng.

This sayd Siphar, battailes had twayne,
One with king Galba, he of very might
Had eke an other in whych he dyd his payne
To mete Massinissa after anonright,
And both kinges he put to the flyght:
And of Messulie I fynde by wrytynge
Howe Massinissa was gouernour & kynge.

This sayd Siphar through his chiualry
Made Massinissa to flye his region,
Constrayned hym to lyue by robbry,
To walke in forestes with beestes vp & doun,
And for diffaute as made is mencion,
To saue his life he found no better refute.
But fedde him selfe on rotes and on frute.

Out of his realme Massinissa was enchased
And constrained to flie fro his countre,
Fro minde of folke his name was out raced,
For no man wist where he shulde be:
His liegemen and folke of his cytie
Through al Affrike knewe no better reed
Of his persone, but dempt that he was deed.

Thus of kyng Siphar encrece gan the glory
Which by force two kinges hath outraied,
And vpon them wonne the victory,
Put them to flight & the people affrayed,
That Rome & Cartage were of him dismaied
And eche of them dyd their busye laboure,
Of their werres to make hym gouernour.

Unto Siphar out of Rome town
As it is writen for a memorial,
To Numedy was sent Scipion
For this matter in especial:
Out of Cartage was sente Hastrubal,
And at the Castell where Siphar lay,
Both twayne arriued at one day.

And by playne writinge as I haue conceiued
And as the story remembreth in sentence,
At their cōmyng both were receyued
Of kinge Siphar with greate reuerence:
And through his notable manly diligence,
As it is wrytten by good record,
He made these Capitaines hertly of acorde.

That they togither lay the same nyght,
They had of Siphar so great surete
By promyse made, as he was true knyght,
That nouther of them should disceyued be:
But there was founde great duplicite
Followyng after, who so can take hede,
Lyke as this story shall deuyse in dede.

For by the fraude & falsenes most mortall
Compassed before, it is thus befall
That by the sleight of this Hastruball
As affricans be nye double all,
Under suger can hyde well their gall,
So Hastrubal by false decepcion,
Under fayre chere deceyued Scipion.

He brought in Siphar by false subtilte,
And by his sleight painted fayre langage,
That he shoulde with him alied be,
By full assent to haue in mariage
Sophonisba a maiden of Cartage,
Which was doughter yong & fayre withal
As sayeth Bochas, to this Hastruball.

The whiche thynge by crafte was brought about
And accōpished verily in dede,
And by thys meane plainly out of doute
There first began rancour and hatrede,
Simulacion fayned, and falshede
That atwene Siphar & Hastruball alas,
Scipion was deceiued in this caas.

And after that done was this mariage,
Siphar ful enemye to this Scipion,
With Hastruball rode in to Cartage,
And gan werray againe Rome toun:
And in this while, as made is mencion,
Kynge Massinissa out of wildernes
Toward Scipion in al hast gan him dresse.

With his people gan to make him stronge,
Through helpe of Scipion and of Belgius,
Went againe Siphar, & abode not longe
His herte againe him was so enuious:
And on a day the story telleth thus,
Wyth Affricans and folke of Cartage,
Siphar the Romains met in the vylage.

Of Massinissa the people were so woode
Upon Siphar auenged for to be,

Through

Thzough their battayls came to him there he
And maugre him and his cruelte, (stode,
Of very manhode, space was none to flé,
They bzought him home thzoughe theyz hye
Into ỹ hãds of wozthy Scipion. (renoune,

Siphax was take thus oz he was aware
Under his baner, maugre al his myght,
And in to Rome ledde afoze the chare
Of Scipion the noble wozthy knight,
That wan the triũphe graũted hym of right:
And Sophonisba afoze to Syphax wyfe,
Wed to Mallinylla at thẽde of all thys stryfe.

Lo howe foztune chaunge can her tydes,
To one this daye she can be fauourable,
Warke capitayns and these great gydes
Which wende haue founde her whele stable:
But she is aye frowarde & chaũgeable,
Frendly to daye to mozowe at discozde,
If this be trewe Siphax can beare recozde.

This Siphax was sente out of the toune,
In chaynes bounde without moze taryinge,
And at Tyburny lay fettred in pzison,
Dyed at mischefe made there his endynge:
And foz bycause that he was a kyng,
The Romayns made of marcial pyte
Him to be buried, within their citye.

☞ The.xi.chapter.

Howe Nabyn haupnge no tytle but by tirannye, toke on hym to be kyng of Macedoyne and was slayne.

Nexte came Nabyn ful pytously wepynge
Tofoze Jhon Bochas, whyche by tirannye
Of Macedoyne toke on hym to be kynge,
Haupnge no tytle saue tytle of robbery,
Onely by foze hym selfe to magnify:
Which with stronge hande toke ful possession
Foz to be crowned in thylke region.

This Macedoyne as by olde wzitynges
Whylome was had in ful great reuerence,
Bycause onely it floured in two thynges,
Both in knighthode & soueraine Sapience,
Wars there by manhode Pallas by pzudẽce:
And whyle these two had gouernaũce,
Of al welfare they had suffisaunce.

And whyle nobleſſe of these thynges twayne
That is to say the floure of hye clergy
The hye renome mooste famous & soueraine
Of marciall pzowesse and of chiualry
Gouerned that land by new policy, (kõne,
Than stode that kingdome auctours reherce
Amonge the Grekes lyke an heauenly sonne.

But at the last eclypsed was the lyght
Both of knighthode and Philosophy,
Whan couetise gan enter agayne righte
Foz to vsurpe vpon the regalye
By intrusion of falle tyzanny,
And by extozte foze made their entrynges
Hauyng no title there to reygne as kynges.

This was chefe cause foz shozt conclusion
That the nobleſſe of Grece was bzoght baas,
And Macedoyne bzought to confusion
By couetyse that set them in such caas:
Thereby theyz knighthod translated was
And their polycy, in Cronicles ye may se
Out of Grece into Rome the citye.

And among other by clere remembzaunce
Of suche tyzauntes by ozdze reherlyng,
Nabyn was one that had gouernaunce
In Macedoyne, & was there crowned kyng,
Without title there falsly reignynge:
And foz his frowarde contagious cruelte
He was behated of Rome the citye.

The Romayns sent a mighty Consulere
Tytus Flãminius of their werres gyde,
To Macedoyne, he gan to apzoch nere
Towarde Argos where Nabyn dyd abyde,
Of entent foz to abate hys pzyde:
But while Nabyn stode hiest in estate,
Of Grece hys lieges with him were at debate

A Duke ycalled Philopomenes
With the people that dwelled in Grece lande,
To stryue vb Nabyn put hym selfe in pzees.
Discomfyted him fightynge hande foz hande,
And at great mischefe ye shall vnderstande,
Alexamenes a knyght of that countre,
Slewe thys Nabyn the Cronycle ye may se.

The.xii. Chapiter

Here Bochas reherseth the mozal werres bytwene Romayns & Affricans.

After

After this Nabyn Bochas dothe procede
To tel the werres and the moztall stri-
ues
Twene Romains and Affricans in dede,
Wherby ful many lost their liues,
Cauſed widowes, maidens, & eke wiues
To wepe & waile, in ſuch diſſoynte they ſtode
On outher party to ſe the loſſe of bloode.

Foz the party of them of Rome towne
Were made capitaines and diuers officers,
Which into affrike w people were ſent down,
And ſpecially there were two Conſulers
Notable in armes, & famous in tho peres,
Marcus Mãlius boꝛne of the Romain lie,
That other called Lucius Cenſozine.

With them was ſent a tribune ful notable
Of whom tofoze I made mencion
Foz the werres moſt wozthy & moſt able,
I meane of Rome proude Scipion,
Which of their cite was chefeſt champion:
Of entent the affricans tanoye
And ſpecially Cartage to diſtroye.

And nye by Cartage ther was a citie ſtronge
Mightely builded, and ſtode vpon the ſee,
The walles thicke, rounde, ſquare, & longe,
Chefe diffence called of that countre
To ſaue and kepe them from aduerſite,
And fozty cubytes with creſtes marciall,
Lyke as I fynde, of height was the wall.

And in the fronte rayſed foz the werre,
Of ſtones ſquare was an hye dungeon
Called Birſa, fro which wounder ferre
Men myght beholde the courtreys enuyron:
And ſs I reade foz their ſaluacion
The Affricans of purpuſe dyd ozdayne
Foz their captaines Haſtruballes twayne.

The ſayd dungion mightyly battailed
Againe al ſautes to ſtand and endure,
But wozthy Scipion foz al ẏ hath not fayled
Foz to appzoche and do by buſy cure
With his engyns mighty ſtronge & ſure,
So that by foꝛce this knight moſt marciall
A great quantite bzake downe of the wal.

And Lucius called Cenſozine
Departed is with Marcus Manius,
And by the Counſayle of Scipion & doctrine
Both of aſſent in armes vertuous (thus,
They toke their waye, myne auctour telleth
Wyth Haſtrubal ſothly and they myght
Where as he lay that ſame day to fight.

Theſe Conſulers aſſayled the citye
Called Citie, and beate downe the wall,
Slewe fourtye. M. the Cronycle ye maye ſe,
Of Affricans by vengeaunce full moztall:
And their conſtable called Haſtruball
Was ſlayne that day, by him it is no doute
That he moſt truſted & next was him aboute.

And this whyle moſt manly of coꝛage
The wozthy Tribune Publius Scipion
By very foꝛce is entred in Cartage,
And ſixe dayes, as made is mencion
He & his knightes conſtrayned ſo the toun
That diſpaired with their deedly cheres
They of the towne yelded them pꝛiſoneres

Mekely requiryng vnto Scipion
To receyue them in thys moztall rage,
That men & women dwellyng in that toun,
With the citelins yong and olde of age
Myght abyde and lyue in ſeruage
Under the Romains, there was no better re-
And yere by yere pay them a tribute. (kute

And of Affrike that other Haſtruball
Whych among thé afoze was crowned kyng,
Left his eſtate and his power royal,
Yelded hym pꝛiſonere humbly kneelyng,
And his wyfe moſt pitiouſly weping,
Whan that ſhe ſawe her lozde taken ſo,
Ran in to fyze and bzent her ſelfe foz wo.

Sixe and twenty thouſande as I fynde
Where led of women into captyuyte,
Thirty thouſand of men came behinde
Take pꝛiſoners in great aduerſite,
And ſeuentene dayes bzent that citye:
That in theyz walles was none ſo hard ſtone
But to poudze it was bzent anone.

And this was done bzeuely to conclude
By the pꝛoweſſe of Publyus Scipion,
Sold in ſeruage was a great multitude,
Their olde lozdes led fettred to pꝛyſon,
Thys was of Cartage fynall diſtruccion:
On their cõplaints Bocas abideth no whyle
But into Greece turneth agayne hys ſtyle.

¶ The.xiii.Chap.

❧ Howe kynge Perseus was by Romaynes outrayed and after take.

IN Lacedemoyne remembrynge on a kynge
Called Perseus, a full proude werryour
Claymyng a tytle vpon hym vsurpyng
For to succede as trewe enherytour
To gret Alisaũdre most myghty conquerour,
Fully affirmyng agayne a certayne day
He wyll be crowned maugre who sayth nay.

And his name to put in memory,
Cast in his persõ to renewe the prowesse
Of kinge Alisaundre, & to encrease his glory,
To folowe his traces in knighthode & nobles
And fyrst of all of hasty wilfulnes
That his conquest might sprede ferre,
Gan of purpose w̃ Romaines to haue werre.

But after this he was better auysed
Whan he perceyued the Marcial apparayle
Of the Romayns, whereof he was agrised,
Wext aferde their noblesse to assayle,
Which aye were found victorious in battaile:
And where afore he had ben recheles,
Sent ambassatours w̃ them to treat of pees.

They had perceyued his presumpcion
And howe he was proude and surquedous,
Sent a Consul with a great power doune
The name of whome was Sulpicius,
Whych deedly hated the sayde Perseus,
Through rancour agayne him wext solayne
Of his ambassade hauyng but disdayne.

And their partie for to fortify,
With their saide Consul Sulpicius
They sent another experte in chiualry,
A Consul also Paulus Emylius
Amonge Romains notable and famous:
And folowyng after the selfe same nyght
The mone eclypsed fully of hir myght.

A clere token as made is mencion
That kynge Perseus shoulde haue a sharpe
And that his lordship & his region (shoure
Shoulde be oppressed voide of al socour,
And that Macedons shuld haue no fauour
Agayne the Romains, togider whã they met
With rounde speares & swordes sharpe whet.

The day of battaile to his encrease of glorye
For the party of them of Rome toune,
There was a knyght that caused the victory,
Yonge freshe & lusty that called was Caton,
Which brought their enemies to confusion:
For Macedonoys through his great might
Outraied were, & Perseus put to flyght.

But Emylius the noble Consulere
Sent a capitaine called Octauius,
To pursue after in costes ferre and nere
The proude kyng the sayde Perseus,
And he was take for there was no rescus
With his sõnes, that were in numbre twaine,
Philip & Alisaundre the story is certaine.

Myne auctour telleth here of kinges many
Thurty in numbre, the first Gramaus,
Which haue reigned within Macedony,
And last of all was this Perseus:
The numbre of yeres, Bochas wryteth thus
Was nyne hundred as I remembre here,
Space of their reigning with.xxiiii.yere.

After translated was the region
With al their yles vnto the obeysaunce
Of them of Rome without excepcion:
To great lords that were of most puisaunce
Abode there long vnder gouernaunce.
And Perseus discõlate of chere
Durynge his lyfe abode there prisoner.

The.xiiii.chapiter.

¶ Howe the people of Achaia with their chefe citye Corinthe by Romains was distroied.

THus the lordeshyp weared out and spent
Of Macedoyne, as made is mencõ
The two countreyes therto adiacẽt
That one Achaia a litle region,
And Spartonoyse goynge enuiron,
Myghty of people, and of great substaunce,
In one confederate, and of one alyaunce,

They were cõioyned, & both made al one
By a maner faithful conuencion. (fone
And whan the Romaines knew thẽ for their
Hauinge their frendshyp in suspeccion
They cast to make a disiunction

By-

Bytwene these lādes in bread and length,
For thig dyscouered is weked of hys strēgth.

Ordayned cytyes & townes here & ponder,
Wheron the Romayns gan make a decre
That their lordschyppes shuld be set a sonder,
Whych made the people in euery great citie
Whā they knewe their subtylite
To ryse at ones, most cruel of their cheres
And wold haue slaine ỹ Romayn messāgers.

And fynally by thys occasyon
Romayns agayne them gan were furious,
Toke hardynes of their deuylion:
And a Consul called Heuius
A manlye knyghte in armes full famous,
In to Achaya was from Rome sent,
It to distroy by great auysement.

They of Achaya by theyr negligence
And by their frowarde wylful recheleines,
Of verye pride list make no diffence,
Thought them self, wythout auisenesse
Of power able and stronger in southnes
Than were Romains verely in dede, (hede.
Thus were they stroyed afore or they tooke

They stode in hope in their sturdines
By that battayle to haue had greate pyllage,
Of the Romayns to haue won great ryches,
And for a pompe of wylful false dotage
They toke theyr wiues & womē yōg of age
And set them vpon an hye mountayne,
That their mānode myght in the feld be seine.

Whan the Romains met them in battayle,
They dispurueyed and out of ordynaunce
Slayn lyke beastes, their power gan to faile
Of froward pride & recheles gouernaunce,
That Achaya was brought to mischaunce:
Women & chyldren for sorowe almooste mad,
To lyue in seruage were to Rome lad.

Corinthe that tyme was their chefe cytye
Distroyed by Romayns & brought to ruyne,
Whych among cityes (in Bocas ye may se)
Aboue all other dyd in honour shyne:
Of al Sciences there floured the doctrine,
And of crafftes artificers most wyse, (dise.
Reken al the world ther was chefe marchan-

Thus vnwarly in their most noblesse
Sittynge of fortune in the hygh stage,
They were distroied of treasour & rychesse
Brought to nought e by slaughter & pyllage,
Their walles broke in that cruel rage:
And in that brēnyng Bochas sayth the leuin
Raught a great part vpwarde to the heuen.

Playne with the erth the walles broke doun,
The people slayne mercilesse ponge and olde,
And there was made a great diuysion,
Some led in seruage & some of thē were solde:
Ymages of coper, of syluer, and of golde
Where sodaynely in all that violence
Togyther molte, so hote was the feruence.

Of whych metall thus after it is fal,
Golde syluer and coper medled in to one,
Coper of Corinthe men dyd it call
Through al the world of custome euerychon:
Fame of whych metal is so ferre gone,
That the vessels forged of the same,
Corinthoyse called is the name.

After Corinth was thus brent to nought,
A prince called Philyp Phylermene,
To Bochas hath his cōplaynte brought,
In whose face and chere it was well sene
The wofull constraynt of his mortalt tene:
And he was whylome (Bochas doth specify)
Lorde of a citye called Callaquy.

Marcus Actilius toke hym prisonere,
Brought him to Rome, lyst hym not respite,
Next to Bochas with an heuy chere
Appered a knyght called Democrite,
Of Etholys myne auctour doth so wryte
He was chefe lorde, but he and his countre
Translated were vnto Rome the citye.

Thys Duke was cast & chayned in prison,
Escaped ones in story as I fynde,
Take agayne, throwe in a derke dungeon,
There for sorowe went out of hys mynde,
Slewe him selfe at mischefe agayne kynde:
Lo howe these princes proude & recheles,
Haue shameful ende that can not liue in pees.

The.xb. Chapiter

Howe greate Antiochus vsynge ryot and vycious lyuynge by Marcus Actilius was outrayed and dyed sodaynly.

TOuchynge the ſtorye in order here folowynge
Of Seleuchus & great Antiochus,
Of his mother Leodices and the kyng,
With other tokens & ſygnes meruelous,
And how alſo the ſame Seleuchus
Had in his thygh as wryten is tofore,
Prynt of an anker ỹ day whã he was borne,

And al the chyldren by ſucceſſion
Had by diſcent borne of his linage,
Print of an anker, as made is mencion,
In the fourth booke with al the ſurpluſage
Of other tokens ther tolde in plaine lãgage,
And of the ſayde ſame Seleuchus
Came by diſcent the ſayde Antiochus.

Whoſe herte was ſet of hye couetiſe
To folow his luſtes and dilectacions,
And ſpecially he caſt gan and deuiſe
To wynne in Grece diuers regions:
And of the people he caught occaſions
By their fauour to conquere their countre,
And rebel agayne Rome the cite.

With multitude and great apparaile
He gate in Grece caſtels and eke touns,
Longing to Rome, conquered by battayle,
Toke vpon hym in his preſumpcions
Falſly to folowe the inclynacions
Of hys birthe, while he dyd abyde
In a citie that called was Talcide.

For cauſe of ſlouth he lefte his chyualry,
Forſoke Mars and toke hym to Cuppde,
Reſtyng the wynter he ſpent in lechery,
In watche, & ryot, chaſe Uenus to his gyde:
Senſualitie made reaſon ſtande aſyde.
And by theſe meanes for ſhorte concluſion,
He was conueyed to his diſtruction.

And whan ỹ winter with his froſtes colde
Paſſed was and al his ſtormes kene,
In ryote ſpent and waſted as I tolde,
And Ueer came in wyth his newe grene,
And freſche Flora which is of flours quene
Of cuſtome gynneth her motles out dreſſe,
In whych ſeaſon as auctours all expreſſe

Kinges & princes with marcial apparayle
Time whan Phebus in the ram doth chyne,
They them diſpoſe to go out to battayle,
For exercyſe of marciall diſciplyne:
And downe from Rome expert in ỹ doctryne
Deſcended is Marcus Artylius
Agayne thys vicious proude Antiochus.

This noble Marke proued in armes wele,
Which in his tyme was ſo good a knyght,
With al his hoſt armed in bryght ſtele
Agayne Antiochus came to the felde right:
Upon a morowe whan Phebus ſhone bryght
Set his wardes by captaines ỹ be rhees,
Upon a hil Called Thermophyles.

Antiochus vpon that other ſyde
Whom glotony and ryot dyd oppreſſe,
And dronken Bachus wyth hym dyd abyde
w̃ Morpheus wyfe of ſlõber chefe goddeſſe,
Which cauſed him thorugh ſlouthe & ydelneſſe
That prouidence out of his court was gone,
Cauſyng ỹ day the ſlaughter of many one.

Whã the Conſul Marcus ỹ worthy knyghte
His aduerſaries proudly gan aſſaile,
They vnpuruayed toke thẽ to the flyght,
Diſarayed, they might not auayle:
Thus Antiochus fled out of battayle,
For againe Romaynes he myght not endure,
Therfore on hym fyl the diſcomfiture.

Thus rebuked fled to Epheſie
Ferre in Grece, & there to dwell he rhees,
Sent to Romains a great ambaſſadrye
With the ſaide Marcus for to treat of pees:
But in this ambaſſed this is very doutles
Whan they attained of Marcus the preſẽce
They were refuſed, and had no audience.

Of which Antiochus greatly was aſhamed,
Caſt againe Rome of hate and enmyte
To rayſe a power, & hath of newe attamed
To gather ſhyppes & make a great arme,
Gynne a werre agayne them on the ſee,
Haupynge an hope vnder a cowarde dreede
Better on the water thã on the lande to ſpede.

Made hys ſhyppes be ſtuffed wyth vytayle,
And hys captaynes hath the lande forſake,
But whan ỹ Romayns of newe gan hi aſſaile
Hys ſhippes brent, & al hys ſtuffe was take,
And as mine auctor cõpẽdiouſly doth make,
Thus on the ſee the Romains werraying
He was outraied, the ſtorye wytneſſyng.

Yet efte agayne to hys confuſyon
Upon the lande he gan make hym ſtronge,

Met wyth Cornely called Scipion
With waynes & cartes made for ỹ wer strōg,
Shod wyth yron, sharpe sithes set amonge
In trauers wise by great ordinaunce,
But for all ỹ he was brought to mischaunce.

With Oliphātes & Castels on their backe
That daye was slaine many worthy knyght,
Upon his host so cruel was the wracke
That he constrayned toke hym to the flyghte,
For soke the cōtre fled out of mennes syght:
To the Romayns, he coude it not delaye
Eche yere constrayned a tribute for to pay.

But he of fraude because of his tribute,
For couetyse fained sore pouerte.
Gathered robbours, and by falle pursute
Oppressed Marchauntes, spoyled the cōtre
Robbed temples of hateful cruelte,
And fro Jupiter called Dodanon
Toke al the veltres the story telleth on

Dyd sacrilege, and entred in that close
Without reuerence or any obseruaunce,
For whych the temple agayne him rose,
And as it is put in remembraunce
By the goddes there fil a great vengeaūce
Upon this tyraunt, quakyng in his drede
All sodenly he fyl to ground dede.

¶ Lenuoye.

This tragedy of Antiochus
Who lyst in ordre his froward story se,
First to all vertue he was contrarious,
And rebell euer to Rome the cite:
Justly accused of vicious thinges thre,
Of pride, slouth, and of glotony,
And of disordinate superfluyte,
Of nyght excesse, ryot, and lechery.

On him the Romains were victorious
Twyse on the land, ones on the see,
He was not hardy, but malicious,
In euery battayle his custome was to flee:
Ther vices reigne there may no grace be,
To al surfettes his lust he dyd apply,
Noysed & disclaūdzed through his cōtre
Of nyght excesse, ryot, and lechery.

Amonge his lieges wode and dispytous,
And for a cowarde knowe in ỹ felde was he,
The pore toppresse a wolfe most furious,
And by disceite a fore for subtilte:
No man more froward of hie nor low degre,
Nor more deliting in falshed nor flatery,
What was his ende? a sodain deth parde,
For his outrages of pride, and lechery.

Noble Princes of prudence full famous
In al your greatest roial maieste,
Remembre playnly if ye be vertuous
Ye shall persever in longe prosperite:
Where the contrary causeth aduersite,
As this story afore doth specifye,
Of Antiochus cast from his dignite
For this great pride, riot, and lecherye.

¶ The. xvi. Chap.

How Jeronimus kig of Ciracuse was slayn, & how Scipio Affrican ỹ laboured for cō-mon wele of Romains was exiled by them, and so dyed.

After the deth of thys Antiochus,
Ther came a price to Bocas cōplaining,
Which that was called Jeronimus
Of Cyracuse whylom lorde and kyng:
Whych of his lieges he nothing trespasing
Slayne was, wyth his thre susters dere
Of hatred, myne auctour wryteth here.

Ciracusanes had a condicion
Through chaūges newe aye to be vnstable,
Of wilful malice voyde of al reason
On their kinges for to be vengeable:
They loued not to haue them perdurable,
But euery yere of custome, this is trewe,
Them to gouerne to haue a prince newe.

And for their chaūges & their vncouth striues
Wyth variaunce of their condycions,
Because no frute is founde in their liues
Nor in their stories nor in their successions,
I wyl passe ouer and speke of Scipions,
And first to write of the worthy man
Called in his tyme Scipio Affrican.

A famous knight in al nacions
For his conquest shortly to conclude,
Which had brought full many regions
More by wysdome than by multitude
To obey the Romayns: but for ingratitude
Whych that he fonde in them (as I rede)
How he wrought, to tel I wyll procede.

It is remembred of his worthynes
While that he was flouring in yonge age,
How Rome was made lady & maystresse
Of many a lande, to their auauntage:
And specially all Affrike & Cartage

By

By hys prowesse as made is mencion,
Were brought of Romayns vnder subiection.

But they againeward were to him vnkynde,
By accusacions fonde out by their falsenesse
Sayd agayne hym(as it is put in mynde)
By recorde of many a false wytnesse,
That he should haue imbezeled the rychesse
Of Cartage and Affrike the countre,
Whych appertayned to Rome the cyte.

But againeward this noble Affrican
Proudly gaue answere to his accusours,
He neuer wythheldе fro tyme ẏ he began
Toward him selfe, no parte of theyr tresours:
Saue as the manere is of conquerours
For to conserue hys worshyp & his name,
As most was profit to the townes fame.

This is to meane playnly and not tary,
He neuer accrochеd treasour nere nor ferre
Towardе hym selfe, but that was necessary
For their worshyp to mayntayne theyr wer:
And yet that tyme he was their lode sterre,
To encrease their boũdes & fully his delite
Was al hole set to the cõmon profyte.

He toke none hede of all the surplusage
Of their treasours nor their great rychesse,
The name reserued of Affrike & Cartage
To hys knyghthod and his hye noblesse:
But their malicious expert vnkyndnesse,
was in cause brеuely to compyle,
Hys body fro them perpetually to exyle.

Cast him neuer wythin Rome toun
After that daye amonge them to be seyne,
Unkyndenesse gaue hym occacion
To absent his person, & of hye dysdayne
To exyle hym selfe & neuer to come agayne:
But for to abyde in a smal byllage
Called Lynterne, whan he was fal in age.

And for men should mynde on hym haue,
By a maner of indignacion
In Epitaphie he set vpon hys graue,
Which saide thus to them of Rome toun:
O people vnkynde, vnkynde agayne reason,
My funeral ashes nor my bones dede
In thy walles thou shalt neuer possede.

In thyne vnkynde frowarde territory
My bones shall not rest nor abyde,
But thyne vnkyndnesse to put in memory
To remembraunce shal be red full wyde:
Of these letters graue on euery syde
By report onely of this small scripture,
Whych here is set vpon my sepulture.

Lo here the cause by brefe dyscripcion
Set on my graue, for a memoriall
Why that my bones out of Rome toun
Be buried here lowe vnder thys wall,
In exile holde my feast funerall:
Unkyndnesse me droue out of that cyte,
That wrought so much for the cõmonte.

¶The.xvii.Chapter.

¶Howe Scipio Asian lorde of Asye that laboured euer for the cõmon wele was murdred.

After the ende of thys Affrican
Called i his time worthy Scipion,
Came next his brother Scipio Asyan,
Which in Asie had dominacion:
Gayne whom was made an accusacion
To al the Senate, that he vntruly shold
Certayne tresours towardе hym selfe whold

Whych that he in Asie had wonne
In hys conquest, by many strong battayle:
Which accusacion falsly was begonne
Of olde enuy cautelle, thys is no fayle,
Whole worthynesse, full muche dyd auayle
To comon profyt, by these two conquerours
By great ritchesse encrealyng their tresours.

The tone in Affrik as ye haue hard me tell
By hys wysdome and his chinalry,
That other in Asia whych dyd excell
In hye prowesse, as bokes specifye:
Falsly byndred of hatred and enuy,
By compassyng of one Antiochus,
Hym to distroy he was so delirous.

Not withstãding these twayne Scipions
Had in their tyme, by manifolde battayls
Brought vnto Rome so many regions
To obey their citie wt marcial apparayls:
And euer more to their great auails,
Brought in tresours to encreace wt their toun
Yet haue they wrought to their distruction.

The tone in exyle as made is mencion
Dyed alas, whan that he was olde:
The seconde was murdred in prison,
Their boeth storyes remembred here & tolde,
To yeue example to princes manyfolde,
That who that laboureth for a comonte,
Leseth oft his thāke, by Scipions ye may se.

☞ The.xviii.chapter.

How the Duke Philopomenes was take, put in prison, after dranke poison, and so dyed.

After the procesle of these two Scipions
Twene two peoples wylfull and recheles
Began in Grece newe discencions,
Twene Acheoys and Etholois doutles,
And a great Duke Philopomenes,
A Prince ỹ tyme of full great puissaunce,
Had of Messenois holy the gouernaunce.

This sayde Prince Philopomenes
Leadyng his host vpon a ful fayre playne,
As he rods armed and put him selfe in prees,
Myd his people as gouernour & wardaine,
Folke out of rule for to call agayne,
Upon his stede as he gan them fette
In due ordre, his wardes for to set,

And this Prynce of port most martial
In the pursute which that he gan make,
Amonge his enemies he had a sodaine fall,
Voyde of al rescue vnwarely he was take:
Of al his frendes lyke a man forsake,
Amonge his enemies brought vnto prison,
There made an ende by drinkynge of poyson.

Of Philopomenes this was the fatal caas,
Out of gouernance his people disolate,
Except a captaine called Ligorias,
Whych in the werres was wonder fortunate
Of Acheoys toke on him the state
Them to gouerne and the people lede,
Of hym no more in Bochas I do rede.

The.xix.chapiter.

Of the thyrde Scipion Nalica ỹ euer wrought much for the comonte.

Mine auctoure here maketh a digression,
And reherseth for a memorial
Of the thyrde worthy Scipion
Called Nalica, whych in especial
By dispolycion verye naturall (gage,
Holde amonge Romaynes by reporte of lanPassinge all other in wisdome and corage.

Olde of discrecion & not but yonge of yeres,
For a myracle myne auctour doth expresse
Whan Senatours sente messageres
In to Frigia by great auysenesse,
For Berolynthia most famous goddesse,
Whā she was brought by them ỹ dyd her gide
In house nor temple she would not abyde

Saue in the palays of this Scipion,
To put his name more in remembraunce.
The whych also through his hie renoun
Gallogrois he brought to vttraunce,
A people of Grece ferre out of gouernaunce:
But Scipion gan them so werrey
Maugre their malice ỹ Romains for to obey.

Wherby his name was put in memory,
And ful gret thāke he hath in Rome deserued,
Bycause onely of his greate victory
For which the triūphe was to him reserued:
But at last full fally he was serued,
Of the Romains, after their olde manere
In this tragedy anone as ye shal here.

After he had augmented their treasours,
Conquered in Asia many regions,
Cauled of their sone that they were victours
Appealed of Graccus the false occasions
Compassed of malyce by newe discencions,
Twene the people and also the Senate
He of hye wysdome hath stynt al that debate,

Trustynge ỹ Romains Scipiō was begiled,
Lost their fauoure & offended nought:
By them vnwarely banished and exyled,
Clene forgoten, put out of their thought.
For comon profite al that he hath wrought
The guerdon lost, thus prynces can not se,
Of al that done for any comonte.

Lyke a blase for a whyle lyght
Whych sheweth clere & is neuer after seyne,
Or lyke a sonne for a moment bryght
Unwarly shrouded vō a shower of rayne
Right so the windy fauour blowynge vaine

May

May be relēbled for mutabilite,
Of them that do for any comonte.

The people foloweth their owne opinions,
In their conceytes they be so wonderful,
Wil holdeth the brydel of their discrecions,
Their hasty demyng so bestiall is & dull:
Like blynd bayarde they brayde at a pul,
To quite ỹ guerdons of marciall bounte
Of them that done for any comonte.

This day a price stādeth in the peoples grace
Lyke as they would his name deify,
Aboue the sterres in Jupiters place
With Mars & Phebus hys name to stellify
But by to morow ther commeth a soden skye
Shewyng there is a full fayne surete
Of them that do for any comonte.

And for to affirme that it is trewly so,
Cal thre Scipions to remembraunce,
First of Affrike and Asie both two
Note i cronicles their knightly gouernaūce,
Their restlesse labours Romais for tauaūce:
Reken agaynwarde how these princes three,
Were full vngoodly quit by the comonte.

Lenuoye.

This tragedy of thre Scipions,
So worthy in knighthode & eke notable
Made so many famous regions
Subiecte to Rome(this storye is no fable)
Wher the Romayns double & disceiuable
Shewed agaynward to these princes thre,
The thanke lost and guerdon couenable
Of hym that doth for any comonte.

Reken vp in Affrike the cityes & the touns,
Great Cartage with castels defensable,
Reken in Asie the great possessions
Wyth reuenues very innumerable,
Reken their tryūphes of prise incōparable,
Wherby considred ye may a myrrour se
Howe the guerdons be false & flaskysable,
Of them that do for any comonte.

They were whilom the Romayns chāpions
Of Senatours to set the honoure stable,
To auoyde discorde and al discencions
Atwene the cōmons and states honorable:
But she that is of custome aye chaūgeable,
Fortune, in whom may be no surete,
Sheweth in her whele the guerdōs mutable
Of them ỹ done for any comonte.

Noble princes payse in your reasons
All worldly thynge in erth is transmutable,
Faynt and vnsure your dominacions,
Charter is ther none to make thē perdurable
Sorowe at departing your bodies corrūpable
A thyng resemblyng ỹ neuer had be,
Record on Scipiōs by guerdons semblable
Of them that done for any comonte.

Trust neuer in your opinions
But ỹ your power is eche day remeuable,
Be not made blynde in your discrecions
But consydre by examples resonable
The eye of fortune lyke hasarde, retournable:
Wyth sodayne chaunge of false felicitie
Unto the guerdons dayly comparable,
Of them that done for any comonte.

The.xx. Chapiter

Howe Duke Hanyball after many victorious dedes murdred him selfe wyth poison.

Next, to Jhon Bocas as I rede
Out of Affrik & Cartage therwithal
Ther came a Duke ỹ had mooste hatrede
Agayne the Romayns in especiall,
This famous prince called Hanyball,
By whose prowesse as it is well knowe
The sayd Romains were brought ful low.

And amonge other worthy Dukes all
As olde Cronicles maketh mencion,
Of Hanybal the fate is so befal
At hys byrth by dyspolicion
That of hys naturall constellacion,
Set in the heuen that he should be
Perpetually enemy to Rome the cyte.

As the storye of hym doth deuise,
While his father Duke whylom of Cartage
Called Amylchar, dyd ones sacrifyse
To his goddes, and he nyne yere of age
Swore and auowed of hert & of cryage
Durynge his life wythout exception,
Euer to be enemy vnto Rome toun.

Thys Hartes childe thys lusty yong knight
Was to Cartage the stronge myghty wal,
Whych succeded in his fathers ryght
After the deth of worthy Hastruball:
Fyrst he made a werre ful mortall
Gayne Sagūtinois, as it is specifyed,
Cause wyth Romayns ỹ they were alyed.

A dreme he had and was thus in sentence,
That he shuld conquere in battaile
Maugre al tho that stande at diffence
Two myghty coũtreis, fyrst Spaine & than
Down discẽdig with gret apparaile (Itaile,
Passing the famous ryuer Iberus
And where he rode alwaie victorious.

With him, of Affrike many chefetayns
Rode through Gaule, found no resistence,
Of Pyrenes by the hye mountayns
To shewe the rigour of his magnyficence,
Ouer the Alpes by sturdy violence,
Not withstandynge the passage was ful wycke
Of slydinge frostes, and of snowes thicke.

A great party of hys people lost
By the constraint of that fell passage,
Horse & Oliphantes that many besaunt cost,
Foũde great dañgere of thẽ in his cariage:
Assaut of brigantes whan they found auaun-
And as Bochas put in remẽbrance, (tage
Felte great losse of al hys ordinaunce.

The Alpes passed with trauayle & great wo,
Thys Hanyball with al his chiualry
Aproched is the riuer of the Po,
Came to a towne that called is Cursye
Which standeth vpon the cyte of Pauye,
Where a Consul called Scipion
Gaue hym battayle euyn afore the toun.

The same Consull Gneus Scipion
Whych by prowes of manly Hanybal
Was discomfited, as made is mencion
Tofore Pauye had a ryght foule fal:
The fyrst victory in especial
That he had beyonde the mountayns,
Whan he pursued tallayle the Romayns.

Sempronius another Consulere
That was felowe to the sayde Scipion,
Sent eke fro Rome w a full proude chere
Gayne Hanyball: but in his cõmyng doun
Tofore Trelbie a large myghty towne
Outrayed was by fatal auenture,
And after neuer his fal myght recure.

Of two Consulers this was the woful fyne,
Sempronius and Gneus Scipion:
Ouer the mountayne called Appenyne:
Went Hanibal through his great renoun,
To great domage and great confusion
Of his people that passed the mountaines,
Distroyed w̃ colde, snowe, & hydeous rayns.

Lost his knightes, hys tresour & his goodes,
There myght as tho be made no defence,
His gret stedes drowned in the floodes
By the waters mighty vyolence,
Fonde for the time no better resistence,
Saue he escaped fro that sodayne wracke
On an Oliphaũte, he rydyng on the backe.

So importable was his greuous payne
Onely borne vp of martial corage,
Yet there he lost one of his eyen twayne
Kept of knighthode one chere & one vysage:
Through Itayle helde alway his passage,
Slewe a Consull called Flaminius,
Thus in thre battayls he was victorious.

But in thys whyle as sayethe myne auctoure
Quintus Fabius subtyl and disceyuable,
Whiche was in Rome a famous dictatour
And he apperceyued by tokens ful notable
No Romayne captaine was in tho dayes able
As it was shewed by experience
Gayne Hanyball to make resistence.

Yet in his conceyte he subtillye gan serche
To fynde a waye he dyd his busy paine,
Day by day gan fully theron werche
Outher by fraude or some cõpassed trayne
To lye in wayte, and secretely ordayne
Embusshmentes to his auauntage,
Of Hanyball to stop the passage.

But al his traynes serued him of nought,
For Hanybal this worthy African
In his conquest so proudly hath wrought,
So lyke a prince and a knightly man
For thilke tyme that he werres gan
Agayne the Romayns both on see & lande,
That they were feble his power to withstãd.

This Quitus fabius kept him alway close,
Lynge a wayte to fal on Hanibal,
And of assent eke to his purpose
There was one Varo manly & wyse wythal:
And these twayne in especiall
Within Poyle a large great countre
Fought wyth Hanybal at Cannas the cytie.

As the story maketh rehersayle
The Romayne party of worthy werriours
Where forty thousand slayne in battaile,
Emilius Paulus & thurty senatours,

Twen-

Twenty in numbze ꝑ had ben ꝓctours,
And thze hundzed captaynes of eſtate
Slayne by Hanibball, in that moztal debate.

And by the ſlaughter of Emilius
The noble conſul, Romains diſpayzed,
And Hanybal that day victozious
To his lodgyng is agayne repayzed:
His fone outrayed and moztally appayzed
Knewe no refute agayne this manly knyght,
But at miſchefe toke them to the flyght.

The which day ꝑ that Hanyball
Had them folowed pzoudly to the towne,
By the counſayle of one Marthaball,
A manly knyght a pzince of hye renowne,
He ſhoulde haue had full poſſeſſion
That day of Rome lyke to hys entent,
But I ſuppoſe foztune lyſt nat aſſent.

In thys pzoceſſe playnlye as I rede (pous,
This Hanyball wexte pzoude & ryght pom-
Of four victozies dempt hym ſelfe in dede
Aboue all other to be moſt glozious,
Of his cozage moſt inly ſurquedous:
But o alas alytle ſlouth and pzyde
Foz lacke of purſute his conqueſt ſet alyde.

Yet in hys conqueſt of knightes ꝑ laye dede
Of Conſulers olde and yonge of age,
With Senatours the pzoceſſe who lyſt rede
Slayne in the felde in that moztall rage,
Duke Hanyball ſent vnto Cartage
Of clene golde by recozde of wzitynges,
Out of the felde thze buſhell full of rynges.

After four victozies here remembzed,
By and by the pzoceſſe who lyſt ſe,
In which many wozthy were diſmembzed
Bothe of Affrike and Rome the cite,
Abate gan the great pzoſperite
Of Hanybal by froward auenture
Set ones backe foztune is harde to recure.

After the flours of hys felicite
His nobleſſe dzewe to declination
To Capne he went a myghty ſtronge cite,
There to ſoiourne as made is mencion,
All the tyme of wynter colde ſeaſon:
Where to his luſt and bodily pleaſaunce,
Of all vitayle founde great haboundaunce.

Whiche made his knightes ſlowe to ꝑ werre,
Foz wine, women, and plenty of vitayle
Full oft ſythe cauſe men to erre,
Make them feble their enemyes taſſayle:
Gozges agroteied enboſſed their entrayle,
Diſpoſeth men rather to reſt and ſlepe,
Then of their enemyes foz to take kepe.

But whan wynter with his froſtes colde
Was ouergone in thylke region,
Hanyball gan his purpoſe holde
To laye a ſiege vnto Rome towne,
But ſo great raynes fyll fro heauen downe,
So great tempeſt vpon euery ſyde,
Foz the conſtraynt he myght nat abyde.

To foztifye the ſayde Hanyball
Agayne his enemies where he had ado,
Sent letters vnto Haſtruball
In right great haſte foz to come hym to:
But foztune her whele hath tourned ſo
That Haſtruball wer he lothe oz fayne,
By Salmatoz venquiſhed was and ſlayne.

Of whiche miſchefe and diſcomfiture
Hanybal gan dull in hys cozage,
Complayned ſoze of hys miſauenture,
Knewe no refute agayne thys moztall rage:
Herde eke ſay that Affrike and Cartage
Were of newe to hys confuſion,
Strongly werryed by wozthy Scipion.

Siphax alſo of Numedy kyng
Which agayne Romayns gan a werre make,
Maugre his might and all his fell wozkyng
Was by fozce of Scipion ytake,
Wherthzough his cozage greatly gan aſlake:
And how Cartage chefe of that region
Beſleged was alſo by Scipion.

Thus Hanyball conſtrayned was of nede
Home to repayze foz reſcue of Cartage,
And was alſo in bokes as I rede
The ſame tyme fall farre in age:
And at miſchefe and great diſauauntage
Agayne Scipion full lytle might auayle,
By whom he was diſcomfited in batayle.

Cartage conſtrayned of neceſſite
Them to ſubmit vnto Rome toun,
And foz their moze aduertite
Gneus Gernilius was fro Rome ſent doun
Onely of purpoſe foz this concluſion,
Foz to pzocure in eſpeciall
Final diſtruction and death of Hanyball.

After all his marciall labours
His olde felicite wext frowarde & vnmete,
In holow ymages put all hys treasours,
Toke his passage into the lande of Crete,
And fortune contrarye and vnswete
Made officers kepe hys rychesse,
In the temple of Diane the goddesse.

Somwhat for trust and percell eke for drede
To fynde succour, he went to the kyng
Of Bithinye, to helpe hym in hys nede,
Called Pruſias, but of hys commyng
The sleyghty Romayns had knowledgyng,
To Bithinye downe theyr letters sent
If Hanybal escaped they shoulde repent.

The letters redde the kyng the same daye
Made his people beliege the dongeon
Where duke Haniball of trust alone lay
All destitute, when he knew this treason
To escape hys enemyes dráke wylfully poyſõ:
Chase rather so (other escape was none)
Then in the handes to fall of hys fone.

To fore his dethe sayde this ozyson
To all ỹ goddes deuoutly downe knelyng,
That they woulde of this false treason
Take vengeaunce of Pruſias the kyng:
Whiche was cause by hys false worckyng
Of the destruction and dethe finall
Of this famous worthy Hanyball.

Lenuoye.

This tragedy frowarde to wryte or rede
Of this forsayde manly Hanyball,
My penne quoke my herte I felt blede
For to beholde the wofull pytous fall
Of hym that was the defensable wall
Of Cartage, the myghty strong toun
Which slewe him selfe by drinkyng of poyson.

It was to him he thought more manhede
To sle him selfe by vengeaunce most mortal,
Than his enemies by constraynt should hym lede
In chaynes bounde, he to be thrall:
So great dispite he had of them at all
That leuer he had than byde in theyr pryson,
To murder him selfe by drynkyng of poyson.

As me semeth in thys horrible dede
He resembled the furies infernall,
Of cruel Pluto I trowe he toke his mede,
Voyde of all reason became bestiall,
At whose terrible feast funerall
Goddesse Proserpina came w̃ Manes doun,
The same tyme whan he dranke poyson.

Noble prynces consider and take hede,
Leauyng the surplus hys dedes marcyall,
Knyghtly remembre, & haue in herte hatrede
Of his enpoysonyng in especiall,
Abhominable to god and man withall:
That a prynce so famous of renoun (son,
Shoulde murder him selfe by drinking of poy-

The.xxi.Chapter.

How Pruſias kyng of Bithinye, that betrayed Hanybal woulde haue disherited his sonne and heyre, went a beggyng in straunge landes.

Solowyng in order there came to Bochas
Of Bithinye the great myghty kyng,
Whiche in his tyme was called Pruſias
Greatly sclaundred and noysed of one thyng,
That he was false and double in worckyng
Agayne the noblesse of his estate royall,
Because that he betrayched Hanyball.

This diffaute derked the bryghtnesse
Of hys fame and his knyghtly renoun,
And eclipsed hys passed olde prowesse
By reporte in many a region:
Alas that euer the condition
Of doublenesse by falsenesse or faynyng,
Shoulde be founde and namely in a kyng.

Of this Pruſias further to procede
Which agayne Hanyball wrought thys trea-
A sonne he had called Nychomede (son,
Borne to be heyre by iust succession:
But hys father by false collusion,
Purposed hym, for he was yonge of age,
To put hym out of hys heritage.

In this matter ther grewe by a great stryfe
By Pruſias agayne thys Nychomede,
Cause that he by hys seconde wyfe
Had a yonge sonne in bokes thus I rede,
Whome he purposed to preferre in dede:
For whyche he caste by shorte conclusion

Of

Of Nychomede the destruction.

And for tacomplyche this frowarde falsema-
By full great delyberation, (tere
kyng Perseus gan shew heuy chere
Gayne Nychomede seekyng occasion
To depriue hym of possession:
After hys dayes by subtell false worckyng
In Bethany he shal nat reygne as kyng.

The people seynge thys great iniquite
Wrought by the king gayne good conscience,
Through all the lande of hye and lowe degre
To Nychomede all of one sentence
Gaue theyr good wyll & theyr benevolence:
For euery lorde and euery great baron
Stode whole w̄ him through all the region.

Thus by iust tytle he was crowned kyng,
Perseus for shame and heuynesse,
In straunge countreys lyued by beggyng,
All desolate cryed for almesse:
Loe here the ende of treason and falsnesse,
Left at mischefe, myne auctour sayth ꝑ same,
Of pouerte forsoke hys owne name.

Se here two thynges & take ryght good hede
Of Perseus the vnware sodain mischaunce,
The dicherytyng done to Nychomede,
After folowyng on him the great vengeaūce,
As the story putteth in remembraunce:
For treason done odyble and mortall
Ageyne the forsayde famous Hanyball.

The.xxii. Chapter.

How Perses of Macedone kynge, that enpoysoned his brother, was by Emilyus outrayed and died in pryson.

Bespreynt with teares pitously
weepyng
As Bochas sate in hys studye
alone,
Next came Perses of Macedone kyng,
And mortally he gan sygh and grone,
And furiously for to make hys mone,
That he was whylom of so great renoun
Constrayned after to dye in pryson.

This sayd Perses of nature was frowarde,
Yuyll disposed eke of hys condicion,
Though he of byrth was but a bastarde
He compassed by false collusion,
After hys father to haue possession
(As myne auctour remembreth by writyng)
Of Macedone to be crowned kyng.

His father Philip the story telleth thus,
Had a sonne whiche was yonge of age,
Wyse and redy called Demetrius,
Borne and begot trewly in mariage:
But Perses cast by furious outrage
Hym to destroy and murdre by poyson,
He of that kyngdome to haue possession.

Falsely compassed to hys auauntage,
In his entent Demetrius to depriue
Of Macedone whiche was his heritage:
And therupon he letters gan contriue
To preue him traytour while he was alyue,
Wherof kyng Philip greatly was anoyed,
That he and Perses should be distroyed

By Demetrius, that thought no domage,
Ment no harme in hys opinion:
Yet his father suspicious of corage
(For Perses gaue hym false information)
Made him be slayne by drinkyng of poyson,
Upon a daye, a thyng abhominable,
Sittyng at meate at his fathers table.

King Philip after when he knew the trouth,
Had of his dethe great compassion,
But all to late and that was great routh:
Whiche caused after hys owne destruction,
For sorowe dyed, and of presumption
Perses after falsly vsurpyng,
In Macedone was crowned for the kyng.

With diuers countreys made his alyaunce,
In Grece & Trace gate frendes nere & ferre,
And of pride and wylfull gouernaunce
Cast with Romayns for to holde werre:
Ungrace and youth made him for to erre,
Tyll a Consul sent fro Rome toun
Brought thys Perses vnto distruction.

Called Emilius was thys Consulere
Sent again Perses to haue a great batayle,
Seynge his doughter heuy of her chere
When he went out hys enemies to assayle,
Made vnto her this vncouth apposayle:
Why wepe ye so what thyng doth you agreue
At my departyng, takynge of me leue:

Father (quod she) and ye take good hede

A whelpe

A whelpe I had that dyd great pleasaunce
Called Perles, the which right now is dede,
And this chefe cause is only of my greuaũce:
Her father than gan chaunge countenaunce,
This is a token to myne encreace of glozy
That I of Perles shall haue the victozy.

In Macedone he and Perses mette,
And quit hym there lyke a manly knyght,
Cõquered the lande none might him withlet,
And manly put Perses to the flyght:
After to Trace he toke the way ryght,
Of whiche conquest chozt prozesse to make,
With his two sonnes Perses was ther take.

Emilius after thys victozy
Alseth the triumphe to hys guerdon,
And as it is remembred in hys stozy
Perses foloweth his chayze throughe Rome
Condempned after to dye in prison: (toun,
The whiche dethe he dyd well deserue
Foz he by poyson made hys brother sterue.

Thus can foztune erly and eke late,
Downe from her whele and hye stage
Of proude pzynces the surquedy abate:
Whan to her lust she seeth moste auauntage
She frowardly gan tourne her vysage,
And sodaynly the estate of them consume
Aboue their office that wzongly lyst pzesume.

Amonges whiche a kyng of Israell
Agayne the pzecept and lawe of Moyses,
Called Ozias, the byble can well tell,
Of pzesumption wylfull and recheles
To sacrifice put hym selfe in pzees,
Lyke a byshop in the temple arayed,
But ozhe passed greatly he was affrayed.

Loste his speche, smyt with meselry
Duryng his lyfe, lo here a great vengeaũce:
Of hys crowne and hys regaly
Impotent to vse the gouernaunce,
Peryll foz pzide and disobeysaunce:
Foz he lyst nat meekely the lawe obey,
Foz which at mischefe he dyd a leper dey.

The.xxiii. Chapter.

Howe Amonyus a pzynce of Antioche, delytyng in pyllage and robbzy with other vicious lyuynge, fled in womans clothyng, after taken and slayne.

Next in ozder complaynyng hys distresse
Came Amonius, a notable werriour,
To John Bochas to shewe hys heynesse
In Antioche pzynce and gouernour:
Of whiche countre whyle he was possessour,
Had a custome and thys was hys trauayle
To robbe the ryche and spoyle the pozayle.

Spared nouther olde noz yonge of age,
Toke fro marchaũtes treasour and richesse,
And in delytes of lecherous outrage
Was all his lust with watche & dzonkennesse:
Wyll in his courte of reason was maystresse,
Caulyng the people through all the region
To ryse agayne hym by rebellion.

Contrary he was to all good discipline,
The people arose agayne hym on a day,
And he foz feare in habite femenine
Lyke a wzetche fled cowardly away,
Take at mischefe there was made no delay:
Falsly confessyng, hering many a man,
Agayne nature that he was a woman.

The trouth knowe and the sclaunder ryfe
All of assent the people Antiochene
Rose attones, and so he lost hys lyfe,
They wer so wode agayne him in their tene:
Thus of foztune the chaũge is alway sene,
Fro better to wozse she can so well transmue
The estate of them that wyll no vertue sue.

The.xxiiii.chapter.

Howe Andziscus of lowe byzth bozne, hauyng no tytle became kyng of Macedone, and was after taken, and died in pzyson.

But of one thynge foztune is to blame,
That she is so chaungeable of cozage
To set a boy vnknowen of byzthe and fame,
By false errour vpon a royall stage:
Foz one Andziscus by surquedous outrage,
Without tytle, by subtyll compassyng
Of Macedone toke on hym to be kyng.

Colour was none his claime to make stable,
Except that he of chere and of visage (ble,
Was to kyng Philyp of fetures moste sẽbla-

Where-

Whereby the people in their furious rage
Caught opinion of wylfull falſe dotage,
Agayne reaſon Bochas dothe diſcriue,
That kyng Philyp was riſen fro deth to liue.

Whylom father of Perſes as I tolde:
And for Andriſcus brought vp in wretched-
In preſence bothe of ponge and olde (neſſe,
Was bold to clayme by tytle of rightwiſneſſe
Shewing no grounde but perſonel likeneſſe,
Mocking the people which by their fauour
Of royal dignite receyued the honour.

Thus he that was foſtred as a wretche
In miſery and eke in pouerte,
Fro poore bedde his hornes dyd vp ſtretche
To holde a ſcepter of kyngly dignite:
And by the ſuppoꝛte of the commonte
Gan wexe pompous and elate (ſtate,
Brought vp of nought whan he ſtode in e-

Nothing more cruell nor nothyng more ben-
Nor more haſty to do execution, (geable
Nor more deynous nor more vntreatable
Than whan a begger hath domination:
I curre more frowarde than a ſtrong Lyon,
And ſem blably none ſo great cruelte,
As whan a wretche is ſet in dignite.

This Andriſcus in all his royall chere
To execute his hatefull cruelte,
Gathered people in countreys ferre & nere,
In Macedone, and of olde enmyte,
Began maligne gayne Rome the cite:
But to withſet his frowarde falſe entent,
One Iuuencius a Pretor was downe ſent.

But becauſe that he was negligent,
And of diſpite toke of him no hede,
He was outrayed and by Andriſcus ſhent,
With all the people that he dyd lede:
But the Romayns of hope better to ſpede
Haue ſent Metellus a full manly knyght,
To Macedone, to mete anone ryght

Thys worthy man lyſt nat longe to tary,
Set proudly on in hope it ſhoulde auayle,
Made Macedone to Rome tributary,
Toke Andriſcus manly in batayle,
Brought him to Rome w mighty apparayle,
And made him lye fettred in priſon,
For his outragious falſe preſumption.

Thus for his frowarde vſurpacion
That was haute in hys proſperite,
Knewe nat hym ſelfe by falſe abuſion
Blent with a myſt of blynde felicite,
Lyſt nat remembre of hys firſt pouerte:
Whom to chaſtiſe fortune brought hym low
Becauſe he lyſt nat hym ſelfe for to know.

The.xxv.Chapter.

Howe Alyſander Ballas kyng of Surry, for extorcion, pryde, and vnkindneſſe dyed at miſchefe.

THus can thys ladye play her pagent
By a maner of deynous mockerye,
Her entermeſſe forth ſerued them of entent
To folke that truſte her onely of foly:
And to purpoſe whylom of Surry
There was a kyng lyke as wryte Bochas,
Called Alyſander whoſe ſurname was Ballas

Of whiche Ballas to tell the proceſſe
Firſt of his ryſyng and after of hys fall,
Antiochus the ſtory beareth wytneſſe
Called Eupator whiche in eſpeciall
Claymed tytle to the ſtate royall
After his father named Antiochus
Epyphanes, the ſtory telleth thus.

After whoſe dethe the kyngdome of Surry
Shoulde longe by ſucceſſion
To Eupator, and eke for hys party,
Demetrius hoſtage in Rome toun
Claymed a tytle in that region
Of Surry, becauſe Epiphanes
Was brought to hym the ſtory is no les,

Demetrius fro Rome is come doun
Into Surry to clayme hys heritage,
Receyued the crowne, toke poſſeſſion,
Gan wexe proude preſumptuous of corage:
Thus Eupator that was but ponge of age
Excluded was in Surry to ſucceede,
Of Demetrius ferther thus I rede.

Outragyous he was aboue meaſure,
Ryght vengeable and full of cruelte:
Hatefull alſo to euery creature,
And heuy borne of worthy kynges thre,
Firſt in Egypt of worthy Tholome,
And of Fetilius in Aſy tho reygnyng,
And Aryrarches in Capadoce kyng.

All

All of assent agayne hym haue conspyred,
Founde a waye Demetrius to depriue,
Hys vndoyng so sore they haue desyred:
And theyr entent to execute bliue
They gan a fable of purpose to contryue,
As ye shall here, together as they went,
To whiche all Surry at ones dyd assent.

They toke a galaunt borne of lowe lynage,
Called Ballas, of theyr acquayntaunce,
And affyrmed all of one corage
Howe he was sonne & iust heyre in substaūce
To Epiphanes, and nexte heyre in aliaunce,
To succede by tokens affyrmyng
Next in Surry to be crowned kyng.

Alysander of purpose they hym call,
Because they thought of person he was able,
Set hym vp in hys royall stall
Maugre Demetrius, cruell and vengeable:
And fortune was to them fauourable,
Made theyr purpose finally to auayle,
With whome Demetrius had a gret batayle.

This Alysander which named was Ballas,
By Demetrius as put is in memory,
Fyrst ouercome, and after fyll the caas
He of Demetrius had the victory:
And to encrease of hys royall glory,
Of fortune by lodayne auenture
Ballas the felde of hym dyd recure:

Thus by promocion of these kynges thre,
When he was crowned kyng of al Surry,
To false extorcion and hateful cruelte
Thys Alysander dyd hys wittes apply
To robbyng, pyllage, and eke tyranny:
And dispysed shortly to conclude,
The sayde kynge of ingratitude.

He had forget hys estate of pouerte
Knewe nat hym selfe of false ambicion,
Wedded the doughter of worthy Tholome
Called Cleopatra as made is mencion:
And all his labour in conclusion
Was onely this, in Bochas as I rede,
All the kyngdomes aboute hym to possede.

Who all coueteth sometyme all dothe lese,
One agayne all selde hath soueraynte:
And for Ballas frowardly gan chese
To holde werre with kyng Tholome,
And with the forsayde worthy kynges thre,
All of assent haue suche wayes sought
That by theyr worckyng he came to nought.

Fyrst Tholome fro hym toke hys wyfe
Cleopatra, and toke her in mariage
To one Demetry, causyng full great stryfe
For he that tyme was but yonge of age:
But Ballas after by full great outrage
With all his power gathered nye and ferre,
Gayne Demetry gan to holde werre.

Togyther they met proudlye in batayle,
Ballas constrayned cowardly to flie,
And when he sawe hys power dyd fayle
In Arabye a myghty stronge countre
Zabydus, a prynce of great poste
Toke hym by force quakyng in hys drede,
To kyng Tholome sent anone his hede.

Men may two thinges consider in this caas
Pryde punyshed and vnkyndnesse,
And presumpcion in this man Ballas
Without tytle or clayme of ryghtwysnesse
Made kyng of Surry, set i gret worthinesse:
What was his ende ye get no more of me,
Hys heed smyte of and sent to Tholome.

Lenuoye.

THys tragedye dothe naturally complayne
Upon thys vyce called vnkyndnesse,
Which to punyshe is tourment none ne payne
Rygour condigne, flagell nor duresse,
Emprisoning nor none earthly distresse
That may suffise bryefely to conclude,
Againe the vice of ingratitude.

All creatures on this vice complaine,
Lawe, nature, decrees, rightwisnesse,
This monster in kinde dothe ꝑ light distaine
Of euery vertue derketh the brightnesse,
Alisander can beare hereof witnesse,
Whiche to his furthers he of his tetches rude,
Shewed againe warde great ingratitude.

Of Cerberus thinfernall treble chayne
Nor of Tantalus hungre nor thrustinesse,
Of Ixion or Ticius bothe twayne
Reken the turment remembre the sharpnesse,
All to litell to chastise or redresse
The hatefull vice of them that can delude
Their frendes olde, by false ingratitude.

Noble

Noble prynces which in your demayne
Haue gouernaunce of all worldly rychesse,
Gayne folke vnkynde loke that pe disdayne,
Suffre them nat to haue none entresse
For to aproche to your hye noblesse:
For there is no vice more hatefull to conclude
Than is the vyce of ingratitude.

The.xxvi Chapter.

Here Bochas wryteth of the rebellyons and sedicions in Rome betwene Tribunes and the commons.

Sholowyng myne auctour in storyes merueylous,
I must now write ỳ stróg rebellions
Of Gayus first, and of Tiberius,
And of the great hatefull sections
Meued in Rome twene tribunes & cõmons,
And by their stryues how they gan conspyre:
For to attayne falsly to the empyre.

The yere syxe hundred by computacion
Gayus Graccus made tribune in that age
After the cities first foundacion,
Which turned after to full great domage
Of common profit, for by their mortall rage
Tumulte and noyse of commons in the toun,
Caused a great part of their destruction.

For in departyng of champayne heritage,
Atwene the worthy and pore of the cite
By egall portions Graccus w faire langage
Had greatly meued all their commonte:
By whiche occasion in story men maye se,
Another Graccus called the seconde
Was slayne in Rome, & low laide in grounde.

After the deth of Graccus as I rede
Was chosen a tribune called Munycius,
Whiche forsyd the lawes all in dede
Of olde Graccus called Gayus:
But he that was named Tyberius
With helpe of Flaccus Tribunes of estate,
In the Capitoyle began a great debate.

They were supported by the commonte
By voyce of people ỳ word of no man know,
For Graccus party hye vpon a tre
A trumpet stode and proudly gan to blowe,
Which slayne was & fro the tre doun throw:
By which slawter ỳ boke maketh reherlaile,
Flaccus next feble his party gan to fayle.

For drede he fled into the teritory
Of Janus temple ran vp to a tour,
Whan Tyberius as put is in memory
Sawe in the cite he had no fauour,
Dispayred, knewe no better succour:
Sworde set at brest in presence of Mynerue
Fully purposed afore her for to sterue.

There stode one by & drew his hand a backe,
Fro that purpose made him to declyne, (ke
Thus Graccus party goth dai by dai to wra
And Flaccus toke the temple of Lucyne:
His son, his frendes, almost all his lyne
Thei kept thẽ strõg, but maugre their defẽce
They were there slayne by sturdy violence.

While Graccus frendes fought for his party,
And he him selfe constrayned was of drede
He gan to pray a boy of hys company
To take a sword and smyte of hys hede,
Set on a speare with the blonde made rede,
Sent it his mother complayning in her tene,
Into her castel that called was Misene.

Named Cornelya his mother was in dede,
Whylom doughter to great Scipion,
Her children all slayne as I rede,
And Graccus goodes acheted to the toun:
Therof after made a diuision
By iudgement, throughout the cite,
Where most was nede among the commonte.

Of Graccus syde fiue hũdred slaine & twaine
Upon an hyll called Auentyne,
And Oppinius a consull dyd his payne
Of their conspiring ỳ ground to serche & mine:
And Flaccus party to bryng to ruyne,
He slew two thousand by hasty iudgement,
Amonge which was many an innocent.

The.xxvii.chapter.

How the wyfe of Hastruball brent her selfe and her chyldren.

Here John Bochas lyst in especiall
To remembre howe Cartage newe agayne
Distroyed was, and how Hastruball
Came to mischefe, ỳ trouth was well sayne:
Which to reherce of new it were but payne,

Sythe here tofore is made clere mencion
Bothe of their brennyng & their destruccion.

Saue here he telleth how Hastrubals wyfe
Onely to eschewe to lyue in seruage,
Chase with her children for to lese her lyfe,
And wylfully of furious corage
She and her sonnes tender and yonge of age
Amonge the flames and the coles reed,
Consumed was into aches deed.

Dydo the first that bylte that cite
And made tours and the stronge wall,
Which was betrayshed also of Ene,
Afore remembred the fires funerall,
And after longe the wyfe of Hastruball
Chase rather to dye with her childrē twaine,
Than amonge Romayns for to liue in paine.

The.xxviii.chapter.

Of Machabeus Jonathas take by the kynge of Surry.

In order suyng, vnto John Bochas
There appeared an heuy man of syght
Machabeus, ꝑ worthy Jonathas,
Whiche occupied for wisdome & for myght
Office of prynce, priesthod, and of knyght
By title of Juda of werres toke thempryse,
By clayme of Leuy as priest dyd sacrifise.

The lawe of Jewes manly to defende
With all the laude of promyssion,
This Jonathas ful knyghtly dyd entende
Agayne all enemies about them enuyron,
Tyll of Surry the false kyng Tryphon
By traynes cōpassed & promise falsely holde,
Toke Jonathas of whō right now I tolde.

In Machabeorum is reherced all
Of his knighthode, and of his worthynesse,
With all the treasons in especiall
Wrought by Tryphon by great falsenesse,
His subtell sleyghtes and hys doublenesse,
Them to reherce ye get no more of me,
For in the byble the story ye maye se.

The.xxix.Chapter.

Howe Demetrius the seconde lost at the last his head.

But I wyll returne to Demetrius
That called was Demetrius the seconde,
Which by discent came fro Antiochus,
And by his manhode as it is well founde
Dyd the pryde of kyng Ballas confounde
Called Alysander which by great outrage,
Had put his father fro his herytage.

This Demetrius famous and notable
Upon Parthoys had many great victory,
Tyll kyng Arsacides double and deceyuable
Him selfe delytyng greatly in bayngory,
By hys sleyghty fraudes deceptory
Under a shadow of faynyng and falle chere,
Toke Demetrius vnwarely prisonere.

And to great hindryng & sclaūder of his name
Arsacides by a maner mockery,
Made Demetrius for dispite and shame
Poorly arayed of hate and great enuy
For to be led through all Jury:
Made hym after by great auisement, (tent,
To wed hys doughter agayne hys owne en-

This Demetrius was kepte out of preef
That but fewe had of hym syght,
Unto tyme that Arsacydes
Was deed and passed for all his great might,
Than he cast to escape away by flyght,
And secretly to accomplishe his entent
He gate hym cōsayle that was of his assent.

Gallymandrus a lorde of that countre
Which that was of hys assent in dede,
In their flight to kepe them more secre
Made Demetrius for to chaunge his wede,
And preuy wayes forth he dyd hym lede:
But all for nought his flight was in bayne,
For by strong pursute he was taken agayne.

After by constraynt presented to the kyng,
That he gan were wery of his life,
Kept more straytly folke on him waytyng,
And maugre him presented to hys wife
With her to abide full heuy and penslyke:
But whē they had childrē atwene thē twaine
To go more at large losed was his chayne.

And thus he had space and fre lycence
To go and come at his auauntage,
For whyle his wife helde with him residence

They

They dempt hys chyldzen were ſuffiſaunt
hoſtage,
But he was euer vnſtable of hys coꝛage
With Gallymandzus the koꝛdlayde knyght,
Thze times take z bzought agayn by flyght.

And foꝛ he was ſo dyuers manyfolde
kyng Frahates in token he was vnſtable,
Sent him thze dice foꝛged ſquare of golde
To play raket as a chylde chaungeable,
Hys diſpoſition was ſo varyable
But foꝛ to reſtrayne hys condicion
He was eft take and fetred in pꝛyſon.

But whan foꝛtune had geuen hym a pull
By many a diuers ſtraunge aduerſite,
To punich him moꝛe Phrahates wexeth dul
And Demetrius of pꝛyſon was made free,
Full reſtoꝛed agayne to his countre,
Wext pꝛoude agayne of new it is ſo fall,
That he was hated of his lieges all.

Cleopatra hys mother that was quene
Of all Egypt and wyfe to Tholome
Was with her loꝛde at ſtryfe, who lyſt ſene,
Which turned after to great aduerſite:
But to ſtrengith her party thus wꝛought ſhe,
Made her ſonne foꝛ to take on hande
Foꝛ her to fyght agayne her huſbande.

But Tholome called Euergetes,
Gayne Demetrius defended hys countre,
Made zebenna to put hym ſelfe in pꝛees
Sonne of a marchaunt bozne of lowe degre,
To make a clayme by falſe ſubtylte
Of all Surry to haue poſſeſſion,
Foꝛ hym allegyng tytle of adoption

He to be ſonne to Antiochus
Claymyng therby the kyngdome of Surry,
Onely exclude the ſayde Demetrius:
And Tholomeus to ſuſtayne the party
Of zebenna, with all hys chiualry
Gathered in Egypt and countreys enuyzon
Agayne Demetrius, pꝛoudly is come doun.

And foꝛtune wyth her double face
Cauſed the countre ryſe by rebellion
That Demetrius ſtode clene out of grace,
Wherby the people of that region
Were whole agayne hym in their opinion:
That by Tholomes wonderfull wozkyng
zebenna there receyued was as kyng.

Thus zebenna by falſe intruſion
Of all Surry was made loꝛde and kyng,
Tytle was there none but colluſion
Exclude Demetrius by ſubtle compaſſyng,
Yet as I fynde hys party defendyng
How Demetrius zebenna gan aſſayle,
Theyꝛ quarel darreyned w a great batayle.

Great people ſlayne vpon outher ſyde,
Demetrius put from hys region,
And ouercome foꝛ hys great pꝛyde
At great miſchefe, to hys confuſion:
Hauyng no ſuccour noꝛ conſolacion,
But with a fewe choſe of hys meyne
Fled by water to Tyze the cite.

Lyke as he woulde haue lyued there in pees
By a fayne maner of perfection,
Within the temple of myghty Hercules
Under a ſhadowe of religion:
But ſodainly at hys commyng doun
Into Tyze, and at hys arriuayle
His heed ſmit of, what dyd his pꝛide auayle.

The.xxx.Chapter.

Howe zebenna kyng of Surry, by entruſion entryng, had miſcheuous endyng.



Ouchyng zebenna of whome I ſpake tofoꝛne,
Poozely bzought vp and of lowe lynage,
And of kynred but a begger bozne,
Came tofoꝛe Bochas triſt of hys vilage,
Sooze wepyng, muet of langage,
Gan complayne hys wofull auenture
Unwate and ſodayne, impoſſible to recure.

Hys condicions ſomwhat dull and rude,
Fyrſt in pouerte pꝛoude and pꝛeſumptious,
Apperyed after of great ingratitude
Shewed in hys lyfe to kyng Antiochus,
Hys firſt furtherer the ſtoꝛy telleth thus:
Foꝛ why the Antiochus greatly was anoyed
Caſt a meane by whyche he was diſtroyed.

There was a cosyn ẏ called was Grispus
To Antiochus and of the same lyne,
Whiche by title of Demetrius
Claymed as heyre by many vncouth signe
To reygne in Surry, & prowdly gan maligne
Agayne zebenna, whose party to suppozte
Stode Antiochus chefe as I can repozte.

This sayd Grispus ponge and tender of age
By the furtheryng and suppoztacion
Of Antiochus, had in maryage
His owne doughter with great possession:
That zebenna foz thozte conclusion
Compelled was foz all his great myght,
To Antioche foz to take hys flyght.

And there he fyll in so great pouerte,
Fayled money foz to paye wages,
The soudyous whyche in that countre
Abyde vpon him of all maner ages
Strange folke and sundrye of langages,
Theues, murdzes, mansleers, & pyllours
First of Jupiter assaylyng the treasours.

To his disclaunder perpetuall of memozy
The diffame arose so manyfolde,
In Jouis temple the baner of victozy
He toke away that was of massife golde,
With a great ymage that stode there of olde
Of golde also, with other mo treasours,
With which pillage he payed the soudiours.

Of sacrilege hauyng no conscience
To escape away he entred is the see,
But Eolus by great violence,
With winde and tempest as he dyd flee
Dyd vnto hym full great aduersite:
And all his meyny forsoke hym of entent,
And he was take, and to Grispus sent

King of Surry, to whō whē he was bzought
Gaue on hym by iudgement thys sentence,
Foz sacrilege that he had wzought
Spoyling temples by great violence,
Doyng to goddes no maner reuerence
Foz which Grispus cōmaūdeth hath as iuge,
He to be slayne there was no better refuge.

Of byrthe a boy clambe vp to royall stage,
Bzought vp of nought and set in dignite
Knew nat hym selfe, wext cruell of cozage,
Arose fro pouert to great prosperite:
But thzough foztunes mutabilite
That blind lady so made her power stretche,
As he began to ende lyke as a wzetche.

Reken the estates of wozldly regaly,
Nōbze of meyny, golde, treasour, & richesse,
Stately castels, paleys on eche party,
Cōquest by foztune, climbinge to hie nobilesse,
Cruel swozde conueyed by wykednesse,
Power extozt, with couetyse oppzessyng,
Causeth destruccion of many earthly kyng.

But in contrary who lyst hym selfe knowe
And is by grace inclined to mekenesse,
Though he in pouerte be bzought vp lowe
And is by vertue enclined to wozthynesse,
With sceptre of peace, & swozd of rightwisnes
Indifferently his domes demeanyng,
Suche one is able to be cleped a kyng.

What is chefe cause grounde and occasion
That pzinces ofte stande in ieopardy
Of wozldly chaunges, in suche diuision
Reygnyng amonge them ẏ serpent of enuye
Symulacion, faynyng flatery,
The south out serched who so lyst to loke,
By many tragedy expert in thys boke.

The.xxxi. Chapter.

Howe Bitynctus kyng of Auergnoyes, by the Romains was taken and died in pzison.

Bitynctus next of Auergnoyes kyng
Came tofoze Bochas gimnig his cōplaint,
Of his distresse thozdze reherfyng,
And howe that he was made feble and faint,
Againe the Romains mischeuously attaint:
Nat withstanding to maintayne his quarel,
He cast of pzide agayne them to rebell.

But it is first put in remembzaunce
How Auergnoyes is a nacion
Hanging on Gaule longeth vnto Fraunce,
Of which Bitynete stode in possession:
Hauing dispite in his opinion
To the Romains in any wise to obey,
But pzoudly cast againe them to werrey.

His labour was to stande in franchise
And be at large from their subiection,
Gan of pzide their lozdship to dispise,
Gadzed people of pzesumption:
Whom foz to mete Fabius was sent doun,
A mighty consul which knightly toke on hāde
Foz theyz party Bitynctus to withstande.

Of

Of whose cõmyng Bytictus toke dyſdayne
By cauſe the folke whyche Fabius dyd lede
Were but fewe, and whan he hath them ſeyne
He ſayd of ſcorn: this people who taketh hede
May not ſuffiſe my houndes for to fede
Whã they be ſlayne, to fewe they be in nõbre
With multitude ẏ I ſhall them encombre.

An hundred thouſãd in hys vaoward he had
That paſſe ſhoulde of Auuergne the ryuere,
And fowerſcore thouſande beſide that he lad,
the Conſul Fabius met him with good chere,
Whan he was paſſed of Rodanus ẏ dãgere,
Fought al the day tyll it drewe to night,
The Romayns wan, their fone put to flyght.

At the ryuere lyke as ſaieth the boke,
There were drowned & brought to miſchaũce
Fyfty thouſande, as they water toke,
Through fortunes frowarde variaunce:
And by attaynt encreaſe of his greuaunce,
Bitinctus take was of the Romayns,
Dampned to priſon there to dye in chayns.

☞ The.xxxii. Chap.

How the tyrant Euergetes wedded quene Cleopatra, ſlewe her eldeſt ſonne, exyled hys wyfe and wedded her doughter.

After whose deth pitouſly to rede & ſene
Of Epiphanes the great Tholome
Came the doughter, Cleopatras the quene,
Gan complayne her greate aduerſitie,
Her ſorowe furious diffaced her beaute:
Her chekes whyte of blode & teares meynt
Rent wher hãdes were pitouſly beſprẽint.

To Philometor ſhe wedded was afore
Whylom ſonne to Tholome the kynge,
And by her lorde in true wedlocke bore
Two ſonnes ſhe had, as by olde wrytyng:
After whoſe deth anone vp ſuynge
To Euergetes a prince ponge of age
She was agayne ioyned in mariage.

By title of her in Egipt lorde and lyze,
Kyng of that lande, cruel, and dyſpytous,
Whoſe ſtory ſheweth no kigdom nor Empire
May of them ſelfe make no man vertuous:
For lyke a tygre this tiraunt furious
Her eldeſt ſonne day of their mariage
Borne to be heire he ſlewe of mortal rage.

Not longe after this extorte cruelte
Albe they had childzen atwene thẽ twaine,
Out of Egypt he made her for to fle
And of malyce he gan at her diſdaine:
I trowe ſhe had matter for to plaine,
He toke her doughter whan ẏ ſhe was gon
Agayne nature and wedded her anon.

She called was Cleopatras alſo,
But Euergetes to ſhewe him more vẽgeable
Againe her mother that was fro Egipt go,
The citie which was to her fauourable,
The people exyled, he wode & vntretable,
In her diſpyte gaue that notable toun
Of hateful malyce to a ſtraunge nation.

But whan he know through his cruel dedes
And gan conceyue howe he was culpable,
Sawe againe hym ẏ manyfolde hatredes
And conſpiracion of ſtates honorable,
He at large to be more vengeable
Gaine Cleopatras, to gyn an vncouth ſtryfe
Went in to exyle wyth hys newe wyfe.

Gadred people his olde wyfe to aſſayle,
On her chyldzen to ſhewe more vengeaunce,
A day aſſigned helde with her battaile,
But which of them was driuen to vttraunce
Myne auctour plainly put not in remẽbraũce
But ſuyng after thus of him I rede,
Howe of malice he wrought a cruel dede.

Which to reherce is nouther good ne fayre,
But terible and abhominable:
He diſmembred her ſonne and hys hayre
On peces ſmal, this tiraũt moſt vengeable,
And whan the mother ſate at her royal table,
With body and heed at a ſolempnite,
Let her be ſerued of frowarde cruelte.

Wherof al Egipt had indignacion,
And for to auenge his cruel great outrage
They toke his plates, baſnet, & haberion,
And his cote armure wrought of gret coſtage
Fro their temples rent out his ymage,
In token he was a tiraunt moſt attaint
Eche thing diffaced, ẏ was of him depaint.

Whoſe hateful ſtory replete of wretchednes
Full of vengeaunce & frowarde miſcheues,
Therfore I deme Bochas lyſt not expreſſe
More of his life fulfylled of al repreues:
Of Cleopatra wrote not the fynal greues
In this chaptre, what fatal way ſhe toke,

Lest ỹ matter shoulde diſface his boke.

¶ The.xxxiii. Chapter.

¶ Howe Jugurtha by entrusion was kynge of Numedy, slew ỹ rightful heires & after he hym self was dzowned.

After thys wofull deadly auenture
Of Cleopatras, whole storye is full olde
Came Jugurtha the manly man to lure,
And to Jhon Bochas hath his tale told
Of his conqueſtes, and dedes manyfolde:
Subtyl of wyt, & as myne auctour sayeth
Gaue lytel force for to breake his fayth.

But in ordre the story to conuay
Of Jugurtha and of hys kinred,
Maſſinissa kyng of Numedy (soth to say
His vncle was, and also as I rede
The sayd kyng had a sonne in dede,
Called Mysipsa eldeſt in wzytinge
After his day to reigne as kynge.

This Maſſinissa ordayned afterwarde,
Tofore his deth of hole entencion
Bycause Jugurtha was borne a baſtarde,
To depzyue hym of al succeſſion.
In his Teſtament, but in concluſion
His sonne Mysipsa afterwarde made kynge,
Was to Jugurtha frendly and louynge.

Mysipsa had two sonnes as I fynde
The tone of them called Adherbales,
The seconde the story maketh mencion
Was that tyme named Hyempsales,
Wyth whom Jugurtha put him self in pzees
For to abyde & dwell in eſpecial
Lyke as their colyn in their cozte royal.

Cherished full wel bycause ỹ he was wyse
And right lykely of diſpoſicion,
Chosin afterwarde for a synguler pzise
To go to Spayne to helpe Scipion
Caine Numẽtaynes, a famous mighty toun
And there Jugurtha so knyghtly hath begon
That by his nobls the town anon was won:

And to remembze his knyghthod of entent,
His wozthyneſſe and his hye renoun,
To Mysipsa letters were downe sent
By the forsaid wozthy Scipion,
Which gaue so great a cõmendacion
To Jugurtha, him callyng in that werre.
Of manly pzoweſſe the ponge lode sterre.

Of king Mysipsa receyued notably,
Called hym sonne by adopcion,
The king dead, sone Jugurtha traitourly
Slewe Hyempsales heire by ſucceſſion,
He of that realme to haue poſſeſſion:
This was his custome how euer ỹ tytle stode
By slaughter and murdze for to get good.

He lyst to goddes do no reuerence.
Of his nature wylful and recheles,
Haupnge nouther remozs noz conscience
Touchyng the slaughter of Hyempsales,
Falsly pzactised for his owne encrees:
For which murdze Romains haue sẽt doun
A Consulere to do cozrection.

Calphurnius he called that was sent
Onely to punische that hozible dede,
But with treasour hys eyen were so blent
Of execucion that he toke none hede,
The Romayns ouercome with mede
Gaue to Jugurtha by collusion
Of this murdze a coloured false pardon.

By which he toke a maner hardineſſe
Of tyzanny which he dyd exercyse,
Gathered people of hateful curlydneſſe
And in him self gan curtesly deuyse
To execute the selfe same gyse
Of falſe murdze (I meane nowe none other)
To slee Adherbales the seconde bzother.

That he alone by falſe intruſion
Of Numedy might be lozde and kyng,
Thus of his cruelte, murdze, & falſe treason
The noyſe was borne by lãgage & wzytyng:
Of which the graffes flasly abzode spzedynge
Bzought fozth in hyndzing of his name
Frute of diſclaundze, & repozte of diffame.

Wozkall treason was couered vnder flours,
To saue him self by some subtylte,
And specially with his great treasours
To appeaſe the Senat if it would haue be:
But theragayne al the cõmonte
Made agayne him a coniuracion,
On his falſe murdze to do cozrection.

Foure. M. men of armes were downe sent
With a pzetour called Jetilius,
The which pzetour set al his entent
To gather treasour, for he was couetous:
And couetyse is contrarious
Unto knighthode, as auctours all expzeſſe,

And

And stepmother vnto worthynes.

A siege he layde aboute a myghty tour
Wherin Jugurtha put all hys rychesse,
The siege was layde for loue of the treasoure
More than for worshyp, or for worthynesse,
Wherby his name and his noblesse
Ther discomfyted, brought vnto mischaunce:
After for mede made hys alyaunce

With Jugurtha, to his encrease of shame,
Cauled Affrike through false cheuysaunce
(They togyther disclaundred by diffame,)
Them to withdrawe fro the obeysaunce
Of the Romains: & more them selfe tauaūce,
To theyr purpose corrupted wyth treasour
Many a Tribune and many Senatour.

Of newe againe al the comonte
Fro Rome sent Gayus Marius,
For the murders and horrible cruelte
Wrought by Jugurtha the tiraunt furious:
Which to refourme the sayd Gayus
A Consulere of purpose was sent doun,
A manly knyght, and famous of renoun.

Full notably the werres he began,
Wrought euery thyng of hie prouidence,
And fortune whyche helpeth hardy man
Gaue him great fauour by her influence:
And alderfirst he dyd his diligence
For to auoyde al that were vicious,
Delicate people, and folkes lecherous.

A day was set and taken a batayle,
But Jugurtha by false subtilte,
Profered much good which might not auaile
To haue corrupt, if it would haue be,
The sayde Marius: but euer in one degre
He stode aye stable vpright as a wall,
And toke none hede to his profer at all.

Than Jugurtha in party dispaired
Greatly astonyed within hym selfe musynge,
But lyke a man hyndred and appayred
He gan purpose anone a newe thynge,
Of Mauritaine he went to the kyng
To get helpe whych called was Boccus,
Him to succour agayne this Gaius.

Twene them was made of new an alyaūce
The whyche last but a lytle space,
For kyng Boccus gan fal in repentaunce
Cast he woulde resorte to the grace
Of the Romayns, and nomore trespace:
And to perfourme his entencion
He made to Gayus this mediacion.

There was one Scylla called a Questour
Of Gayus host had gouernaunce,
For kyng Boccus he was mediatour
That ther was newely accordaunce
Twene him & Gayus: and by the purueyaūce
Of thys Boccus, Jugurtha anone was hent
Maugre his myght, and to Gayus sent.

And al his kyngdom without resistence,
Saine to Romains came vnder obeysaunce,
And Marius forgaue them their offence,
Receyued them vnder assuraunce,
That he shall by dome do no vengeaunce,
To punyche ỹ trespaces that they dyd aforne
The space cōpted fro tyme they were borne.

Jugurtha taken almost for angre mad
Brought to Rome and fettered in prison,
To Terpeya an hye hyl he was lad
Jugement yeue for his false treason,
Bound to a stone and after throwe doun
Fro the place full hye where he stode,
Without mercy in to Tibre stode.

¶ Lenuoye.

THis may be wel called a tragedy,
By diſcripcion takynge auctorite,
For tragedy, as Poetes ſpecify.
Ginneth with ioye endeth with aduerſyte,
From hye eſtate caſt in to lowe degre:
Example taken this ſtory ſayth aright
Of Jugurtha that was fyrſt a good knyght

At his ginnyng famous in chiualry,
Gate Numẽtaigne, of Spaine a great cityе,
But in repairing home to that party
I meane whan he came home to his countre
He chaunged knyghthode into cruelte,
With couetiſe ſo blinded was the ſyght,
Of Jugurtha that firſt was a good knighte.

His wyt, his power he holy dyd apply
To hateful murdre, fraude, and ſubtylte,
By extorte title him ſelfe to magnify
Slew rightful heires, reft thẽ their lybertie,
By falſe intruſion clambe vp to their ſe,
And gaue no force were it wrong or ryght
A thyng contrary to euery worthy knight.

Noble prynces lift vp your hertes eye.
Within your ſelfe remembre and do ſe
Of this murdre the hateful tyrrany,
With oppreſſion done to the commõte,
His gynnyng good a curſed ende had he:
Murdre axeth vengeaunce day and night,
A thynge contrary to euery worthy kyght.

Here endeth the fyfte booke and here after foloweth the ſixte.

(*)

¶ Here Bochas ſittinge in his ſtudie alone wryteth a greate proceſſe howe Fortune lyke a Monſtruous Image hauynge an. C. handes, apeared vnto hym and ſpake, and Bochas vnto her: makynge betwene them both many great argumentes and reaſons of fortunes chaunces.

¶ The Fyrſt Chapter.



In hys ſtudye alone as Bochas ſtode
Hys pen in hande, of ſodayne auenture
To remẽbre he thought it dyd hym good
Howe that no man may him ſelfe aſſure
In worldly thynges fully to recure
Grace of fortune to make her to be ſtable
Her dayly chaunges be ſo variable.

She braydeth euer on ỹ chaũtipleure (neſſe,
Now ſonge now wepyng, now wo now gladNowe in myrth nowe paine to endure,
Nowe lyght now heuy, nowe in ſwetneſſe
Nowe in trouble, nowe fre nowe in diſtreſſe,
Shewyng to vs a maner reſemblaunce
No worldly welth hath here non aſſuraũce.

Whyle Bochas pẽſyfe ſtode in hys lybrary
Wyth chere oppreſſed, pale in hys vyſage,
Somdeale abaſhed, alone, and ſolitary,
To hym appered a monſtruous ymage
Parted on twayne of colour and corage,
Her ryght ſyde ful of ſõmer floures, (res.
The tother oppreſſed w̃ winter ſtormy chou-

Bochas aſtoined full feareful to abrayde
Whan he behelde the wonderful fygure
Of fortune, thus to hym ſelfe he ſayd:
What may this meane is this a creature,
Or a monſtre tranſformed agayne nature,
Whoſe brenning eyen ſpercle of their light
Is do the ſterres the froſty wynter nyght.

And of her chere ful good hede he toke,
Her face lemyng cruel and terrible,
And by diſdayne manaſing of loke,
Her heare vntruſſed, harde, charpe & horrible,
Frowarde of ſhape lothſome & odible
An hundred handes ſhe had of eche parte,
In ſondry wyſe her gyftes to departe.

Some of her handes lyft vp men alofte
To hye eſtate of worldly dignite,
Another hande griped full vnſofte
Which caſt another in great aduerſite,
Gaue one rycheſſe an other pouerte,
Gaue ſome alſo by reporte a good name,
Noyſed an other of ſclaundre and dyffame.

Her habyte was of manyfolde colours
Watchet blewe of fayned ſtedfaſtneſſe,
Her golde allayed lyke ſon in watry ſhowres
Meynt w̃ grene for chaunge & doubleneſſe,
A pretence reed, drede meynt wyth hardines,
White for clenneſſe lyke ſone for to faile
Faint blake for mourning, ruſſet for trauayle

Her colours meynt of wolles more than one
Some whyle eclypſed, ſome while bryght,
Dul as an aſſe whan men had haſte to gone,
And as a ſwalowe geryſche of her flyghte,
Twene ſlowe & ſwifte, now croked nowe vpNowe as a creple lowe cowred doun, (right,
Nowe as a dwery and nowe a chãpion.

Nowe a cowarde durſt not come in preeſs,
Nowe ſomwhyle hardy as a lyon,
Nowe lyke Ector, nowe dredful Therſites,
Nowe was ſhe Creſus, nowe Agamẽnon,
Now Sardanapallus of condicion, (nyne,
Nowe was ſhe mãniſche, nowe was ſhe femiNowe coude ſhe rayne & nowe falſly ſhyne.

Nowe a Mermayde angelyke of face,
A taile behinde very serpentyne,
Nowe debonaire now frowarde to do grace,
Nowe as a lambe tretable & benigne,
Nowe lyke a wolfe of nature to maligne,
Nowe Sirenes to synge folke a slepe
Tyl Caribdis drowne thē in the depe.

Thus Bochas considringe her figure,
Al her features in ordre he gan beholde,
Her bredth her lēgthe, her shape & her stature
In hundred handes & armes there he tolde,
Wherof astoined his herte gan wexe colde:
And amonge al her membres euerychone
Hym sempte she had no fete vpon to gone.

And whyle that he considred al thys thynge
Twene them as it were in a traunce,
She sodainly towarde him loking
He conceiued by her countenaunce
Were it for yre were it for plesaunce,
Outher for fauour outher for disdaine
By the maner she woulde somwhat sayne.

Loking as cope as she had had disdaine
Bochas (quod she) I knowe all thyne entent
Howe thou trauailest, busiest the in vaine
In thy study euer diligent,
Nowe in the west nowe in the orient,
To serche stories north and meridien
Of worthy princes ỳ here tofore haue ben.

Some dwelled vnder the pole artike
By my fauour vp rayled to the sterres,
Other vnder the pole Antartyke
Which in contrary fro vs so ferre is,
Some encreced and set vp by the werres:
Lyke as me lyst their triūphes tauaunce
Frownig on other I brought thē to mischāce.

I se the busy remembring by Scripture
Stories of princes in euery maner age,
As my fauour foloweth their auenture,
By humble style set in playne langage,
Not made curious by none auauntage
Of rethorikes, with muses for to striue,
But in plaine fourme their dedes to discriue.

In which proces thou doest great dyligence.
As they deserue to yeue thē thanke or blame,
Settest vp one in roiall excellence
Within my house called the house of Fame,
The golden trumpet w̄ blastes of good name
Enhaunceth on to ful hie parties,
Wher Jupiter sytteth amōg the heuēly skies.

Another trūpet of lownes full vengeable
Which bloweth vp at feastes funerall,
Nothinge bright but of colour sable
Ferre fro my fauour, deadly, and mortal,
To plonge princes from their estate royall
Whan I am wroth to make thē lowte lowe,
Than of malice I do that trumpet blowe.

Thou hast written & set togyther in grose
Lyke their desertes worldly mennes dedes,
Nothing conceled nor vnder couert close,
Spared the crownes nor their purple wedes,
Nor goldē septers, but yaue thē their medes:
Crowned one w̄ laurer hye on hys head set,
Other with peruinke made for the gybet.

Thus diuersly my giftes I depart,
One accepte another is refused,
Lyke hasardours my dyce I do ieoparte,
One well furthered another is accused,
My play is double my trust is euer abused,
Though one to daye my fauour hath wonne,
To morow againe I can eclipse his sonne.

Cause of my cōmyng plainly to declare
By good auice, vnto thy presence,
Is to shewe my maners and not spare,
And my condicions brefely in sentence
Preued of olde and newe experience:
Plainly to shewe me lyst not for to rowne,
To day I flater, to morowe I can frowne.

This houre I can shewe me merciable,
And sodainly I can be dispitous,
Now wel wylled, nowe hastely vengeable,
Nowe sobre of chere, nowe hasty & furious,
My play vncouth, my maners maruaylous
Brayd on ỳ wynde, nowe glad & now murne,
Lyke a wedercock my face eche day I turne.

Wherin Bochas I tel the yet agayne
Thou doest folly thy wyttes for to ply,
All thy labour thou spyllest in vayne
Sayne my maners so fully to reply,
By thy writyng to fynde a remedy
To interrupt in thy last dayes,
My statutes, and my customable wayes,

Al the labour of Philosophers olde
Trauayle of Poetes my maners to depraue,
Hath ben of yore to say lyke as they wolde,
Ouer my fredom the soueraynte to haue:

But

But of my lawes the liberte to saue
Upon my whele they shall them not defende,
But whan me list than they shal discende.

Why shoulde men put me in blame
To folowe the nature of my double play:
With newe buddes dothe not Uer the same
Whan primroles appere fresh and gay:
To day they shewe to morowe gon away:
Somer after of flours hath foyson
Tyl June w̄ sythes after mowe thē doun.

Nowe is the see calme and blaundyshyng,
Nowe are the wyndes comfortable & styll,
Nowe is Boreas sturdy in blowynge
Which yonge shepe & blosomes greueth yl:
Why also shoulde I not haue my wyl, (ble
To shewe my selfe now smothe, & after trou-
Syth to my kynde it longeth to be double:

No man so ferre is fall in wretchednesse
But that he standeth in trust to ryse agayne,
Nor none so depe plonged in distresse
Nor with dispaire nor wānhope ouer layne,
But that there is some hope left certaine
To yeue him comforte, seruynge his entent,
To be releued whan me lyst assent.

The erth is clad in motlayes whyte & rede,
Whan Estas entreth with violettes sote,
The greues are grene, & in euery mede
The bawm fleteth which doth to herts bote:
August passed, againe in to the rote
By course of nature ỹ vertue doth reforte,
To reuolucion of kynde I me reporte.

Who should than debarre me to be double,
Sith doublenesse longeth to me of right:
Nowe lyke sōmer nowe with winter trouble,
Now blinde of loke derke as ỹ cloudy nyght,
Nowe glad of chere of herte mery & lyghte:
They be but foles againe my myght to mule
Or me atwite though I my power vse.

Selde ouer I byde not in one poynt,
Men must at lowpes take me as they fynde,
And whan I stande furthest out of ioynt
To set folkes backwarde farr behynde
Than worldly men with their eyen blynde
Sore complayne vpon my doublenesse,
Call me than the frowarde false goddesse.

Thus by your wytig & marueilous lāgage
I am disclaundred of mutabilite,
Wherof by ryght I catche great auauntage
Syth doublenesse no sclaunder is to me,
Whiche is a percel of my liberte:
To be called by tytle of ryghtwysnesse
Of chaunges newe lady and princesse.

Thus whan fortune had sayd her wyl
Parcell declared of her gouernaunce,
Made a stint and soberly stode styll,
Iohn Bochas sate & herde al her dalyaunce,
Feareful of chere, pale of countenaunce
In order enprinted eche thynge ỹ she sayde,
Ful demure thus he dyd abrayde.

He toke vpon him vertue and corage
Upon a poynte for to abyde stable,
Certes (quod he) lyke to thy vysage
All worldly thiges be double & chaungeable,
Yet for my parte by remembraunce notable,
I shal perfourme southly if I conne,
This litel boke that I haue begonne.

And lest my labour dye not nor appall
Of this boke the tytle for to saue,
Among myne other lytel worke all
With letters large aboue vpō my graue
This bookes name shall in stone be graue:
Howe I Iohn Bochas in especial
Of worldly princes written haue the fall.

Of whyche emprise the cause to discriue
Thys was first grounde, I wyl not deny,
To eschewe slouth and vyces all my lyue,
And specially the vyce of glotony,
Which is norice vnto lechery:
This was chefe cause why I vndertoke
The compylacion of this lytle boke.

Yet by thy talkyng as I vnderstande
Eche thing here of nature is chaungeable,
After thy sentence both on see & lande,
Yet coude I reken thynges that be stable
As vertuous lyfe abydyng vnmutable,
Set hole to godwarde of wyl & thought,
Maugre thy power, & ne chaūgeth nought.

Thou mayst eke call vnto remembraunce
Thinges made stable by grace whiche is de-
Hast thou not herde ỹ perseueraūce (myne
Of holy martirs whych lyst not to decline
Fro Chrystes fayth tyl they dyd fyne:
Thy whele in them had none interelle
To make them vary fro their stablenesse.

A man that is enarmed in vertue

Againe thy myght to make relistence,
And set his trust by grace in Christ Jesu
And hath al hole his hertely aduertence
On ryght wilnesse, force, and on prudence,
With theyr luster called Attemperaunce,
Hath a sauecondute againe thy variaunce.

They set no store by thy double whele,
With suppostacion of other ladyes three
Their trust stād not in plate, mayle, or stele,
But in these vertues saythe hope & charite,
Called vertues theologice:
Which wyth the towre afore here specified
Thy whele and the haue vtterly defied.

If I with wynges might flye to heauen,
There shoulde I se thou hast nothyng adone
With Jupiter, nor the planetes seuen,
With Phebus, Mars, mercury, nor the mone
But worldly soles erly late and sone
Such as be blent or dyzed with lewdnesse,
By false opinion call the a goddesse.

Giftes of grace, nor giftes of nature,
Almesse dede done with humilite,
Loue and cōpassion be ferre out of thy cure
Semelinesse strength boūte or beaute
Vertuously vsed in their degre,
Gaine non of these thy power may not stretch
For who is vertuous ipsel of thee doth retch.

Of thy condicions to set another prefe,
Which soles vse in their aduersite
For excusacion, as somtyme sayeth a thefe
Whan he is hanged it was his destyne,
Atwiteth fortune of his iniquite,
As she had power & domination
To rule man by wyl againe reason.

For whych quod Jhon Bochas in party deso-
To determin such heauenly hid secrees, late
To tho that be deuines of estate
I remit such vncouth pruiteers:
And ẅ Poetes that be of lowe degrees
I eschewe to climbe to hye a loft
Lest for presumpcion I shuld not fal soft.

But if I had hyd in my corage
Such misteries of diuine prouidence,
Without enuy I would in plaine langage
Utter them by writinge with hūble reuerēce:
Predestynacion nouther prescience
Not appertaine fortune vnto the
And for my part I wyl excuse me.

And procede lyke as I vndertoke
After that I tolde my matere
Of fal of princes for to wryte a boke,
But yet afore if thou wouldest here
I desire of hole herte and entere
To haue a copie of princes names al,
Which fro thy whele thou hast made to fal.

Thy secre bosome is ful of stories
Of sūdry princes how they their life haue lad
Of their triumphes and victories
Which olde Poetes and Philosophers sad
In meter and prose compiled haue an rad,
Song their laudes their fautes eke reserued,
By remembraunce as they haue deserued,

Of which I haue put some in memory,
Theron set my study and laboure
So as I coude to their encrease of glory,
Though of lāgage I had but smal fauour,
Cause Caliope did me no socour,
For which thou hast duringe al this while
Rebuked me of my rude style.

Men would accoūpt it were a great dulnesse
But if langage conueied be by prudence,
Out declared by sobre aysleneste,
Under support fauoured by defence
Of Tullius chefe prince of eloquence,
Should more profite shortly to conclude,
Than my style spoke in termes rude.

Yet ofte tyme it hath be felte and seyne
Under hulkes growyng on land erable
Hath be founde and tried out good greine,
Under rude leaues shakynge & vnstable
Pulled fayre frute holesome & delytable:
And semblably where rethorike hath failed,
In blūte termes good counsaile hath auayled.

Philosophers of the golden ages,
And Poetes that founde out freshe ditees,
As king Amphion ẅ his faire langages
And ẅ his harpig made folke of low degrees
And labozers tenhabyte firste cytees:
And so by musyke and Philosophy
Gan firste of commons noble policy.

The chefe of musike is melody & accorde,
Well of Philosophy sprang out of prudence,
By whych two meanes gan vnitye & accorde
With politike vertue to haue their assistence,
Wilmen to reigne, subiectes do reuerence:
And by this grounde in stories men may se,

Were

Were bylte the walles of Thebes the citie.

Accorde in muſyke cauſeth the melody
Where is diſcorde there is diuerſite,
And where is peace is prudent policy,
In eche kingdome and euery great countre
Strife firſt induced by thy duplicite:
For which ỹ maiſt as clerkes thee diſcryues,
Be called lady of contekes and of ſtriues.

Fyrſt were founde out hateful deuyſions
By thy contriued falſe mutabilitees,
Slaughter, debate, frowarde dyſcencions,
In regions, prouinces, and citees:
Deſolacions of townes and of countrees,
Where of men had firſte experience
By thy chaungeable gery violence.

Thus by the opinion of thy whele double
Is fayre by nature as it was poſſible,
Ouerthwertly thou broughteſt mẽ in troble,
Madeſt eche to other froward and odible,
By thy traines vncouth and terrible,
Lyke as a corſer maketh coltes ỹ be wylde,
With ſpurre & whyp to be tame and mylde.

Thus by the tempeſt of thine aduerſitees,
To make men more tame of their corages,
In their diſcordes twene kyngdoms & citees
After the charpenes of thy cruel rages,
Onely by ſpeche & meane of faire langages,
Folke by thy fraude fro grace ferre exyled
Were by faire ſpeche to vnyte reconſiled.

People of Grece, of Rome, & of Cartage,
Nerte in Italye with many a region
Were induſed by ſwetneſſe of faire langage
To haue togither their conuerſacion,
To buylde caſtels and many a royal toun:
What cauſed this to tell in briefe the fourme,
But eloquence rude people to enfourme.

Afore tyme they were but beaſtial
Tyl they to reaſon by lawes were cõſtrained,
Under diſcrecion by ſtatutes natural
Fro wilful luſtes by prudẽce were reſtrained,
By aſſent made one & togider enchayned
In golden chaines of peace and vnite
Thus gan the buylding of euery great cite.

But whan thou medleſt to haue an entreſſe,
They that were one to bring them at diſcorde
To interrupt with thy doubleneſſe
Citees & regions that were of one accorde:
Lyke as thys boke can beare mẽ wel recorde
Fro the tyme that thou firſt began,
Thy mutabilite hath ſtroyed many a man.

Thou cauſedſt men to be obſtynate
In their corages, and incorrigible,
Wilful, & froward, cauſeles at debate,
Eche to other contrarious and odible,
Them to reſourme almoſt impoſſible,
Tyl faire ſpeche voidinge diuiſion
Peace reconciled twene many a region.

For there is none ſo furious outrage
Nor no matter ſo fer out of the way,
But that by meane of gracious langage
And faire ſpeche, may a man conuay
To al reaſon mekely for to obey:
By an example whyche I reherce ſhal,
Wele to purpoſe and hiſtorial.

The hardy knight the cruell Achylles
Whan hateful ire aſſailed his corage,
There was no meane wh̃ him to treat of pees,
To ſtyl the tempeſt of his dolefull rage,
Saue onely this which dyd his ire aſwage,
By attemperaunce to obey to reaſon
Whan of an harpe he heard the ſwete ſoun.

Which inſtrument by hys great ſwetneſſe
Put al rancour out of hys remembraunce,
Wreſted him againe to al gladneſſe
From him auoiding al rãcoure & greuaunce:
Semblably fayre ſpeche and daliaunce
Set men in reſt in realmes here & ponder,
By good langage that were ferre aſonder.

With theſe wordes Bochas wext debonaire
Towarde fortune as he caſt his loke,
Withdrewe his rancour and to ſpeke faire
Touching his labour ỹ he vpon him toke
Beſeching her for to forther his boke,
That his name which was but little knowe,
By good report might be further blowe.

That his name might ferther ſprede
Which ſtode as yet ſhrouded in derkneſſe,
By her fauour his name forth to lede
His boke to forther do her buſineſſe,
By good reporte to yeue it a bryghtneſſe,
with laureate ſtremes chad forth to people al
By forſyetfulneſſe that it neuer appall.

This was the byl whych ỹ Jhon Bochas
Made vnto fortune with ful humble ſtyle,
Whan fortune had conteiued al his caas

So-

Soberly stoode and gan stynt a while,
And glad of chere after she gan smyle
On myne auctour, and with a freshe visage
In sentence spake to him this langage.

Sothly (quod she) I se the bulines
Of mortall men, howe curious ỹ they be,
Howe they study by greate auysenesse
Of my secretes for to be priue:
To knowe the conceites hyd within me,
And my counsails, ye men do al your payne
Albe that lightly ye may not therto attayne.

In this matter your wyt doth neuer faynt
Ymaginyng my lykenesse in your mynde,
Lyke your conceytes ye forge me & painte
Somtyme a woman w̄ winges set behinde,
And portrayen me with eyen ỹ ben blynde:
Cause of al this brefely to expresse,
Is your owne couetous byndnesse.

Your appetites most straunge & dyuers
And euer full of chaunge and doublenesse,
Frowarde also malicious and peruers,
By hastye clymbing to worshipp & riches,
Alway voyde of trouth and stablenesse:
Most presūptuous, serche out in al degrees,
Fally to attayne to worldly dignitees.

Bochas Bochas I perceiue euery thyng,
And knowe full wele the great difference
Hyd in thy selfe of wordes and thynkyng,
Atwene them both the disconuenience:
Hast thou not writen many great sentence
In thy boke to sclaundre wyth my name,
Of hole entent my maners to defame?

Thou callest me stepmother most vnkynde,
And somtyme a falle enchauntresse,
A mermaide with a taile behind,
Of scorne somwhyle me nampng a goddesse,
Somtyme a witch, somtyme a sorceresse,
Fynder of murdre and of disceites al,
Thus of malice mortal men me call.

Al this is done in dyspite of me
By accusacion in many sondry wyse,
Ye oft appeche my mutabilite
Namely whā I your requestes do dispyse,
For to accomplyshe your gredy couetise:
Whan ye fayle ye lay on me the wyte
Of your aduersitees, me fally to atwite.

And thou of purpose for to sclaundre me
Hast writen vngoodly a cōtrarious fable,
Howe I wrestled wyth glad pouerte,
To whose party thou were fauourable,
Settest me aback, gayne me ỹ were bengea-
Nowe of newe requirest my fauour (ble
The for to helpe and forther thy labour.

Ascaunce I am of maners most chaungeable,
Of condicions very fempnine,
Now here now ther as ỹ wynde vnstable,
By thy discripcion and by thy doctrine,
To euery chaunge redy to enclyne:
As women ben yong and tēdre of age,
Which of nature be diuers of corage.

But for to further in party thyne entent
That of thy boke the processe may procede,
By my fauour to the accomplishment
I am wel wylled to helpe the in thy nede,
Like thy desire the better thou shalt spede,
Whan I am towarde with a benigne face
To spede thy iorney by suppoyt of my grace.

That thy name and also thy surname
With Poetes and many an olde auctour,
May be regestred in the house of Fame,
By suppoytacion of my sodaine fauour,
By assistence also of my socour
Thy worke terplete the laurer for to wyn
At Saturninus I wyl that thou begin.

The fyrst Chapiter.

Here reherseth Fortune her condicions vnto Bochas, shewyng how many one she enhaunceth for a time, and anone after them sodainly ouerthrowyth.

AMonge Romayns this said Saturnyne
Was outragious of condicions,
Cauled in Rome whā he gan malygne
Great debates and great sedicions:
And by hys frowarde conspiracions
He was sharpe enemy agayne the prudēt iuge
Called Metellus, deuoide of al refuge.

Fro the Capitole set with mighty hande
Founde no socour Metellus in the toun,
The same tyme thou shalt vnderstande
Howe by my helpe and suppoytacion

One

One that was smal of reputacion
Called Glaucus, in pouert brought lowe
Made Consulere, the story is well knowe.

A seruaunt first and almost set at nought,
And afterwarde I made him fortunate,
Left neuer tyll I had hym brought
By a prerogatife chose of the Senate,
To be a pretour an office of estate,
Which also wrought by conspiration
To bryng Metellus to destruction.

Of whose assent there was also another
Called Marius beyng the same yere
Terplete this treason their sworne brother,
which was also that tyme a Consulere:
I fortune made them full good chere
Lyke their desyres gaue them liberte,
To banysche Metellus out of their cite.

Of these thre Romains the first Saturnine,
And Glaucus was called the seconde,
And Marius layde out hoke and lyne
As I haue tolde Metellus to confounde,
To their purpose I was also founde
Fauourable, to bryng them to mischefe
As their story cheweth an open prefe.

They banysched hym out of Rome toun,
And Saturninus by hys subtell worbyng
Clambe vp fast of presumpcion
To be called of Rome lorde and kyng,
I gaue hym fauour by a maner false smiling
Tyll at the last playnly to declare
Of his distruction I brought him in ȳ snare.

The Senatours knowyng the malyce
Of Saturne which made a great gadryng
Of sundry folke, castyng in his auyce
By theyr fauour he might be called kyng,
All this while of his vpclymbyng
I chewed hym duryng a longe space,
Him to discepue a full benigne face.

Tyll Marius a mighty Consulere
To withstande his presumption
Rose with stronge hande, & with a knyghtly chere
Beset hys palays about enuyron,
Brake hys gates ampd of the toun:
And Saturninus voyde of all fauour
To the Capitoyle fled for succour.

He was forbarred by Marius of vitayle,
The Capitoyle beleged rounde aboute,
At the entryng was a stronge batayle
On outher party slayne a great route:
Thus of my fauour he gan stande in doute,
Thus Saturninus brought in gret distresse
His good acheted lost all his rychesse.

Experience full openly men leareth
Suche as hyest therupon ascende
Lyke as the turne of my whele requireth
Whan they lest wene, doun they shall discende:
They haue no power them selfe to defende
Agayne my might, when they be ouerthrow
What do I than but laughe & make a mow.

Drusus also borne of great lynage
And discended of full hye noblesse
Unto vertue contrary of his corage,
Frowarde founde to all gentlenesse,
Yet chose he was the story doth expresse
Questour of Asye an office of hye degre,
For his byrthe to gouerne that countre.

But oft tyme vertue nor gentlenesse
Come nat to heires by succession,
Exãple in Drusus the story bereth witnesse,
Which bothe of corage and disposicion
Was euer frowarde of condicion:
For which let men deme as they must nedes,
Nat after byrthe but after the dedes.

Uertues all in hym were set aside,
Slowe to be armed, hated chiualry,
Most couetous, deynous, full of pryde,
His dedes frowarde, full of trechery,
To hie estate I dyd hym magnify:
Yet al my giftes in hym ne might stretche,
For here tofore thee he cõmeth like a wretche.

He dare for shame nat shewe his bisage
So farre disclaundred is his wretchednesse,
His couetyse, and vicious outrage,
Falsely caused by hys doublenesse:
Maguldusa a prynce of great noblesse,
Betrayshed was for mede to the kyng
Called Bocchus by Drusus false worbyng.

What maner turment or what greuous payne
Were cõpetent conuenable or condigne
To him that can outwarde flatter & fayne,
And in his hert couertly malygne,
As Drusus dyd which shewed many signe
To Maguldusa of loue and frendlyhede,
Underneth false treason hydde in dede.

But

But Hagulduſa lyke a manly knyght
Gayne king Boccus hath hi ſelfe ſoccoured,
Whan he by dome was iudged agayne ryght
Of an olyphaunt for to be deuoured:
Scaped freely, and after that laboured
To acquite hym ſelfe through his hie renoun
Slew falſe Dzulus myd of Rome toun.

Bochas alſo men put the lacke in me
That I was cauſe of the deſtruction
By my contrarious mutabilyte
Of the notable famous Scipion,
Which in the tyme of Senforyn Caton
Gate the triumphe for many great victory,
To put his name perpetually in memory.

For his merites chose a Conſulere
And chefe byſchop to gouerne their cite,
To all the Senate patron moſt entere,
Moſt famous of name and dignite,
Saued Romayns from all aduerſite:
Tyme whan the werre dzedefull & diſpytous
Gan atwene Pompey and Ceſar Julius.

Thus whan the ſayde famous Scipion
Was through my fauor acõpted moſt notable
He fro my whele ſodenly was thzowe doun
Which neuer in word nor dede was culpable:
But the Romains malicious and vnſtable,
By theyr hangman firſt chayned in pryſon,
After racked, there gayned no raunſon.

Thus he that had auayled them ſo ofte,
To ſaue hym ſelfe founde ſuccour on no ſyde:
His dead body they henge it hye alofte
For a ſpectacle longe there to abyde,
Thus gerychly my gyftes I deuyde
Stoutdmeale nowe frende nowe aduerſary,
Rewarde good with guerdons ful contrary.

This was experte full well in Scipion,
Gan with ioye and ended in wzetchednelle:
Bochas remembze make hereof mencion
And of Fanaticus how I of gentlenelle
Made him aſcende to notable hye prowelle,
Yet bokes ſaye touchyng his kynrede
Manly of perſon, a chozle bozne in dede.

For my diſpozte with a glad vyſage
I ſet hym vp full hye vpon my whele,
Gaue hym lozdſhyp out of low ſeruage,
To do him fauour it lyked me full wele:
Wherfoze Bochas his ſtozy euery dele
Note it well, and in eſpeciall
How he by ſleyght came to eſtate royall.

By ſleyghty fainyng to dyuers folke he tolde
How that he ſpake w Scitra the goddeſſe,
At euery houre playnly whan he wolde,
Of pzeſumption diſcriued her lykeneſſe:
Sayde alſo how ſhe of her goodneſſe
Had graunted him (hys ſtate to magnyfy)
Duryng his life a ſpirite of pzophely.

And furthermoze the people for to blynde
He fantaſied by a craft vncouth
Within a ſhale the ſtozy maketh mynde
Of a nut to haue fyze in hys mouthe,
Blew it ſparkling nozth and ſouthe:
Affyzmed (wherwith folke were blent)
It was a ſpirite to hym from heuen ſent.

By which he wzought many great vertue,
Gadzed people tyll he had in dede
Two thouſande churles at hys retinue,
Whiche afterwarde his purpoſe for to ſpede
To ſyxty thouſande encreaced as I rede:
I ſuffred all, ſerued hym at the tyde
Tyll all the courte grutched at hys pzyde.

Though of byzthe he was but a vileyne
Roſe vp of nought by ſodeyne auenture,
Hy gery fauour made hym to be ſeyne
Royal of pozte, dyd hys buſy cure
To rayſe hys baner ware a cote armure:
And by gracious ſuppozтacion,
Bzought great people to his ſubiection.

At the laſt my luſt gan appall
Towarde him not beynge fauourable,
Down fro my whele anone I made him fal:
For by Romains was ſent a great conſtable
Called Pozpenna a pzince full notable,
Whiche fyll on him, venquiſſhed him anone,
Slewe & outrayed his churles euerychone.

Him ſelfe was hanged vpon an hye gybet,
Some of his meyny was caſt in pzyſon,
Thus to his pzyde I gaue a great tripet,
And fro my whele I caſt him low doun
In his moſte hyeſt dompnacion: (ne
Toke no hede, where he dyd laugh oz mour-
For with no man, I do alway ſoiourne.

Bochas quod foztune, take good hede alſo
Howe I can bothe further and diſauayle,
For enſample ſe howe Athenyo,
That whylom was a ſhepherde in Italy

A brigaunt after marchauntes to assayle
Laye in wayte beside a great mountayne,
Of fugitiues he was made a captayne.

Slewe first his lorde a ryche Senatour,
By violence brake many a stronge prison,
And for a tyme I gaue hym great fauour
To gather robbours about him enuyron:
All the churles of that region
He assembled through his iniquite,
To holde a werre with Rome the cite.

Besieged castels brake doun mighty tours,
Slewe and robbed about in eche countre,
Spoyled palayses of worthy Senatours,
Tytle had he none saue tytle of volunte:
Toke vpon hym of pride and cruelte
For to be clad in purple lyke a kyng,
Bare a scepter amonge his men ridyng.

Upon his head ordayned for the nones
His golden heare tressed lyke an emperour,
A copse enbrouded all of ryche stones,
Me lyst to laughe that a false robbour
By supportacion of my gery fauour
Which last nat longe, for after in short whyle
As is my custome I dyd hym begyle.

I suffred hym and made hym fayned chere
As I haue doen to other mo full ofte,
Tyll downe fro Rome was sent a Consulere
Which toke him proudly, & henge him alofte,
His churles slayne, & some of them nat softe
In cheynes bounde, for shorte conclusion
Were dempt by lawe to die in prison.

By whiche story Bochas thou mayst lere
A great party of my condition,
But now in hast a story thou shalt here
Howe in the yere fro the foundacion
More than sixty. C. I meane of Rome toun,
Was a gatheryng a great company
Together sworne, by false conspyracy.

Them to withdraw fro the obeysance
Of a Tribune called Clodoue,
Which for knighthode had gouernaunce
And was sent downe from Rome eyte
With myghty hande to rule a great countre
Called Champayne, and playnlye for to say
The people there lyst hym nat obay.

Thre score and four were of them in numbre
That named were chefe conspyratours,
Whiche ye cast the their captayne to encombre
W multitude of theues & robbours: (tours
Whiche chase amonge the to be their suppor-
Thre mighty captaynes, of which there was
Called Sparthacus chefest of echone. (one

Gadred churles made them selfe stronge,
On an hye hyll toke their dwellyng place,
Hauing no regarde were it right or wronge
To spoyle the countre, beastes to enchace:
I cherished them with a benigne face
For a season, and gaue them liberte
By false rauyne to robbe the countre.

What thing is more cruel in comparison,
And more vengeable of wyll & nat of ryght
Than whan a churle hath domination:
Lacke of discretion blyndeth so the syght
Of comuners for defaute of lyght,
When they haue power coūtreis to gouerne,
Fare lyke a beast that can nothyng discerne.

Gladiators folkes dyd them call,
For their swordes wer with stele made fyne
For to fight gayne wilde beastes all,
As lyons, beares, bores, and wylde swyne:
And the mountayne where they dyd lyne
Called Uenuse, and through their cruelte
Slewe and robbed about in eche countre.

Spartharchus was their chefe captayne
Brought vp of nought & borne of low degre,
But Claudius a mighty stronge Romayne
Was sent with power fro Rome the cite
For to defende and saue the countre:
The hyll beseged before them as he lay
He was rebuked, beate, and driuen away.

Many of them that kept the mountayne
Were hurte that day, the story telleth thus,
Amōges which was slaine a great captayne
That was felow vnto Spartharchus,
As I fynde he hight Jnomaus:
For whose deth was take so great vēgeaūce,
That all the countre felt therof greuaunce.

They of the mountayne all of one assent
Without mercy or remission,
Most vengeable haue robbed and brent
All the countre about them enuyron,
Tyll two Consulers came fro Rome doun:
The first of them called Lentulus,
Both put to flight by ye sayd Spartharchus.

Wherof

Wherof the romayns greatly dismayed,
The Senatours of indignacion
Bothe ashamed & in them selfe affrayed
Sent one Crassus a great lorde of the toun,
With the nombre of a legion:
And whan ỳe on Sparthacus fyrste set
Slewe of his men, sixe.M. whan they met.

And afterwarde besyde a great ryuer
Called Salayre they had a great batayle,
Where Sparthacus stode in great daunger
For his chere and countenaunce gan fayle:
Thurty thousande clad in plate & mayle
Were slayne ỳ day, there gayned no raunson
All their capitayns assigned to prison.

Without all this as made is mencion
Sixty thousande in the felde lay dede,
And sixe thousande were sent to prison:
The felde with bloude stayned & made rede,
And fourscore.M. quakyng in their drede
Were thylke day after the romayne gyse
Take to mercy, receyued to fraunchyse.

And Sparthacus at mischefe put to flight,
Whan I from him turned my vilage
He loste chere, he lost also his might
Whan I appalled the fyne of his passage:
And for he was a churle of his lynage,
Of his encrees I lyked nothyng wele,
Therfore vnwarily I cast him fro my whele.

Of my maners to make a greatter preue
There was another famous greate robbour
Which through Spayne, was a dislaundred
And for he dred of iustice the rigour, (theue
Trusting he shulde fynde in me socour
Called Urinatus he Spayne anon forsoke,
And to Rome the right way he toke.

Gadred meyny of his condycion
Of euery sorte to make him selfe stronge,
Theues and robbours of euery region,
Many a churle was medled them amonge:
His name tencreace were it right or wronge
What euer he gate in cyte or village,
With his soudyours he parted the pyllage.

Thus by my helpe he came to greate richesse,
Which brought in pride and presumpcion,
He nat prouyded of my doublenesse
Gan to maligne agayne Rome toun:
But by the prudence of last Scipion
Sonne of Lepidus, makyng therof no boste,
He slayne was by them he trusted moste.

By whiche ensample notable of remẽbraũce
Shewed heretofore Iohn Bochas vnto the,
Thou mayst know in party my puysaunce,
My sodayne chaunges, my mutabylite:
And for to auoyde all ambuguite
To declare the summe of myne entent,
Great Marius to thee I do present.

Blacke his wede and his habyte also
His heed vnkempt, his lockes hore and gray,
His loke downe cast in token of sorow & wo
On his chekes the salte teares lay,
Whiche bare recorde of his deadly affray:
Wherfore Bochas do thy penne dresse
To discryue his mortall heynesse.

His robe stayned was with romayne blode,
His sworde aye redy whet to do vengeaunce
Lyke a tyraunt most furyous and wode,
In slaughter & murdre set all his plesaunce:
Yet nat forthy I gaue him gouernaunce,
Ouer the people, rose on my whele vp fast
But as vnwarely downe I dyd him cast.

Twene him & Scilla ỳ woful deadly stryues
At large herafter Bochas thou shalt wryte,
How many romaynes lost by thẽ their liues
I wyll also in ordre that thou endyte,
And if I shall rebuke them and atwyte
As I fro nought made them in honour shine,
So I againwarde made thẽ in mischef fine.

Forget nat also, the deadly pytous fate
Of him that was so notable in his lyfe,
I meane the great famous Mithridate
Whose name is yet full couthe and ryfe,
To whom I gaue a great prerogatyfe,
Fourty wynter, the dede was well sene,
Agayne Romayns the werre to sustene.

For whiche herafter I gyue it the in charge
Of Mithridate, the story set alonge
Whan thou haste leyser & a space large,
Remember his conquest & his dedes stronge:
And howe that I medled me amonge
For al his noblesse and his felicite,
To yeue him parte of great aduersite.

Next in ordre after her owne choys
Fortune vntrusty vpon eche party, (thoys
To Iohn Bochas bothe conuayed fro Par-
Stronge Herodes, reignyng in Parthy,

Lo

Lo John(quod ſhe)take hede of this ſtory:
All his kinred yf it be well out ſought
Wer by Scithies chaſed & brought to nought

And yet for al my mutabylite
Some of them whyle they ſtode diſpayred
I reſtored vnto their dignite:
Unto which whan they were repayred,
This Herodes was hindred and apayred
By chaunges, for his hatefull pride,
Whan he leſt wende vnwarely ſet aſyde.

Suyng after within a lytle whyle
This gerysche lady of condicion,
Gan an yll laughing falſely for to ſmyle
Lokyng on Bochas brought with her doun
A mighty prince which in Rome toun
Had in his dayes notable price and fame,
All be that ſhe expreſſed nat his name.

Bochas than his head gan downe decline
Seyng that prynce of face diſfigured,
Of ſuſpection gan to ymagyne:
Whan he his mynde fully hath recured
By certayne tokens & ſygnes well aſſured,
It was Pompey ſurquedous of eſtate
Which with Ceſar ſo longe was at debate.

Diſconſolate through his vnhappye caas,
His face ſoyled with water of the ſee,
Tyme whan Fotynus and cruel Achyllas
Drowned hys body of furyous enmyte,
His face diſfigured at the ſolempnyte
With ſmokes blake deadly and mortall,
Called of clerkes the feaſt funerall.

Codrus cauſed the corps was brent
And conſumed into aſhes deed,
To Ceſar after his head was borne and ſent
Upon a pole, hys ſtory who lyſt rede:
After all this Bochas toke good hede
How fortune by a maner mockery
In ſcorne of hym, gan thus to ſpecify.

Up to the heauen after his deuyſe
I gan enhaunce and encreaſe hys glory,
By my fauour I gaue hym many a pryſe
Conqueſt of kynges w many great victory,
And more to put his nobleſſe in memory,
By my ſupport through his chiualry
With Ceſar Julius to holde champarty.

And while that I my fauour dyd applye
Towarde him his victories to aſſure,
His fame aroſe tyll that in Theſſalye
I gan withdraw his party to ſuccoure,
Suffryng his enemies make diſcomfiture
Upon this Pompey, hyndred in my ſyght
When to Leſbos at miſchefe toke hys flyght.

By the ſeruauntes of yonge Tholome
Reygning in Egypt, Pompey in his drede
Was take & ſlayne, he founde no helpe in me,
I gaue him vp and ſo he loſt his hede:
Yet of my chaunges no man taketh hede,
Nor how vnſurely I caſt my dredefull loke,
Saue thou art buſy to ſet them in thy boke.

Bochas aſtonied parcell of her preſence,
Bothe of chere, face, and countenaunce,
And this whyle hauyng his aduertence
Thought he ſawe a maner reſemblaunce
Of a perſon which ſtode in great greuaunce:
Tyll at laſt fortune caſt her ſyght
Towarde Bochas, and tolde what he hyght.

This is(quod ſhe)playnly to termine
The famous man prynce of eloquence
That gaue to Latynes ꝑ ſcole & the doctrine
Of Rethorike, as well of that ſcience:
For whiche I wyll thou doe thy diligence
To write with other of thys Tullius,
All the caſe, and gyn at Marius.

Theſe wordes ſayde fortune made an ende,
She bete her wynges and toke her to flyght,
I can nat ſe what way ſhe dyd wende
Saue Bochas telleth like an angell bryght
At her departyng ſhe ſhewed a great lyght:
But aſſone as ſhe gan diſapere,
He toke his penne and wrote as ye ſhal here.

The.ii. Chapter.

Howe Gayus Marius of lowe byrth borne, came to hie eſtate, whiche blent with couetiſe, after many great batayls dyed at myſchefe.

HEre Bochas gynneth to tell of the man
Called in hys tyme Gayus Marius,
Borne at Arpina a caſtell of Tuſcan,
Sonne of a carpenter the ſtorye telleth thus
Purſued armes manly and vertuous:
Through all Rome nor in that countre,

Was

Was there no man holde so stronge as he.

Discyplyne and great subtylite
He had also as bokes specify,
Prudence, manhode, and habylite
Bothe in armes and in chyualry,
Moste famous holde towarde the party
Win a while, myne auctour saythe certayne,
Chose a Tribune, and a great capitayne.

But fro the gynnyng of his tendre age
As histories put in remembraunce,
He was pricked so sore in his corage
By a gredy fret, of longe contynuaunce,
Neuer to staunche with none habundaunce:
The worlde, nor fortune w all their richesse,
Suffyced nat to appease his gredynesse.

Entring a temple he founde a diuynour,
Counsayled him there by his diuynayle
To entre Rome, and holde there soiour,
By good auice, and knightly apparayle:
Made him promyse that he shoulde nat fayle
To attayne by fauour of the commonte,
To great office and state in the cyte.

Fauour of commons brought hi to hie estate,
By them receyued vnto dignyte
Of Consulere, albe that the Senate
Had disdayne of his felicite,
Bycause he was borne of lowe degre:
Graunted to him after by the toun
To conquere realmes by a commissyon.

He gate the prouince, through his hie renoun
Of Numedy, as he dyd them assayle,
And toke the kyng of that region
Called Jugurtha, proudly in batayle:
For whiche empryse by marcial apparayle
He gate ỹ triumphe, through ỹ town ryding,
Bycause onely for taking of that king.

And for he was a person so notable
For many a famous sodayne victory,
Namely in conquest preued profitable
To all the cõmons, as put is in memory,
And for thencreace of his renome & glory
By the opinyon hole of the cyte
In his hande lay all their prosperite.

Agayne a people ỹ called was Cymbroys
Thẽ to conquere frõ Rome he was sent doun
Also agaynst the boystous Tigurnoys
Gadred together of many nacion,
All them he brought to subiection,
Like as Romains had afore desyred,
Because thei had againe their town cõspired.

They toke vpon them of false presumption
To passe all the mountaines of Itayle,
First discomfited as made is mencion
Thre Romayne dukes felly in batayle,
Fourscore thousand clad in plate and mayle
Slayne of Romayns ỹ story is well knowe,
Under the Alpes at mischefe ouerthrowe.

This Marius of marciall auenture
In Germany had a great batayle,
With Tewtobochus a gyaunt of stature,
Put first to flyght with al his apparayle:
For Marius dyd hym so sore assayle
At the chace proudly borne to grounde,
Maugre his might take & in chaynes bounde.

Marius after with his hoste hym drewe
Towarde ỹ people of Cimbroys for to fight,
Two hundred people I fynde of thẽ he slewe,
Eight thousand take, thre. M. put to flight:
Kyng Bolerus a full famous knight.
Slayne in the felde for all his great pryde,
Agayne Marius lyke as he dyd ryde.

That day of Cibroyes was al ỹ people slaine,
The women after he lyst nat to reserue,
Yet they profered & wolde haue ben ful faine
Their chastite deuoutly to obserue,
In the temple of Uesta for to serue:
But their request for he lyst nat here,
With him they fought echone slayne ykere.

Except some whan they sawe none other
Remedy, of purpose they were set
Eueriche of them to slee & murder other:
And some thought also it was bet
To hange them selfe vpon an hye gybet,
Than to abyde of Marius the outrage
Perpetually to lyue in seruage.

Thus Marius of thre nacions
Through hys conquest accõplyched ỹ victory,
With prisoners of sundry regions
Entred Rome to his encreace of glory,
With speciall laudes notable of memory:
First the triumphe, a guerdon singulere,
He tymes lyre was chosen a Consulere.

Thus fortune was to him fauourable
To set him vp in worldly dignities

For

For a season, but for che was chaungeable
Amonge her gystes, and great prosperitees,
She gaue him parte of great aduersytees:
And specially the tyme accompted, than
Twene him & Scilla whan the werre gan.

Lucius Scilla abyding in Champayne
Marius at Rome tho present,
Whan the deuysion gan atwene thē twayne
Eche to other contrary of entent,
Melancolous and impacient,
Whiche of both (the story wel conceyued)
To gouerne, should soneste be receyued.

All sodaynly were it right or wronge
Toward Rome takinge his passage,
Agayne Marius to make him selfe stronge
Gan slee and burne, and of great outrage
Wylfull, and hasty, furyous of corage
For sodaine comming and vnware violence,
Agayne him found no resystence.

Two mighty batayls he dyd with him lede,
Entryng the cite gan through ỹ wal myne,
Wyth one bataile fast gan him spede
To passe the gate called Aquylyne,
That other gate named was Colyne:
At whose entring by recorde of the boke,
Scilla by strength the capitoyle toke:

But whan Marius had knowlegyng
That Scilla had so great power & might,
Without arest or lenger abydyng
In to a maryshe, Gayus anonright
With all his people toke sodainly his flyght:
Fet out by strength, coude hym nat defende,
Scilla after to prison dyd him sende.

Thus the prowesse for a whyle slept
Of Marius lying in prysan,
Scilla that tyme the capitoyle kept
Wherby all Rome stode in subiection:
And of hatred in haste he sent down
A sturdy chorle to Marius in his drede
Whyle he lay bounde to smyte of his heade.

This chorle wel compacte of braune & bones
Set of purpose Marius for to oppresse,
For his strength ordayned for the nones:
To the prison the chorle gan him fast dresse
Where Marius was fettred in distresse,
Fully in purpose without more delay
To behead him in prison there he lay.

Losing hym first lying on his couche
And Marius rose vp lyke a man,
The chorle fearfull to smite him or to touche,
And Marius full proudly tho began
To entre a place beside of a woman,
Founde an asse there of aueuture
Upon whose backe the see he gan recure.

Towarde Affrike there he fonde passage,
By enprisoning though he were wext faynt
Yet there abode styl in his corage
Hye worthynesse, with prudence meynt:
Which in his person were nat queynt
Agayne the malyce to make a countertayle
Of proude Scilla, the malyce efte assayle.

Of Itayle rode through the countre,
Toke his voyage through Rome toun
Wyth four batayls entred the cyte,
Sixe hundred knightes by computacion
Slaine in the felde as made is mencion:
Where men may se, who lyste loke aferre
What domage diuysion dothe in werre.

First by the manhode of this Marius
In this diuysion the story who lyst rede,
The great Consull called Octauius
Loste his head and his lyfe in dede,
Upon a pole while it dyd blede:
Was cruelly presented of entent
Before the iudges, sytting in iugement.

Of whose death some of them were fayne,
Some sory of loue as they were bounde,
And in this werre Merula was slayne
Priest in the temple, lyke as it is founde,
Of Jupiter, with many mortal wounde:
The romayne slayne ỹ called was Crassus,
With fyre consumed was proude Catullus.

All his enemyes Marius dyd encombre
Which agayne him by conspyracion
Were assented with a ful great nombre
In their auise for to haue put him doun,
Take from him his dominacion:
But he abode the turment and the shoures,
Strong to cōdempne al his cōspyratours

Sixe times afore rehersed here
Of condicion though he were dispytous,
He was chosen so oft consulere
Tyll fortune gan were enuyous,
Agayne this sayd cruell Marius
Which made the Senate wt al the thyualry

To grutche agayne his hatefull tyranny.

In this time the story maketh mynde
Damalippus a Pretor of the toun
Frendly to Marius & helpyng as I fynde,
Under a shadowe of deception
Unto their cite for to do treason,
Caulyng four Romayns come in fere
Tofore Marius a certayne day tapere.

And their names to put in memory
Scevola, Carto, and Domicius,
The fourth of them as sayth the story
Called in Rome the wyse Antistius,
Together assembled tofore Marius:
He of rancour agayne iudgement or lawe,
Made thé be slayn, & through the cite drawe.

Their bodies after were in Tybre cast
By cruelte of the sayde Marius,
All this while the cruell werre last
Twene him and Scilla, tyl duke Cõpaneus
Came to the party hardy and dispitous
To helpe Scilla their baners first displayed,
Wherof all Rome was sodaynly affrayed.

At the gate that called was Collatyne
Marius and Scilla had a great batayle,
Four score thousand the numbre to termyne
On Marius side slayne, it is no fayle:
Scilla victorious with marcial apparayle
Entring the towne agayne his othe parde,
Thre thousand citezins slew of that cite.

Of folke disarmed and naked in the towne
They nouther spared olde nor yonge of age,
The cruell murdrers walkynge vp & downe
By Scilla sent in that mortall rage:
Tyll Catullus a prynce fall in age
Sayde vnto Scilla we can no difference
Twene rebellion nor atwene innocence.

We murder and slee without exception
Bothe hie and low holdyng no manere,
Againe all knighthode to myne opinion
We do procede in our conquest here,
Our title is lost the triumphe to requere
Of hie prowesse, whan we can nat obserue
No difference to slee nor to reserue.

And in this while of hatefull cruelte
Scilla contriued letters diffamable,
Wherby fiue hundred out of that cite
Were falsly banished citezins notable,
Agayns them he was so vntreatable
All their goodes atcheted in that rage,
Of auaryce and of false pyllage.

Another romayne named Marius
Brother to Marius of whõ tofore I tolde,
For drede of Scilla fled and toke an hous
Which vnto Gotes was set vp for a folde,
Founde and rent out in his dayes olde,
With cordes draw no rescue might him saue,
Of cruell vengeaunce to Catullus graue.

Where Scilla made by cruell iudgement
With a sharpe sworde forged for to byte,
After time his eyen were out rent
Bothe at ones his handes of to smyte:
His head of smit, no raũsom might hi quyte,
Set on a pole it woulde be none other,
And of dispight sent vnto hys brother

To Marius of whome I spake nowe right,
The great duke so mighty and so huge:
Which had afore take him to the flight
For feare of Scilla in that mortal deluge,
Into a cite to finde there refuge,
Called Preneste ther standing in gret drede,
Namely when he beheld his brothers hede.

Forasmuch as he no succour fonde
Dispayred this was hys purpose,
To slee him selfe with his owne honde
In thilke place where he was kept close,
Drewe out hys sworde and vp anone he rose
Cõstrained his seruaũt in that sodain affray,
Smit of his head the selfe same day.

Men say howe death is fyne of all mischefe,
Ende of aduersite that dothe wretches tary,
Fortune here maketh another prefe
In Marius howe she her course gan vary,
By an euidence hateful and contrary,
To shew her malyce and vngoodlyheed
Agayne this duke, alas, whan he was deed.

This froward lady of malyce moste vẽgeable
Whan her lyst furiously to raue,
And shew her selfe cruell and vnstable,
To none estate she lyst no regarde haue:
Caused Marius to be take out of his graue
By cruell Scilla, in story it is founde,
His vgly carayne smyt on peeces rounde.

And after more to shew hys cruelte
Marius shoulde haue no burying place,

Caste

Cast his carayne of cankred enmyte
Into Tybre there was none other grace:
Lo thus can fortune for her folke purchace,
By whiche example touchyng Marius,
Of worldly chaunges Bochas writeth thus.

Maketh in this chapter a discription
First what thing is very gentlenesse,
To set a prefe and a probacion
Nothyng attayneth vnto hie nobleneſſe
But the clere shinyng of vertuous clennesse:
Which may nat shew i hie nor low parage,
But where it groweth out of a pure corage.

Worldly power, oppression, tyranny,
Erthly treasure, golde, stones nor rychesse.
Be no meanes vnto gentry
But if vertue rule their hye prowesse:
For where vyces haue entresse
In hie byrthe, meane, or low kynrede,
Deme no man gentle but onely by his dede.

In royall places of stone & metall wrought
With galaryes or stately cloysters rounde,
Gentilnesse nor nobleſſe is nat sought,
Nor in selers nor in vautes rounde,
But onely there wher vertue doth habounde:
Curyous clothes nor great possessions
Maketh nat a man gentle, but condycions.

Philosophers conclude in their entent
And all these worthy famous olde auctours
No man may quethe in his testament
Gentilnesse vnto his successours,
Of wycked wede come no holsome flours:
Concluding thus of good men & of shrewes,
Call eche man gentle after his good thewes.

Duke Marius of whom I spake tofore
Of nature (the story beareth wytnesse)
As by distent poore and nedy borne,
By dispolycyon of coragyous nobleſſe
Had in his perſō wyt, strength, & hardynesse:
Under all this there dyd his herte myne
I worme of auaryce his worshyp to decline.

What bayleth plenty, ỹ neuer may suffyse
Or what the flode that stauncheth no thurste
Or what an appetyte which euer doth aryse
Alway to eate, and euer to eate hath luste
Of cankred hungre so fretyng is the ruſt
That the riuer of Tantalus in his rage
Of gredy etyhes the fret may nat allwage.

Of Marius ye haue herd the ende
His woful fall and his vnhappy caas,
Into fate, howe he dyd wende:
Nowe wyl I folow myne auctor Bochas,
Howe vnto him thre Cleopatras
With loke downe cast, wofull face & chere,
All atones dyd to him appere.

The fyrst of them by proceſſe of writing
Had thre husbandes, Bochas doth expresse,
Wedded in youth to Alisaundre the kyng,
Called Zebenna a prince of great nobleſſe:
After that for her great fayrenesse,
She wedded was vnto Demetrius,
And last of all to kyng Antyochus.

Of her three husbandes woful auenture,
And of her sonnes great vnkyndnesse
Bochas afore hath done his busy cure
Curyously the maner to expresse,
Which to reherce agayne were ydelnesse,
Syth all the proceſſe here tofore is founde,
Of the first, and eke of the secounde

Which wedded was to kyng Tholome
Lyke as afore eke made is mencion,
Bothe of their ioye and their aduersyte,
The first slayne by drinkyng of poyson,
And the seconde to her confusion
By Euergetes were she wo or fayne,
Was with her chylde serued ỹ was slayne.

The thyrde wedded was to kyng Crispus
Slayne in a temple by full great outrage,
For drede and shame gan wexe furious
To saue her selfe knewe none auauntage,
Saue she enbraced of Jupiter an ymage:
In the story as here tofore is founde,
Or she was dead suffred many a wounde

The.iii. Chapter.

Howe king Mithridate bode. vii. yere in wyldernes, had great turmentes bothe on sea and lande. by his blode brought to vttraunce, slewe him selfe with a sworde.

I Wyll passe ouer these Cleopatras three,
Forth procede to the hasty fate
Sone execute by Parcas cruelte

Upon the duke called Mithridate,
First reherce the great vnkyndlye hate
Of them that were his tutours as I rede,
Him to destroy by assent of his kynrede.

Which of purpose dyd hys death prouide
By many vncouth straunge occasion,
In his tender youth first they made him ride
Upon an horse wylder than a lyon,
Of purpose onely for his distruction:
But al be so that he was yonge of age,
The horse he ruled in all his most rage.

Nat of doctrine but euen of nature
He was disposed connyngly to ryde,
Ouer him the maystry to recure
Maugre the horse of wyt he was his gyde:
What way he toke forwarde or aside
He daunted him, ỳ where so euer he rode
Bridled him and on his backe he bode.

His owne kyn and his next alyes
Most laboured to bryng hym to mischefe
With venomous dryncke, set on hym espyes
At good leyser as doth a couerte thefe,
Of their fell poyson for to make a prefe,
In their entent this is well couthe,
Him to murder in hys tender youthe.

But whan ỳ he apperceyued their treason,
To saue him selfe made great ordinaunce,
Anone as he gan haue suspection
Of theyr vnkindly hatefull purueyaunce,
For remedies made cheuisaunce:
Was prouided their malyce to decline
By many notable proued medicine.

And their malyce prudently to eschue
Is remembred whyle he was yonge of age,
With certayne frendes which ỳ dyd hym sue
He disposed of custome hys corage
To hunt and chase beastes most sauage:
Under that colour he dyd it for a wyle,
Ferre fro his countre tabsent him for a whyle

Of one corage, one heart and one chere
Suffred manly, toke none heuynesse,
In delertes space of seuen yere
Amonge hye hylles bode in wylderneſſe,
Set in Asia, the story beareth witnesse:
Founde no lodgyng traslyng the countrees,
Saue in cauernes, & great holowe trees.

The boke remembreth how that his diet
Were beastes wylde enchased w̄ great might
Fled ydlenesse eschewed all quiete,
And lytle slepe suffised him at nyght:
By exercise his body was made lyght
There was nouther, whan hym lyst pursue,
Harte nor hynde ỳ myght his hande eschue.

He nouther dread tygers nor lyons,
He was so swifte, tho they dyd hym assayle:
Lyke of strength to olde champions
No wylde beast of great nor smale entayle
Escape his hande might not countreuayle:
If he were ware, early outher late,
So great swiftnesse had this Mithridate.

Amonge he had in armes exercyse,
Amonge to tournay and ren on horsebacke,
All dilicate fare he dyd also dispyse
Of gredy excesse in him there was no lacke:
A nighter tyme his slepe full oft he brake
Stoundmeale the houres for to marke,
In the daunyng rose vp or the larke.

The space accomplished fully of seuen yere
He is repayred home to hys countre,
Shewed hym selfe of manhode and of chere
Full like a knight, his story who lyst se:
Wherof his enemies astonied be,
Caught of hys cōming in hert a maner drede
Suppolyng afore that he was dede.

In whose absence his wyfe Leodyces
Conceyued a childe (as made is mencion)
For the diffame shoulde nat come in prees
Him for to murder she sought occasion,
Fully in purpose to slee hym by poyson:
Of which defautes her lorde was nat fayne,
Knowing the trouth made her to be slayne.

Toke on him after many knightly dede
First to conquere all Paflagonye
By the helpe of worthy Nychomede
That tyme called kyng of Bithinye,
Togyther assured to be of one alye:
In losse or lucre fortune to be theyr gyde
And therto swore neuer to deuyde.

To Mithridate Legates were downe sent
Fro the Romains, him lowly requiryng
That he woulde lyke to their entent,
Paflagonye restore to their kyng,
Which he had wonne the cite assayling:
But he lyst nat aduertise their prayere,

For

Noz on no parties their requestes here.

He dred nat their thretes noz manaces,
Gate proudly after the lande of Galathye
In his conquest wan many other places,
Capadoce toke to hys partye,
Slew their kyng of hatred and enuye,
Ariarectes a full manly man,
And in this wyle his conquest he began.

Agayn thassuraūce twene him & Nichomede
All sodaynly he gan fall at debate,
Thought he wolde warrey hym in dede
Because that he pompous and elate,
In Capadoce toke on hym the state
To reygne as kyng agayns his entent,
He nouther being of counsayle noz assent.

Yet Nychomede oz they gan debate
Had longe afoze to his owne encrees
The suster wedded of ỹ Mithzidate,
Whan they as brethren lyued in rest & pees:
And she also was called Leodices,
Hauyng two sonnes bozne foz to succede
After disceale of the sayde Nychomede.

And by proces these sayde childzen twayne
In Capadoce by helpe of Mithzidate,
Clayned a tytle iustly foz to attayne
Unto the crowne, their father died but late:
Foz which they gan felly to debate,
Tyll Mithzidate fally gan contriue
His two neuewes vngoodly to depziue.

All Capadoce he toke into hys hande,
His owne sonne he hath crowned kyng,
Capadociens by assent of al the lande
Gan disobey of purpose his wozkyng:
Whan the Romains considzed all thys thyng
Artaberzanes in hast they sent doun
Gayne Mithzidate to kepe that region.

The sonne of whō fro thē they haue refused,
Out of their kyngdome gan him to enchace,
Foz they septe their fraunchyse was abused
To see a fozaine occupie that place:
Mithzidate gan newly them manace,
And toke with him to sustayne his partye
Tygranes the kyng of Armenye.

Artabarzanes that was fro Rome sent
To Capadoce, to helpe them and counsayle,
Of Mithzidate knowyng the entente
Howe he came downe proudly hym tassayle,
With Tygranes, set in the first batayle:
Of Capadoce that al the region
Was brought that day to theyz subiection.

Thus Mithzidate hauyng his entent
In short time countreys conqueryng,
Was mightiest pzince of all the ozient,
And in tho dayes one the greatest kyng:
And as it is remembzed by wzityng
He delyted most in astronomye,
In sozcerye, and in sozcerye.

And with all these he dyd hys busy cure
Foz to lerne vncouth conclusyons,
And secretes sought out by nature,
Knewe the langages of diuers regions,
Of two and twenty sundzy nacions:
And helde women many mozе than one,
Loued Hipsycrata aboue them euerychone.

To the Romains this manly Mithzidate
As bokes olde recozde of hym and sayne,
Upon a day of very cruell hate
Throughout all Asya he bad that eche Romayne
Shoulde of his men mercilesse be slayne:
Twenty thoulande he slewe eke on a day
Of Romain marchātes, durst no mā say nay.

To him he dzewe diuers nacions
To encreace his party by puissaunce,
Kymbzois, Gallois, with other regions,
Bostoznois toke to his aliaunce,
With straūge people made his acquaintaūce:
Where that euer he rode nye oz ferre
With them of Rome foz to holde werre.

In Grece also he gate manye an yle,
All Cyclades to his subiection,
Conquered so that within a whyle
Of Athenes he gate the famous toun:
But when Romains knewe his entencion
They sent Scilla in a furious hete
With Mithzidate in Grece foz to mete.

Archelaus which that was constable
Leading the host of kyng Mithzidate,
Gan agayne Scilla trustynge he was able,
Maugre the Romains with him to debate:
As they met in their furious hate,
Beside Ozthonia of Grece a great towne,
Of Archelaus ỹ party was brought downe.

There gan Scilla to be victozious
Gayne Mithzidate, and by great violence

Gate al Ephesie a kyngdome ful famous,
Rode through Asye, founde no resistence:
By his knyghthode and manly prouidence
Capadoce, and Bithinye eke allo
To Romain handes he gate them bothe two.

When Mithridate perceyued hath this thinge
How the cõquest of Scilla toke encrees,
Anone he cast without longe tarynge
For a tyme with him to haue a pees,
Of hie wisdome he was nat retcheles
To dissimule tyll he founde time and space
In double fortune to finde better grace.

Abode his tyme, kept hym selfe close,
Tyll he founde layser lyke hys opinion,
In this while of auenture arose
Within Rome a great discencion,
Twene two Consules being in that toun:
Which to appease by hys auctorite,
Scilla came vp agayne to the cite.

When Mithridate his absence dyd espy,
To his purpose founde oportunite,
Gadred people and with his chiualry
A siege layde vnto Cyzite the cite
Of all Asye moste of auctorite:
Tyll Lucullus a myghty Consulere
To breke the siege approche gan full nere.

Mithridate had on fyue captayns
To forre the towne made a discomfiture,
Of hie dispyte he had to Romayns:
But Lucullus the damages to recure,
To enclose his enemies dyd hys busy cure,
To his mynours gaue anone in charge
About the siege to make a diche full large.

They within had knowledgyng
By certayn tokens of all theyr gouernaunce,
Wherupon they made no taryng
To cast a way for their delyueraunce:
Mithridate seyng their ordinaunce
Of hie prudence to escape away besyde,
And at the siege lyst no lenger abyde.

Lucullus then the myghty Consuler
Pursued after, slew of hys meyne
Such a multitude that Asopus the ryuer
Was made with blode lyke the reed se,
& winde & tempest forbriuen also was he:
And when he saw no succour in the lande,
To shyp he went & strong and mighty hand.

He founde fortune cruell aduersary
On lande and se this worthy Mithridate,
And Neptunus made the see contrary
Agayns him his puyssaunce to abate:
What shall men call it, influence or fate:
So sodaynly a prynce of hye renowne
Fro hye noblesse to be plounged downe.

For any mischefe he kept aye one visage
This Mithridate, and lothe was for to plye,
Or for to bowe, so stronge was hys corage:
But efte agayne goth with hys chiualry
Towarde Adrastus an hyll of Armeny,
Where as Pompey beset hym enuyron,
Sent fro Rome to his distruction.

Mithridate makyng his lodgyng place
Under that hyll, when it drew to nyght
The troubly heuen & thũdring gan manace,
The firy leuyn dyrked hath hys syght,
The cloudy mone eclipsed of her lyght
Astonied hym by vnware violence,
That he stode confuse of all prouydence.

He was by tempest and vnware derkenesse
Almost made wery of hys wofull lyfe,
Yet I fynde of very kyndnesse
Hipsicrata whiche that was hys wyfe,
Nouther for werre nor no mortall stryfe
Left him neuer, disguysed of vysage
Folowed him arayed as a page.

Yet in hys most mortall heuynesse
Whan cloudy fortune gan him most manace,
Of his corage the naturall quickenesse
Appaled nat, nor remeued from his place,
So hie prowesse dyd hys heart enbrace:
Nat dispayred for no sodayne fall,
Of condicion he was so marciall.

In token wherof he standyng at mischefe
Chaunged nouther chere nor countenaunce,
In euidence and a full great preue
Of manly force and heartely assuraunce,
Defyng fortune with all her varyaunce,
Whan that he founde to hys distruction
Of dispayre greatest occasion.

With hym he had a baylife as I fynde
Called Castor, whiche of condicion
Was to his lorde false and eke vnkynde,
And conspired agayne him false treason:
In token wherof vp to Rome toun
Hys lordes children ponge & tender of age

Lyke

lyke a theke, he sent them in hostage.

One of his sonnes he murdred by treason,
Which Mithridate toke ful sore at herte,
Another sonne as made is mencion
False to his father, which whā he did aduerte
The vnkyndnesse made him sore smerte:
For of all vyces shortly to conclude,
Most of al is hatefull ingratitude.

This same childe of whom I make mynde
Called Pharnax, whych agayne nature
To his father traytour and vnkynde,
And his purpose agayne hym to recure,
In al hast dyd his busy cure
For to accomplyche his purpose in party,
Shewe to him hole his fathers chyualry.

By sleight & mede whā he was made strong,
He belieged his father rounde aboute,
Unto nature me semeth he dyd wrong
To put his father in so great a dout:
Kyndnesse was ferre shyt wythout,
Whan the sonne wyth hate set a fyre,
Agayne his father falsly dyd conspyre.

Wyth multitude his father was constrayned
Maugre hys myght in to a toure to flee,
Hys sonne vnkynde hath at him disdained,
And yet for al his straunge aduersite
Of his corage the magnanimite
In his person stode hole, lyst not vary
Though fortune was to hym contrary.

Yet myne auctour Bocas beareth recorde
That Mithrydate if it would haue be,
Requyred his sonne to be at accord,
And set asyde al olde contrariouste:
But he vnkynde indurate was parde,
Euer frowarde, malycious of corage,
So disposed from his tendre age.

So that the kyng Mithrydate alas,
Was ouercome by vnkyndenesse,
That neuer afore in no maner caas
Stode dismayed: but of hye prowesse
Kept aye one face all passions to represse,
This vertue force by marcial doctrine
For none aduersite suffred hym declyne.

Ende of his werres & his mortall stryues
Of his debates and discencions,
Hys concubines, his daughters, & hys wiues
By meane onely of certayne pocions
Slewe them al, by drinkynge of poysons:
For he not woulde, the cause to dyscriue,
After his death they shoulde byde on lyue.

Hys owne death of mortall fell rygour
Compassed afore thus he gan deuyse,
Made a frenche knyght ꝑ was a soudiour
With a sharpe swerde in ful cruel wyse
To renhim through, wherby the fraūchyse
Conserued was, his purpose to fulfyl
He woulde not dye but by his owne wyll.

Lo here the ende of kyng Mithridate,
Let princes all of his deth take hede
Howe recheles he passed in to fate,
And by assent made his herte blede:
And Bochas here who lyst hys boke to rede
Playnly reherse but in wordes fewe,
To worldely princes doth his cōcepte shewe.

Lenuoye.

Myghty princes lyfte vp your corages
Towarde heauen doo youre hertes dresse,
Of your memory turne vp the vysages
Whet ioy is euer, peace, concorde, & gladnesse,
True armonye, & celestiall swetnes:
Counterpayse in your remembraunce
Worldly chaunges, fortunes variaunce,

Aduertise the mortal fell outrages
Of blody werres impossible to repres,
Whyle false enuy wyth his furious rages
In sondry realmes hath so great entres,
Slaughter, murdre, deuision, falsenes
Which conscience haue brought to vttraūce
Through soden chaunge of worldly variaūce

Reken vp princes that sate hye on stages
What was the fyne of their royall noblesse:
Or of trauntes reken vp the blody wages:
Sodaine slaughter guerdoned their wode-
Mithridate can beare hereof wytnes, nes:
By blode vnkynde brought vnto vttraūce,
Through soden chaūge of worldly variaunce.

Princes remembre vpon the golden age
Whan Saturne ruled ꝑ worlde in rightwis-
Next Jupiter for peoples auaūtage (nes,
The syluren worlde conserued in clennes,
Which Mars hath nowe turned to felnes,
Made it steelen wt swerde dagger & launce,

Thzough soden chaũge of wozldly variaũce.

Of Mythzidate regestre the vyages,
Conspired poysons taffray his pzowesse,
On land and see tempestious passages,
By cõstraynt bode. vii. yere in wildernesse,
Of his wandzynge payse the vnsykernes,
Hys ende myschefe, knewe no auoydaunce
Gayn wozldly chaũge noz foztũes variaũce.

Ik negligẽce haue bzought you in rerages
Towarde God, oz he reken in streyghtnesse
Let reason medle foz you to lay hostages
Compassyon, mercy, partynge of almesse,
Towarde heuen to suppozt your febleneſſe,
Whan your merites shal paise in balaunce
Of wozldly chaũges & foztunes variaunce.

Deth spareth nother hye noz lowe lynages,
Haue mynde heron foz any recheleſnes,
Transitozy be here your pylgrimages
Set with bzigãts vnwarely you toppzesse:
But of pzudence by great auysenesse,
Wyth pzouydence pzeserue your puyssaunce,
Gayn wozldly chaũge & foztunes variaunce.

The. iiii. chapter.

Howe Eucratydes kynge of Sythie was slayne by Demetrius, and after his carayne cast to houndes.

Next in ozdze to Bochas dyd apere
A woful pzince that put hym selfe in pzees,
Reignynge in Sithia, his stozy doth vs lere,
The name of whom was Eucratides:
But to disturbe his quiet and his pees
Agayne him plainly as I fynde
Came Demetrytus, ỹ myghty kyng of Inde.

Of whom the power and the vyolence
To Eucratides was very impoztable,
Besieged first, and foz lacke of defence
Take at mischefe, his fone not mercyable
Foz Demetrius was on hym so vengeable,
Whan he was slayne wyn his owne boũdes,
Made the carayne be cast out to ỹ houndes.

Not wythstandinge he was a wozthy kynge
Bozne of hye blode such was his auenture,
Demetrius sonne aboue al erthly thynge
Hated hym, by recozde of Scripture,
Of rancoure denyed hys sepulture:
And foz the matter is hateful and contrary,
On his stozy I wyll no lenger tary.

The. v. Chapter.

Howe Herodes kyng of Parthoys werred wyth Romains, whych after his sonne and heyze was slayne, made hys bastarde sonne kynge ỹ anon after slewe his father.

Of Arthabanus whilõ of Parthois kynge
I purpose my style to transpozte,
A full olde pzince, had in his liuing
Sonnes twayne bokes so repozte,
Which in his age dyd him most comfozte:
Mythzidate was the eldest bzother,
And Herodes called was that other.

Mythzidate by reason of hys age,
Hys father dead dyd after him succede,
Which banished was foz tiranny & outrage,
Afterwarde foz mischefe and foz nede
In to Babylon he toke his flyght foz dzede:
The people anone after his partyng
Of Indignation made hys bzother kynge.

Thus came Herodes to estate royal,
Pursued hys bzother in to Babilon,
Layde a siege rounde aboute the wall,
They to him yelded vp the toun:
Thus was hys bzother bzought to cõfusion
Afoze the castell wythout lenger date,
Made smyte of the head of Mythzidate,

In Parthois after he toke possession.
Thus yong Herodes of boũte and pzide
Gan a werre agayne them of Rome toun,
Whom to wtstande they lyst not longe abyde
The cõsull Crassus cam down to theyz syde,
Cõmaũded was chozt pzocesse foz to make
Toward Parthois hys voiage foz to take.

Crassus lyst not to entre in that reme
Left Parthois the stozy dothe deuyse,
Toke his waye towarde Jerusalem
To take there a solempne empzyse,
In the temple, onely of couetise,
Toke there agayne the tytle of ryghtwysnes
Up al their treasour & their great ryches.

By which he gate in diuers regions
Great multitude to hold vp his party,
Led wyth hym eleuen legyons:

To:

Towarde Parthois fast gan him hye:
By hys letters proudly gan defy
The sayd Herodes, & wyth great apparayle.
Myd his countre profred him battayle.

The next morowe whã Crassus toke ỹ felde,
To him was brought of blacke a cote armure
Which whan his knightes auisedly beheld
Dempt it a token of discomfiture,
For in contrary Romayns do their cure
Whan their capitaine shal fighte or be hed,
His cote armur is outher white or red.

Inother token frowarde to beholde,
The fyrst Egle beate in his banere
Also soone as men dyd it vnfold,
Contrariously he tourned loke and chere,
The back to Crassus folke sawe ỹ stode nere:
A pronostyke to Romayns ful certaine
Howe fortune to them was that daye againe.

By the stud passinge of Eufrates,
Wt vnware tempestes hys standerdes echone
In to the ryuer were cast amonge the pres,
To reken them all vpryght stode not one:
Wherof astoyned they wold no further gone,
These pronostykes made them so afrayed
Lyke men in hert dispaired and dismaied.

Of these tokens Crassus was recheles
The pronostykes allo he dyd dysprise,
Toke vpon him to passe Eufrates
To entre Parthoys onely for couetise:
To whom Herodes sendeth in thys wyse
That hys commynge was more for pyllage
Than for knyghthode, manhode, or corage.

Al the power of Parthoys tho came downe
With many Prefecte & men of great courage,
Ageyne Crassus & them of Rome towne,
Which as I tolde abode on their pyllage,
That turned after to their great domage:
The sonne of Crassus slayne in that fray,
His father take, and al vpon a daye.

His head smyt of, in whom was no defence,
But discomfyted wyth many a legion,
The heade of Crassus brought to the presence
Of Herodes within his royal toun,
Whych hath comaunded golde to be broughte
To be molte there as he lay dead, (doune
And to powre thereof full hys head.

This thinge was done for a mockery,
In signe onely (the storye doth deuyse)
That golde nor treasour vpon no party
Staunche myght his thrust of couetyse:
Suche gredines eche man should dispyse,
For auarice of custome in eche place
Of hye prowes doth the prise diface.

Herodes after dyd serche all the wardes
Through al the felde vpon Crassus syde,
Toke the penons, baners, & standardes,
And in his tempels large, longe, and wyde
Let hange them vp of surquedy and pride,
In signe onely and eke for a memory
He of Romains hath get the victory.

With whiche he lyst not onely be content
Wenyng his fortune shoulde abyde stable,
In to Surry he hath hys sonne sẽt
Called Pachorus, made him a constable
Of that region, with him to be partable
Of al treasours and mouables ỹ he founde
Whereuer he rode throughout al lond.

This Pachorus by hys chyualry
Encrease gan in his tendre age,
Wherof Herodes his father had enuy
Fearful it shoulde tourne to his domage,
Lest he would by tytle of heritage
Maugre him at hys agayne commynge,
Take vpon him of Parthoys to be king.

Than Pachorus was called home agayne
Out of Surrye, where in conclusion
Al that he had wrought was in vayne,
Bycause one Cassius fro Rome was come
Shewe al the people in the region (doun,
Whych appertayned to Pachorus, as I fynd,
Without capitaine for they were left behynde.

To withstande this Romayne Cassius
Herodes hath his sonne sent agayne,
Whych anone after, the story telleth thus,
Amyd the felde vnhappely was slayne:
To truste fortune it is a thynge but vayne,
Whiche of custome to day is fauourable
And to morowe gerychly chaungeable.

Of Pachorus dethe whan the noise arose
And the distressynge of his chyualry,
And to Herodes abydyng in Parthois
Tydyng was brought, farde as he would die,
Of hertely sorowful in to a frenzy:
Heyre was none left of the royall lynes

Saue

Saue thurty baſtardes borne of concubines.

Thus Herodes was caſt in great ſickenes,
Hys ſonnes deth was to hym impoꝛtable,
Hys woꝛldly ioy was gon & his gladnes:
Foꝛtune cõtrary which neuer can be ſtable,
Age fyl on, hys lyfe was not durable,
And of one thyng moſt he dyd hym dꝛede
Cauſe he had none heire to ſuccede.

Whyche woulde not ſuffre him lyue in pees,
Tyll at the laſt he caught a fantaſy
Chaſe a baſtarde called Pharactes,
Bycauſe he was famous in chyualry,
Gaue hym the crowne and the regaly,
Which anone after bꝛeuely to conclude
Slewe Herodes of ingratitude.

The .vi Chapiter.

How Fimbꝛia a Conſull of Rome ſlewe hym ſelfe

After to Bothas by pꝛoceſſe of this boke
Foure myghty pꝛinces notable of eſtate
Towarde hym thei caſt chere & loke
Lyke vnto folke that were infoꝛtunate,
With whom foꝛtune had ben at debate:
Foꝛ by their maner, as it ſempt wele,
They were at miſchiefe fall fro her whele.

Firſt Fymbꝛia a romayne conſulere
Sent by the romayns to a great cite
Called Nichomede, came as a meſſangere
To helpe Flaccus ſlayne by great aduerſite,
As he entred in to that countre:
After whoſe dethe his party to anaunce
Of Flaccus meyny toke the gouernaunce

Of pꝛeſumpcion without auctoꝛite
This Fymbꝛia by dyligent labour
Full ferre aboue his ſtate and his degree
Toke vpon hym by foꝛtunes falſe fauour
To be called capitaine and Empꝛour,
Thꝛough al that countre bokes ſpecify:
Of whoſe pꝛeſumpcion Scilla had enuy.

Purſued him thꝛough many a greate citye,
Ebꝛietatem made hym take hys flyght,
Where Fymbꝛia of great neceſſite
Conſtrained was maugre all hys myght,
Diſpayꝛed, foꝛſake of euery maner wyght,
To flee hym ſelfe, the ſtoꝛye telleth thus,
Wythin the temple of Eſculapius.

The .vii. chapter.

Of Albinius that was ſlayne with ſtones.

Another Conſull ſtoode in caſe ſemblable
In his tyme called Albinius,
Whoſe hateful pꝛide was abhominable
To al folkes lothſome and odious,
Whiche lyke a rebel wode and furious
Agayne Romayns ofter than ones
Whan he leſt wende, ſlayne was wt ſtones.

The .viii. chapter.

How Adꝛiane borne of lowe degre falſly vſurped to be kyng of Rome, whyche wt his choꝛles was after bꝛent.

Next cam Adꝛian which roſe to hie eſtate
Fyꝛſt in Rome, borne of lowe degre
Choſen & ſent by the whole Senate
To gouerne of Affrike the countre:
Where of hys owne pompous auctoꝛite.
Toke vpon him by ſubtel falſe woꝛkynge,
Maugre Romayns ther to be crowned king

Whom to ſuppoꝛt, choꝛtly to conclude,
Was a great numbꝛe of the cõmonte
Of choꝛles gadꝛed, a confuſe multitude,
Title was none noꝛ grounde but volunte:
Gentlemen than beyng in that countre
All of aſſent and one opinion,
Aſſembled them to his diſtruction.

At Utices a large great cyte,
Hym and his churles beſet rounde aboute,
Of woode and fagot with large quantite
In cõpas wiſe cloſed him without:
Gadꝛed with him of bylayns a great rout,
Layd on fyꝛe that with flames rede
Echone conſumed in to aſhes deade.

The .ix. chapter.

Howe Sinthonius kinge of Trace ꝙ much toueted, al foꝛwet, & died in pouerte.

Next Adꝛian came Sinthonius
Tofoꝛe Bocas wt teres ſpꝛeint his face
As

As the story reherseth vnto vs
In hys tyme he was kynge of Trace,
Fal sodainly from fortunes grace
Cast downe lowe from his estate royal,
Which came to Bochas to complayne his fal.

Whose purpose was, if it woulde haue be,
Seuen realmes to haue cõquered w̄ his hãd,
That were subget to Rome the cytie,
And all seuen were of grekes lande:
Who al coueteth ye shal vnderstande
He al forgothe, ful wel affyrme I dare,
At vnset houre wherof eche man beware.

Long or his conquest was brought to a prese
From her whele fortune cast hym doun,
The pretor Sẽcius brought him to mischiefe,
Dyed in pouerte as made is mencion:
And Bochas here maketh a digression
Compendiously within a lytell space,
To discriue the region of Trace.

The.x. Chapter.

Here Bochas in partye maketh a dyscripcion of the kyngdome of Trace, and passeth ouer lyghtlye vnto the accõplyshment of his boke.

TRace whylom a countre of greate fame
And contayneth a ful large space,
And of Tyras it toke fyrst ꝑ name,
Son of Japhet, and so was called Trace
Whyche many a daye dwelled in that place
Towarde Septemtrion, plenteous of good
Besyde Dynoe the large famous flode.

Southward Trace renneth the flode Egee,
Macedone standeth in the Occydent,
And the kyngdome called Pzopontide
Stant in Trace towarde the Orzent,
Where great plente of blod was shed & spente
Whan Sencius thzough his hye pzowesse
Kyng Adzian there manly dyd oppzesse.

Ebzus in Trace is the chefe citie
As myne auctour maketh mencion,
I cast not long to tary, but in bzeuite
To make of Trace a discripcion,
And to pzocede in my translacion
After myne auctor, which wzyteth a lõg pzo-
Of great Pompeye & his worthynes. (ces

The .xi Chapiter.

Howe after many great conquestes of Duke Pompeye great warre began bytwene hym and Julyus, in whiche thze hũdzed thousãd were slaine, & at the last the head of Põpeye smytten of.

THys Pompeius of whom the name is couth,
Wise and wozthy & famous of pzowesse,
Toke vpõ hym in his tendze youth
After his father by fortunate dyuesse,
Called Põpeye, the story beareth wytnesse,
Distressed was by sodaine deth, comunynge
As sayeth ꝑ story thzough thũdze & lyghtning.

His host dystroyed by the violence
Of vnware tempest, lyke as saith the boke,
Fourty thousand slayne in that pestilence,
For feare the remenaunt the felde forsoke,
Til yonge Põpeye of corage on him toke
In his beginning pzoudely to pzocede,
Ful lyke a knyght his fathers host to lede.

Rome that tyme by theyr dyscencions
Among them selfe, nye brought to ruyne,
By the frowarde falle diuysions
Twene Marius & Sylla bzefely to termine,
Tyl that a new sonne gan to shyne
Of wozthynes, which had his light
In manly Pompeye the famous knyght.

This sayde Pompeye thys knyghtly man
At his begynnyng thzough hys chyualrye
The pzoude captayne slough whan he began
Whych of Marius helde vp the party,
Called Bzutus, which in Lombardy
Was by Põpey thzugh knightly gouernaũce,
With al hys host brought to mischaunce.

In hys begynning Pompey eke also
To set Romaynes in rest & quiete,
One that was called Gneus Carbo
He slew him knyghtly whan he did him mete,
Whych in Cicyle pzoudly helde his sete:
And all the countres about him enuyzon
Pompey made thẽ subiect to Rome toun.

After al this Pompeyus on the see
Wyth many a shyp stuffed with bytaile
Towarde Affrike made a great armee,

And

And there in hast after his arriuaile
With Domicius had a great battayle:
Brought the cõtre thrughe his hye renoun
To be to Rome vnder subiection.

He pursued the great myghty kynge
Called Jertha, to Marius honorable,
And had also hys royall abydynge
In Numidy a countre full notable:
Againe Pompey hys power was not able,
For at a Castel as they met in fyght
He slewe kynge Jertha lyke a mãly knyght.

Thus in brefe tyme holdyng his passage,
For cõmon profyte, as made is mencion,
By hys wisedome and knightly hye corage
Brought al Affrike to subiection,
Which stode afore in rebellion
To the Romayns: but all their sturdines
The sayd Pompey dyd in haste redresse.

The greatest enemy agayne Rome toun
Thylke dayes was one Sertorius,
And of fortune, whych is nowe vp now doun
On Pompeye ones was victorious:
But after soone of hym it happed thus,
Among his meyny fallynge at debate
He slayne was in hys most hye estate.

After the deth of thys Sertorius
Came Perpenna Pompeye to assayle,
And as they mette anone Pompeius
Full lyke a knyght slewe him in battaile:
Which victory greatly dyd auayle
To the Romains, after by gouernaunce
He brought Spayne to their obeysaunce.

By auctorite gyue by the Senate
This Noble Pompeye for vayle of the cite
Upon the sea would suffer no Pyrate,
Where euer he came fro hym they dyd flee:
For wyth his shyppes he scoured so the see
And bare hym there so mãly with hys hande,
That maugre thẽ he brought thẽ to the land.

Al the pyrates and these false robbours
Agadred out were of the region.
Called Scylla, whych lyke to rauinours
Made agayne Rome a conspiracion,
Robbed and spoyled sayling vp and doun
Romayne marchãtes, & people of ech countre,
That none was so hardy to passe by the see.

After Pompey had made the see to obey
That Pyrate none durst theron abyde,
He by the Senate was sent out to warrey
Towarde thorient, his knightes by his syde:
And where soeuer that he dyd abyde
Myne auctour writeth by influence of heauē,
His conquest was swifte as fyre or leuin.

And to the encrease of his eternal glorye
Perpetually to get hym a name,
Hys laude and renome to put in memorye,
He buylded a cite in Asia of great fame,
Called Nichopoly, Bochas sayeth the same:
Twene two flodes, that one Iraraseg
And that other was called Eufrates.

He buylded this cite onely of entent
That Romayne knyghtes ỹ were fall in age,
And such as were in the warres spent
Shoulde of custome haue their herbergage
(Thys was the custome and vsage
In that cite alway, and not fayle)
Beddyng and clothes spendyng & vytayle.

Pompeye after rode in to Armeny
Rebell to Rome, where Tigranes was king,
Fought wt him there, & through his chyualry
Discomfyted hym, there was none abidynge:
Where Tigranes hym selfe submyttynge
Unto Pompeye, wyth euery circumstaunce
Euer to abyde vnder hys obeysaunce.

Than in al haste Pompey gan hym hye
To ryde to Asia, where lyke a manly knyght
He gate the kyngdome called Albanye,
Whych toke his name who so loke aryght
Of whytnes, for euery maner wyght
That there is borne by recorde of writynge,
White as snowe hath his heer chynyng.

There ben houndes marueilous of nature
For tassaile bulles and lyons,
No wylde beast may agayne them endure
So Pompeye by many regions
Rode thrugh Armeny with hys champions:
Where growen herbes ỹ may neuer faynt
What euer colour man lyst wyth thẽ paynt.

Conquered realmes aboute in euery coost,
Of Hiberie he gate the region,
And Arsaces the kynge wyth al hys host
Discomfited, as made is mencion,
With his power to Surry he came doun:
Than to Fenice a kyngdome of great fame,
Whyche of Fenix whylome toke his name.

Brought al these countrees to subiection,
Of Sidonye, the myghty strong cyte
Of Iturie, he toke possessyon,
Thrugh Araby, he came downe to Inde,
Whyche of Iewes was sometime the coūtre:
Of Libanus he passed the mountaine
Where Ceders growe as authours sayne.

Sent tofore him entring in that realme
One Gabinius a myghty stronge constable,
Reignyng that tyme in Ierusalem
Aristobolus a prince ful notable:
And for the temple was strong & pregnable.
Layde a siege about in bred and length
Space of thre monthes, gate it so by strength

Three.M. Iewes vnder ỹ wall were founde
Dead at the assaut, whych made resistence,
The wal after beaten downe to grounde:
Pompey than by sturdy violence
Is entred in, without reuerence
Sancta sanctorum men that place call
Made by Hyrcanus hyest preist of all.

The great byshoppe Aristobolus
Sent to Rome in myghty cheynes boūde,
Towarde Septētrion I fynde wrytten thus
Gate.bii.kingdōs with citees walled roūde,
Rebel to Rome, he dyd them confounde
Wyth myghty swerde, gate all the countre
Fro Caucasus downe to the reed see.

In his conquest it sempt verily
As the goddes had done theyr cure,
And that fortune was wyth them eke busy:
This mighty Pompey prince of Assure
What euer hym list by conquest to recure,
In Spayne he gate whan they were rebels
Thre.C.cytees and.lx.stronge castels.

Harde to remembre his conquestes echone,
Al the prowesses of thys knyghtly man,
Towarde the partie of Septentrion
I thousande castels I fynde that he wan,
Sixe hundred mo fro tyme that be began
Eight and thirty citees out of dout
With mighty walles closed rounde aboute.

Peyse his dedes his conquestes marciall,
Thrise Consul chose for his encrees,
Rede ye shall fynde howe he was egall
To Alysandre, or to Hercules,
Where that euer he put hym selfe in prees
Al came to hande, concludyng (ye maye se)
To commen profite of Rome the cyte.

His marcial dedes to put in remembraunce
One was chose to do his diligence,
To enacte his conquestes in substaunce,
And his knighthode to singuler excellence,
And Trisanes famous of eloquence
Assigned was vnto that labour,
Toke his guerdon of the common treasour.

Pompey of Rome was chefe gouernour,
Cesar absente in Gaule a far countre,
Which time Pompey stode in great fauour
Both of Fortune and Rome the citye,
Somwhat made blynde of hys prosperite:
Purposyng in his clymbing not stable
He would haue none ỹ were to hym sēblable.

Unto purpose was sayd ful yore agone,
Howe that loue, nouther hye lordshyppe,
(Whefe hath bene made in many mo than one)
Nouther of thē would haue no felowshyppe,
Eche by his own would hys partie kepe
In these two cases brother vnto brother
Fayleth at a poynt eche wyll put out other.

To Pompey restorynge nowe agayne
He toke on him al the gouernaile
Of ỹ Romains, as ye haue herde me sayne,
Both of estates, commons, and porayle:
And for his parte al that myght auaile
In makinge lawes, statutes, or decre
Al vp engrosed by hys authoritie.

Folke this while which that had enuy
Towarde Cesar in his long absence,
Let make a lawe by conspiracy
And a statute concluding in sentence
Without exception fauoure or reuerence
No man should by wil of the Senate,
In his absence be chose to none estate.

Nor be admitted by no procuratoure
To haue authorite of dignite or office,
In court of Tribune nor of Senatoure
To be promoted, this was theyr aduice
Wher he neuer so manly nor so wise,
This lawe ordained by folke enuious
For hyndring onely of Cesar Julius.

Whan Julius knewe their false worcking,
Fro Gaule sent vp to the cite
Al the Senate requiring by wrytyng,
To graunt him by their auctorite

Of triumphe the notable dignite,
To haue also the office and estate
Called in Rome the second Consulate.

For hym allegyng many a great byctorye
In diuers countrees done for the cite,
Many conquestes notable of memorye
Wrought by the knyghthode of his equite:
Requiringe them guerdoned for to be.
But contrary vnto his entent
They denied him al by one assent.

Which was chefe grounde rote & occasion
That brought in fyrst the controuersye,
Ciuil discordes, and frowarde deuision,
Whan euery man drough to hys partie
Of olde hatered to kyndel newe enuy,
Causing princes Julius and Pomey
To theyr confucion eche other to warrey.

The triumphe denied to Cesar
Fraude of Pōpey made him therof fayle,
Of whose discrete Julius was ware,
Made him redy wyth many a strong battaile,
Passed ouer the Alpes of Italye,
Fully in purpose playnely if he might
With the Romains and Pōpey for to fight.

Thus gan the warres atwene these princes
Pōpey chose for parte of the toun (twayne,
To be their duke and captayne souerayne
Agayne Cesar as made is mencion:
And thus alas the desolacion
Sued of the cite by many a strange signe,
With vncouth tokēs whan they gan maligne.

At the ginnyng of these wofal warres
In the heuyn were sene dredful lightes,
Sparclyng brōdes, comets vncouth starres,
Flame of fyre, w many fearfull lyghtes,
Lyke lampes brēning al the longe nightes:
Castynge of speres and dartes in the aire,
Wherby Romayns fyl in great dispayre.

From the partye of Septentrion
Towarde Rome came full great lyghtninge.
At noone sene starres, lyke blode the son shon,
The Mone eclypsed terrible in shewyng,
The mount Ethna fearfully brennyng
From hys cauernes cast vp flames rede
Toward Italie, whych set thē in great drede

But of Caribdes a danger in the see
Wawes terrible boyled vp lyke blode,
From the rockes that in Cicile be
Was herd houling of houndes that were wode:
Uesta the goddesse in Rome where she stode
Wyd her tēple, was al wyth teares spreynt,
Whā the heuēly fyres were afore her queint.

Afore the goddesse at the auter principle
Was fire perpetuall brennyng day & nyght,
Tyl warres ciuyle hateful and terrible
Gan amōg Romayns in the cōtagious fight:
Than of vengeaūce anon was queit ỹ lyght
Afore Uesta, the fyre partynge on twayne
Of diuision a token ful certayne.

Erthe quaues sodayne and terrible
Ouertourned castels vp so doune,
Wyth flodes rage, hydous and horrible
Neptunus dyd great distruction,
Drowned villages and many a mansion,
Reuersed in temples of golde al their vessels,
Threwe doun baners, stāderdes, and pensels

Sayne these sygnes was founde none arest,
The vnware mischefe coude no mā declyne,
Lyons & wolues came doun fro the forest
Wyth many other beastes sauagyne:
Wylde beastes, and serpentes of rauyne
Came to the cite, and some agayne kynde
Spake as do men in Bochas as I fynde.

Dyuers foules which of their nature
Haue in custome to flye but a nyght,
Afore these warres dyd hem selfe assure
At midday, whan Phebus is most bryght,
Through their cite for to take their flyght:
Women with chylde (the story lyst not fayn)
Brought forth some that had heades twaine.

Afore these warres that called were ciuyle,
Senatours beyng in Rome town
Came to the woman that called was Sibile,
Unto her made thys question.
To declare by short conclusion
Among their other questions al,
Of their cite what fortune shoulde befall.

To whom she gaue an answere full obscure
Wherupon she made them sore muse,
Toke them fyre letters set in playne scripture,
Which in no wyse they myght not refuse:
For false rightes that they dyd vse
Lyke the thre letters twyse set in numbre
Who Understādeth they shall ỹ toun encōbre.

Thre R R R fyrst she set on a rowe
And thre F F F in order fast by,
Long tyme after or they coude knowe
The exposicion thereof openly,
Tyl their diuinours gan serche subtelly
To fynde out lyke to their entent,
By the sixe letters what Sibyle ment.

Of this worde regnum the fyrst letter is R
So is the capitall of Rome the citye,
Who loketh a ryght the thirde is not ferre,
This worde ruet gynneth wyth R parde,
Of whiche wordes whan they ioyned be
The sentence concludeth in meanyng
Of their cite the ruinous fallynge

Touchyng thre F F F who can aduertise,
Of this worde Ferro F goth tofore,
And the chefe letter of Fame to deuyse
Is F also, the processe wel forthe borne
The same of Flãma by whyche þ towne was
Of which reasons make a coniũction, (lorne:
Causyng of Rome finall distruction.

Fyre, swerd, & hunger caused by the warres,
Desyre of clymbyng, frowarde ambicion
Shewyng of cometes, & vncouth sterres
With pronostikes of their delcrection,
Worst of al wilful deuision,
Among them selfe by vnware byolence,
Of letters syxe accomplished the sentence.

The swerde of Cesar werres of Pompey,
Twene these twayne lastyng a great whyle,
Made many a Romayne and Italien to dey
By the battayls that called were Ciuyle:
With prophecies remembred of Sibile
As the writyng ful wel reherce can,
Of the olde Poete that called was Lucan.

In Martes temple on heith where he stode
And Bellona the goddes dispitous,
The preestes cried & offred vp their blode,
With lamentacion lyke folke furious,
Cause of tokens fel and contrarious
Whych that were shewed in that sentuary,
How their gods to Romains were cõtrarye.

Among deade bones that lay in their graues
Were voyces herd lyke woodmen in their ra-
Crye of gostes in cauernes & in caues (ges,
Herde in feldes, pathes and passages,
Labourers fled home to their byllages:
Serpentes and adders sealed syluer bryghte
Were ouer Rome sene flying al the nyght.

Another token pitous for to here
Which astonied many a proude Romayne,
Dead bodies dyd in the feldes appere
Whiche in battayle had afore be slayne,
Fro their tombes rysyng where they layne:
Whirhe in the warres wofull and dispitous
Were slayne by Sylla & proude Marius.

It was eke tolde by their diuinours
Howe Pompeyus was lyke to haue a fall,
And howe thestate of Romayne Emperours
With theyr triumphes that be imperiall
At Julius fyrst nowe begyn shall,
And after him thestate shal forth procede
By election or in Linial kinrede.

To withstande the power of Cesar
Which towarde Rome toke hys waye ryght
Põpey was sent, wise, manly & ryghte ware,
But whan he herde tel of the myght
Of Julius, he toke hym to flyght:
Eke all the Senatours wyth hym dyd flee,
Towarde Epyre, in Grece a stronge cite.

Pompey was holde famous in chiualry,
Cesar but yong and hardy for tassayle,
Upon the plaines of Grece and Thessaly
Pompey and he had a great battaile,
Sayne Julius swerde no Romaine might a-
Cõstrained of force þ felde to forsake (uaile,
Toward Egipt they haue the way take.

Põpey thorugh Cipre came to Tholome,
By a great water at Paphus dyd ariue,
On the stronde there he dyd se
A stately place, and vp he went bliue,
The name of which plainly to discriue
Cacobasyle the countre dyd it cal,
Of whych name the fortune is thus fal.

The name tokeneth of frowarde artuaile,
Sownyng in great, vnhappy auenture,
By which the trust of Pompey dyd fayle,
Fyl in dispeyre and myght it not recure:
Forsoke that yle & dyd hys busye cure,
To take a shyppe so by the see sayling
Towarde Egipt, where Tholome was king.

Of trust he fledde to this Tholome
In hope he shoulde fynde in hym socour,
Fayre chere shewed vnder duplicite
Fayled at the poynt, gaue him faint fauour,

Albe Pompey by his frendly labour
Crowned hym kyng in Egipt as I fynde,
To whome agayne he was falle & vnkynde.

To mete Pompey he let stuffe a barge
By a maner pretence of frendlyhede,
Gaue his meyny that were there in charge
To murdre Pōpey, behight thē gret mede,
Tweyne there were ỳ bare to him haterede,
And in the vessel with sharpe swerdes whet,
Or he was ware of his head they smet.

That one of them was called Achylas
And his felowe named was Fotyne
Toke vp the head of that prince alas,
Famous in knighthode borne of gentell line:
Among Romains, as authours determine,
Holde in hys tyme, if men do hym ryght,
Through al the worlde one the best knyght.

Thus erthly princes wt al their pōpus fame
Which ouer the world yeueth so gret a soun,
Of slauter and murdre they toke firste their name
By false rauyn and extorcion:
Clambe so vp fyrst to domination,
Brēnyng of countreis conquest by violence,
Set them in chaires of worldly excellence

In this batayle that called was ciuile,
Holde atwene Pompey & Cesar Julius,
Thre hundred. M. slayne within a whyle,
Thre thousande take the story telleth thus:
Without princes notable and glorious
As kynges and pretours reckned al atones,
Tribunes, Consuls, and Centuriones.

Phebus on ỳ soil might not his bemes spred,
Nor on the grounde shewe out his clere lyght,
Men that were slayne laye so thicke on hede
That of the earth no man had a syght,
Wolues, beares, & rauinous foules of slight
Came great plente to fede there eche day
Besyde the ryuer of Nile where they lay.

Gobbets of flesshe whych foules dyd arace
Fro dead bodies borne vp in the ayre,
Fyl fro the clawes vpon Julius face
Amydde the felde, where he had repaire,
Made his vilage blody and not fayre:
Albe that he to his encrees of glorye,
Had thylke day of Romayns the victorye.

The head of Pōpey brought wt his stately rig
Offred vp to Julyus hye presence
He by compassyon the murdre aduertisyng
Of his innate imperyal excellence
Brast out to wepe, and in his aduertence
Thought it pyte a prince of so great myght,
Shuld so be slayn, ỳ was so good a knight.

The corse abode without a sepulture
Tyll one Codrus of compassyon
After the batayle and disconfyture,
Besought hym of great affection
To hyde the trunke lowe in the sādes doun,
Sought tymbre & there he fonde but small,
To do exequies with fyres funerall.

Nowe sith thys prince came to suche mischefe
Murdred & slayne by Tholome the kyng,
Here of her power fortune hath made a prefe
What trust there is in any worldly thynge:
After his deth wanted he not buryeng:
This proude Pōpey so famus of his hande,
Of fyshe deuoured as he lay on quicsande.

What shall men set by power or noblesse
Of slyding goodes, or any worldly glorye
Which to restrayne may be no sykernes,
Fortune and the worlde is so transitory,
Though Mars to day gyue a man victorye
Parcase to morowe vnwarely he shal dey,
I take recorde of Cesar and Pompey.

Sith al stant vnder daunger of Fortune
Ye worldly men do your loke vp dresse
To thilke place where ioy doth aye cōtune,
The blynde lady hath there none entresse:
Set pride alyde take you to mekenesse,
To sue vertue do truely your labour
Caine al pompe make Pōpey your myrrour.

Lenuoy.

Thys tragedy of Duke Pompey
Declareth in grosse the chefe occasion
Why he and Cesar gan fyrst warrey,
Eche againe other, through vayne ambicion
To haue lordshyppe and domination
Ouer ỳ Romains, by fauer, fraude, or mighte
Possession take, no force of wrong nor ryght.

To trouthes partie pride is loth to obey,
Extort power doth great distruction
Wyse policye al out of the waye,

Prudent counsaile age with discrecion
Lost their liberte of free election, (wyght,
Who was most stronge with him helde euery
Possession take no force of wronge nor right.

Such druision made many man to dey,
Brought the eyte to desolacion,
With two princes fortune lyst to ply,
Till from her whele she cast the both doun:
Subtel disceit, fraude, and collusion
By ambicious climbinge blent their syght,
Possession take, no force of wronge nor right.

Noble princes remembre what I saye,
Peyse this story wythin youre reason,
Of false surmounting auarice beareth the key,
Recorde of Cesar & Pompey of Rome toun:
Whose wylfull warres & hateful discencion
Geueth clere warning to you & euery wyght,
No claime is worthy without title of tyght.

The.xii.chapter.

Howe victorious Julius Cesar brente the vessels of Tholome, slough Achilas that woulde haue murdred hym: and after great victories was murdred with him selfe bodkins by Brutus Cassius.

After the woful complaynte lamentable
Of Pompeyes deth, pitous for to here,
Wartes remembred wtresos importable,
Compassed fraudes faced with fayre chere,
Conspired murdre, rehersed the manere
How kinge Tholome fraudulent of courage,
The dethe conspired of Pompey fall in age.

The processe tolde I holde it were but payne
Thereof to wryte a newe tragedy,
Thing ones sayde to reherce agayne
It were but ydel as for that partie,
But howe Cesar went out of Thessaly
Came to Alisandre to lodge him in that place,
I will remeber with supporte of youre grace.

He lodged was in the paleys royall,
Where he was busy by diligent labour
Through that region in temples royal
To spoile goddes, and haue al their treasour,
Where he was mocked and founde no fauour:
For Achilas whych that slewe Pompey,
Cast him with Cesar proudly to warrey.

His purpose was to fall vpon Cesar
(As of nature was hys condicion
Falsely to murdre men or they were ware)
By some sleight to synde occasion
To distroy Julius by treason,
And to accomplyche hys purpose in party
Had twenty thousande in hys company.

This Achilas false, cruel, and disceyuable,
Cast him disceyue Cesar if he myght;
Of the Egipciens leader and constable
With the Romayns purposeth for to fyghte:
But whan Cesar therof had a fyghte,
He is discended and fast by the see
Brent al the nauy of kynge Tholome.

All the vessels were driuen vp wyth a flode
To great domage of the sayd Tholome,
Julius brent them euyn there he stode
And a great parte beside of the cite,
And there was brent, which was great pite,
The famous lybrary in Egipt of the kyng
Full.xl.thousande volumes there lying.

In which thing Bochas reherseth in sentence
Howe Tholome was greatly commendable
That through his busy royall prouidence
Made him selfe a librarye so notable:
For to al clerkes in study that were able
Of seuen sciences, the story bereth mynde,
Lyke their desire myght bokes synde.

After this fyre in Farus the countre
The Egipciens had a great battaile,
Wher Cesar was of great necessite
That day constrained whan ꝑ felde can fayle
Toke a barge from Egypt for to saile:
But so great prees folowed at his backe,
Almost the vessel was lyke to go to wracke.

Cesar armed with letters in his hande,
Put his person that daye in a venture,
Two hundred paas he manly swam to lande,
And cõyngly to lande he doth recure,
Notwithstandyng his heuy great armure:
But yet tofore or Cesar toke the see
He in the felde had take Tholome.

And Achilas the murdrer of Pompey,
With al his felowes that were of assent,
Were slayne that daye there went non away:

Many Egipcien the same tyme brent,
Cesar of mercy for Tholome hath sent
To Alysandre, sent hym home of newe
Charging he should to Romaynes be trew.

But whan he was deliuered from prison
Of Egipciens in Alysandre the cite
From euery coast gadred great foyson,
Ageine Julius came downe with his meyne:
But yet for all hys hasty cruelte
Such resistence Cesar gan to make
That .xx. M. that day were slayne & take.

Sixtie galeys not farre fro the lande
Twelue. M. men comynge to Tholome
Echone were yelded, and brought to hande
Of Julius hys prisoners to be:
Than Tholomeus busied hym to flee
To the water, where maugre al hys myght
He drowned was in his hasty flyght.

He knowen was by his rich haburion
Of golde and stele it was entremayled,
By Cesar sent vnto the royall toun,
Which for dyffence was strongly enbattailed
Buccles of golde richely enamayled,
Which tokens anone as they haue seyne
Delyuered to Cesar sent ageyne.

Of thē to Cesar was made fayth & homage,
The realm of Egipt brought to subiection,
Tyl he of grace and merciful corage
To Cleopatra gaue all that region
Longyng to her by succession,
By tytel of ryght that tyme & none other
Because onely Tholome was her brother.

Kyng Lagus whylom in his testament
Father to Cleopatra and to Tholome,
Tofore his deth by great auisement
Clerely enacted his last volunte
That hys kingdome departed should be,
Halfe to Tholome as his bequeth was,
That other halfe to quene Cleopatras.

She by her brother was holde in prison
To kepe her wrongly from her heritage,
Whereof Cesar had compassion
Purposed him to reforme her domage,
And whyle that he helde there his hostage
Of equite, of lawe, and of reason
Of al Egipt gaue her possession.

Than came Juba of Libye lorde & kynge
Sower of stryues and discencion,
Proude, hye of porte, & cruell in worknge,
Whiche in especial had indignacion
Unto the worthy last Scipion,
Cause he was chose lyke as bokes sey,
To succede next Consul to Pompey.

Thys Juba bare to hym great hatrede,
Sought a quarel againe hym for a thyng
Cause that he was cladde in purple wede,
For him allegyng howe onely ỳ clothynge
No maner estate should vse but a kynge:
Went for hym selfe syttyng in royall trone
He wold as kyng that colour weare alone.

Here myne authour maketh a digression
Puttynge ensample of Almayne the countre,
Sayth that there is none other nacion
Touchyng array that is so dysguyse
In waste of cloth and superfluyte,
Rehersyng here in full playne langage
In many wise such wast doth great damage.

It causeth pride and ambicion
Ageyne the vertue of humilite,
To Lechery it gyueth occasion
Which is contrary vnto chastite,
Wast of array lette folke in pouerte,
Causeth also such costage spent in vayne,
Of other poore to haue ful great disdayne.

Where superfluite is vsed of array
Ryote foloweth, proude port and ydelnes,
With wast of tyme dyue forth the day:
Late drinkyng, watch, surfet, & dronkenes,
Engendreth feuers and many greate excesse:
Thus euery surfet englued is to other,
And one mysrule bryngeth in another.

God suffreth wele there be a difference
Touchynge aray as men ben of degre,
Hye estates that stande in excellence
Must be preferred of reason men maye se,
As cloth of golde stones of pryre
Was for prices with other fresh clothinges,
But specially purple was for kynges.

Thus was there set of hye discrecion
Aray accordyng to prynces hie nobles,
And for other estates lower downe
Lyke their degrees, twene pouert & riches
In order kept from scarsyte and exces:
I meane prouided atwene hie and lowe
Lyke to him selfe eche man may be knowe.

But

But kyng Juba insolent and madde
Of surquedy caught an opinion
That none but he in purple should be clad,
Causyng debate twene hym and Scipion:
yet were they partie bothe with Rome toun
Agayne Cesar, and drewe towarde Pompey
For which at mischefe bothe they dyd dey.

Whan Juba felte him selfe of no powere
Agayne Cesar to holde champarty,
For sorow he lost countenaunce and chere
Of hie disdaine and melancoly,
Called one Peitrin a knight of his aly:
Made thē by assent ꝑ they were bothe faine
Fully to fight tyll one of them was slayne.

Againe nature was this straunge fight,
Eche to slee other and knewe no cause why,
But for king Juba was an hardy knight
He slewe his felowe and abode proudly,
And rather chase to die wylfully
Of hie dispyte and of proude corage,
Than vnder Cesar to liue in seruage.

Made call a man whome he loued wele
Gaue vnto him golde and great guerdon
To take a swerde forged of fyne stele
And make therof no lengar delacion,
But he should for short conclusion
Take vpon him, & haue no feare nor drede,
Without tarying to smite of his heade.

Thus king Juba rather chase to dey
Than lenger liue in subiection
Under Cesar, he loued so well Pompey.
Than next to Bochas as made is mencyon
Came Aristobolus w face & loke cast doun,
Which was to Rome afore as I haue tolde
Sent by Pompey to be kept in holde.

Which after was delyuered from prison
By helpe of Cesar in full hasty wyse,
Standing in hope of his region
To be restored vnto the staunchyse,
Where Hyrcanus as ye haue herde the gyse
Preferred was to his great hindring,
By Pompey of Jewes crowned king.

Whiche Aristobolus hopeth to recure
Cast meanes there to reigne againe,
Wrought thereon, dyd his busy cure,
Whose hasty laboure was but spent in vaine,
Fyll in the handes of a proude capteine
Which that whilom was lōginge to Pōpey,
And he with poison vnwarely made him dey.

The.xiii. Chapter.

How the last Scipiō Consulere of Rome, for he lyst nat to liue in seruage of Julius, rose hym selfe to the hearte.

Next came the last worthy Scipion
Whiche after Pompey was made Consulere,
With whome Juba was at discension
For wearing purple as was tolde wellere:
And afterwarde fyl in great feare
whan Cesar had within Libye lande
Outrayed thē with strong & mighty hande.

Wherby Scipion gan fall in dispeyre,
Lost his chere as man disconsolate,
With thre romains gan make his repeyre
Danlippus, Plectorie and Torquate,
Goyng to chyppe the time infortunate:
Towarde Spayne, the tēpest gan thē drive,
That they in Affrike vnwarely dyd arive.

Scipion seing this wofull case sodayne
Howe he was brought vnwarly to mischefe,
For Scicius a mighty stronge captaine
Being a Pyrate and of the sea a thefe
Whiche is a name of full great repreefe,
The same Pyrate longyng to Cesare
Fyll on Scipion or that he was ware.

Beyng in purpose toke him prisonere,
Within his chyppe tofore his arivaile,
For which alas dul gan his chere
His countenaunce appall, and eke sayle,
To kynd comfort no man coude him cōsaile:
Pulled out a swerd whan he might nat stert,
And rose him selfe euyn to the hert.

This was thende at last of Scipion,
Leauer he had at mischefe so to dey
Than vnder Cesar lye fettred in prison,
Or to his lordchippe in any wyse obey:
To Bochas next him came Pompey
Sonne and heyre to great Pompeyus,
Contrary also to Cesar Julius.

Had bretherne and sustierne mo than one
And many another of their aliaunce,
And of assent they cast them euerichone

Their

Their fathers deth hauing in remembrauce,
Upon Cesar to take therof vengeaunce:
Eke vpon Tholome which by colluſyon
Slough their father by full falſe traylon.

The eldeſt brother called eke Pompey
Being in Spaine with ful great apparayle,
Caſt him of newe Cesar to warrey,
And his people proudly to aſſayle:
And as I fynde there was a great batayle,
In which Pompey the eldeſt ſon of thre
By Julius men conſtrained was to flee.

He fonde no ſocour nor receit him to ſaue
Of his life he ſtanding in great dzede
Knowyng no refute fled in to a caue,
Telcape away knew no better rede,
Where he was ſlaine to Ceſar brought hys
Sent forth in ſcorne anon to Hiſpalee, (hede:
Which in Spayne is a full great cyte.

Thus by proceſſe al holy the kinrede
Of Pompeius for chort concluſion,
By Ceſar was and by his men in dede
Without mercy brought to diſtruction:
Thus gan encreas the fame and renoun
Of Julius conqueſtes, on ſea & eke on land,
Whole mortal ſwerd might no man wſtand.

Firſt in Libie, Spaine, and eke Italy
Therperience of his royal puiſſaunce,
In Germany by many ſtrong batale,
His power preued ofte times in Fraunce,
Brought all theſe kingdoms to ꝑ obeiſaunce
Of the romains, peiſed al this thing and ſein
Touching his guerdō his labor was in vein.

Toward Rome making his repeyre
By him appeaced ciuil diſcencions,
Of Throne imperial climbing in the eyre
For the conqueſt of. xiii, regions
Of the triumphe required the guerdons:
Which to recure his force hath applied,
Albe the Senate his requeſt hath denied.

And his name more to magnifye,
To chewe the glory of his hie nobleſſe
To the Capitole faſt he gan him hie,
As Emperour his domes there to dreſſe:
That day began with ioy and gladneſſe
The eue nothing accordyng wt the morowe,
Thentring gladde thende care & ſorowe.

Calphurnia whiche that was his wyfe
Had a dreme the ſame night before,
Tokyns chewed of the ſame funerall ſtrife
Howe that her lorde was like to be lorne
By conſpiracy compaſſed and ſworne,
If he that day without auiſement
In the Capitole ſatte in iugement.

She dremed alas as ſhe laye and ſlept
That her lorde through girt wt many a woū
Lay in her lappe, and ſhe the body kept (de
Of womanhede like as ſhe was bounde:
But wo alas to true her dreme was founde,
The next morowe no lenger made delay
Of his periody was hys fatall day.

A poore man called Congilius
Whiche ſecretly the traiſon did eſpy,
Let write a letter, toke it to Julius,
The caſe declaring of their conſpiracy,
Which to rede Ceſar lyſt nat apply:
But wo alas ambicious negligence
Cauſed his murdre by vnware violence.

Ceſar ſitting amydde the conſyſtorie
In his eſtate moſt imperiall,
After many conqueſtes and victorie
Fortune awayting to giue hym a fall,
With bodkyns perſinge as a nall,
He murdred was wt many a mortal woūd,
Lo how falſe truſt in worldly pope is found.

Clenuoye.

Throughe all this booke rede eche tragedy
Afore reherſed and put in remembraunce,
Is none more wofull to my fantaſy
Than is the fall of Ceſar in ſubſtaunce:
Which in his hyeſt imperiall puiſſaunce
Whan he wende haue be moſt glorious,
Was murdred at Rome, by Brutus Caſſius.

This marcial prince ridig through Lōbardy
Eche countre yelded & brought to obeiſaūce,
Paſſyng the Alpes rode through Germany,
To ſubiection brought the realme of Frāce,
Gate Brutes Albion by long continuaūce,
Two luſtres paſſed, this manly Julius

And

And murdred at Rome by Brutus Cassius.

Among the Senat was the conspiracy
All of assent and of one accordaunce,
Whose triumphe they proudely gan deny
But maugre them was kept thobseruaunce,
His chare of golde with stedes of plesaunce
Conueied through Rome this prince most pō
The murdre folowig by Brutus Cassius(pus

Reken his conquestes reken his chiualry,
With a counterpeis of worldly variaunce,
Fortunes chaunges for his purparty
Way all togyder cast them in balaunce
Set to of Cesar the mischeuable chaunce:
With his periody sodayne and enuious,
Murdred at Rome by Brutus Cassius.

Bokes all and Cronicles specifye
By influence of heuinly puruciaunce,
Mars and Jupiter their fauour did apply
With gladaspectes his noblesse to enhaunce,
Mars gaue him man, Jupiter gouernaunce,
Among princes holde one the most famous
And murdred at Rome by Brutus Cassius.

Beholde of Alysandre the great monarchy
Which all the world had vnder obeysaunce,
The prowesse of Hector medled with gentry,
Of Achilles the melancolike vengeaunce,
Reken of echone the quauering assuraunce:
Among remembring the fyne of Julius,
Murdred at Rome by Brutus Cassius:

Princes consydre in marciall policy
Is nouther trust, faithe, nor affiaunce,
All stande in chaunge w̄ twicling of an eye,
Up towarde heuin set your attendaunce:
The worlde vnsure & all worldly plesaunce,
Lordship abydeth nat recorde on Julius,
Murdred at Rome by Brutus Cassius.

☞ The.xiiii.Chapter.

❧ Howe Octauian succeded next, and howe the murdrers of Julius died at myschefe.

After the dethe of this manly man,
This noble Prince, this famous Emperoure,
His worthy neuewe called Octauian
To reigne in Rome was next his successour,
Which did his deuoyre by diligent labour
To punysh all tho of nature as he ought,
By rightfull dome ꝑ the murdre wrought.

Chefe conspiratour was Brutus Cassius
Which of this murdre made all thordinaunce,
Another Brute surnamed Decius
Was one also conspyryng the vengeaunce
Wrought on Cesar, he after slaine in France:
Here mē may se what coastes ꝑ men wende,
How murdre alway requyreth an yll ende.

Within the space almost of thre yere
Distroied were all the conspiratours
By sodaine dethe, & some stode in daungere
To be banished or exyled as traitours:
And as it is cronicled by auctheurs,
Space of thre yere rekened one by one
Dyed at myschefe the murdrers echone.

To murdre a prince it is a pitious thing,
God of his right will take therof vēgeaunce,
Namely an Emperour so famous in ech thig
Which all the world had in gouernaunce:
Reken his cōquestes digne of remembraunce
All peysed in one Bochas beareth wytnesse
In hie estate is littell sykernesse.

☞ The.xv.Chapter.

Howe Tullius was two tymes exyled and at the last slayne by Pompilius.

Myne auctoure here writeth no longe processe
Of Julius death complaining but a whyle,
To write of Tully in hast he gan him dresse
Compendiously his life for to compile,
Complaining, fyrst saith his barayne style
Is insufficient to write as men may sene
Of so notable a rethoriciene.

Lampe and lanterne of Romayne oratours
Among them called prince of eloquence,
On Pernaso he gathered vp the flours
This rethoricien most of excellence,
Whose merytes truely to recompence
The muses nyne me thought as I toke hede,
A crowne of laurer set vpon his head.

Bochas

Bochas astonied gan in him self conclude
His boke, abashed, dull of his cozage,
Thought his termes & reasons were to rude
And that he lacked conning and langage
Wherby he should to his auauntage
Though he labozed wzyting all his liue,
Of Tullius the merites to discriue.

Wherof suppzised he caught a fantasy
Within him self remembzing anonright
Though it so fall somtime a cloudye skye
Be chaled with wynde afoze the son bzight,
Yet in effect it leseth nat his light:
So Bochas dempte that his dul wziting
Eclypsed nat of Tullius the shining,

With rude langage a man may well repozte
The laude of triũphs & cõquestes maruelus,
Which thing remembzing gretly gã confozt
The herte of Bochas, & to him self said thus
Two colours sene that be contrarious
As white and blacke it may be none other,
Eche in his kinde sheweth moze foz other.

In Phebus pzesens starres lese their light,
Clere at midday appereth nat Lucine,
The fame of Tulli whilom shone so bzight
Pzince of fayze speche father of ỹ doctrine,
Whose bzight bemes vnto this houre shine:
Sothly quod Bochas of whõ whã I endite
My hande I fele quaking while I wzite.

But foz to giue folke occasion
Which in rethozike haue moze experience
Than haue I, and moze inspection
In the colours and crafte of eloquence
Them texte to do their diligence,
Unto my wziting whan they may attende
Of compassion my rudenesse to amende.

Unto him self hauing this langage
Bochas to wzite gan his pen dzesse,
Under suppozte affozced his cozage
To remembee thexcellent nobilesse
Of this ozatour, which with the swetnesse
Of his ditees abzode as they haue shyned,
Hath this wozlde moste clerely enlumined.

This Tullius this linguler famous man
Fyzste to remembze of his natiuite
Bozne at Arpinas, a cite of Tulcan
Of blode royal diseended who lyst se:
Grekysche bokes of olde antiquite
Wade of rethozike, & in their vulgar song
He translated in to the latin tong.

In tendze youth his countre he fozsoke
And fro Tulcan his passage he gan dzesse,
Towarde Rome the right way he toke
Entring the citie the renomed nobilesse
Hyddein his person shewed the bzightnesse
Of diuers vertues, time while he abode,
That like the son hys fame spzede abzode.

Foz his vertues made a citezaine
The good repozte of him shone so clere,
Like as he had be bozne a romaine
In their fauour his name was so entere:
Among them chose foz a Consulere,
Agayne the cite time of his Consulate
Whan Cateline was with them at debate.

By the pzudence of this Tullius
And his manhode rekened bothe in fere,
Catelina most cruel and pzous
Frowarde of pozte, & frowarde of his chere,
Busy euer to finde out the manere
Howe he might by any token oz signe
Agayne the citie couertly maligne.

Sixe hũdzed yere fourscoze tolde and nine
Rekened of Rome fro the foundacion
This cruel tyzant this pzoude Cateline
Wade with other a coniuracion,
Againe franchises and fredome of the toun,
First discured as bokes tell can
In the parties and boundes of Tulcan

The purpose holy of this Cateline
Imagined on false couetyse,
Was to bzyng Rome vnto ruine,
And therupon in many sondzy wise
Found out meanes, and waies gan deuise
To his entent by diligent labour,
In the cite to gette him great fauour.

But finally his coniuracion
Discured was by one Quincius,
Which was afoze false vnto the toun
Told al the case vnto Tullius,
By whose pzudence & wozking maruellus
By helpe of Antony that was his felawe
The coniuracion was bzoken and wdzawe.

By wytte of Tulli all the coniuratours
Espied were and bzought vnto mischaunce,
Their names red tofoze the Senatours,
Of their falshead tolde all the gouernaunce,

Manly

Manly ordained through his purueiaunce
With al his people as made is mencion,
Catelina departed from the toun

With Antony the said Cateline
Beside Pistoy had a great bataile,
Slaine in the felde he myght nat decline
For he abode whan the felde gan fayle:
Power of one litteI may aueile,
Namely whan falshed of malice & of pride
Againe trouth dare the bront abyde.

There was another called Lentulus
Of his felowes that named was Fabine,
The third of them eke called Cetegus
All assented and swore to Cateline
Strangled in prison, at mischefe did fyne:
Cause Tullius did execucion
Tulliane was called the prisone.

Thus coude he punische traitors of the toun,
Outray their enemies of manhod & prudence,
Called of their cite gouernour & patron
Sent from aboue to be their defence,
Their champion most digne of reuerence,
Chose of their goddes their cite for to gye
By two prerogatiues knighthode, & clergy.

Lyke the sonne he did them enlumyne
By hie prowes of knightly excellence,
And through the world his bemes dyd shyne
Of his rethorike and of his eloquence:
In whiche he had so great experience
By circūstaunces that nothyng did lacke,
He transcended Plocius and Gracke.

Of oratours it is put in memorye
This Tullius through his hie renoun
Of all echone the honour and the glorie
Was giue to him, as made is mencion:
Surmounted al and in conclusion
The golden trumpe of the house of Fame
Through the world blew abrode his name.

He knewe secretes of philosophy,
Came to Athens to scole for doctrine,
Where he profited so greatly in clergy
In all sciences heuenly and diuyne
That he was called as aucthors determyne,
Amonge Romayns of very due right,
Of eloquence the lanterne and the light.

It is remembred among oratours
Howe Tullius pleted causes twayne
In the romaine courte afore the Senatours
The cause defending by langage souerain
Of two accused againe them that did playn
On their defautes, them sauyng fro mischefe
The court escapyng fro dangere & repreue.

These causes twayne he pleted in latin
With so excellent flouring fayre langage,
With such reasons concluded at the fine
That he by wysedome caught thauauntage
In his maters, with all the surplusage
That might aueile vnto his partie
What he said there coud no man denie.

Among Grekes at Athens the cite
So great he was of reputacion,
So famous holde of auctorite
To be compared by their opinion
To the Philosopher that called was Platō,
To whose cradell bees dyd abrayde
And hony sote they on his lyppes layde.

A pronostike like as bokes tell
Plato should by famous excellence
Of rethorike be very sours and well,
For his langage myrrour of eloquence:
Yet the Grekes recorden in sentence
Howe Tullius in party and in all,
Was vnto Plato in rethorike egall.

Through his langage this said Tullius
Reconciled by his sote orisons
To the lordshyp and grace of Julius
Princes and kinges of diuers regions,
That suspecte stode by accusacions:
Bicause they did Julius disobey
Wer enclined with romains to Pompey.

He coude appease by his prudent langage
Folkes that stode in discencion,
By crafte he had a speciall auauntage
Fauour synguler in pronunciacion:
In his demenyng great prudence and realō,
For the pronounsing of matters in substaūce
His thanke receiueth by chere & countenāce.

To a gladde mater longeth a gladde chere,
Men treat of wysdom w̄ wordes of sadnesse
Pleintes requyre after the matere
Greuous or morall, a chere of heuines,
Lyke as the cause outher the proces
Gyueth occasion to hinder or to spede,
The doctrine in Tullius men may rede.

The

The name of Tulli was couth in many pla-
His eloquence in euery lande was ryfe, (ce,
His langage made him stand in grace
And be preferred during al his life,
Maried he was & had a right fayre wyfe,
Childzen many, seruauntes yong and olde
And as I finde he helde a good houshoulde.

De Officiis he wrote bokes thre,
De Amicitia I fynde how he wrote one,
Of age another notable for to se,
Of morall vertue they treated euerychone:
And as Vincent wrote full yore agone
In his myrrour called Hystoriall,
Nombre of his bokes be there remembred all.

He wrote also the dreme of Scipion,
Of rethorike compiled bokes twayne
And twayne he wrote of diuinacion,
Of titell of land to write he did his paine,
A large boke of glorie that is vaine,
De re Publica and he saith him selue
Of his oracions he wrote bokes twelue.

And of his dities that called be morall
Is remembred notably in dede
In the said myrrour Hystoriall,
And yet this said Tullius as I rede
Vyd his worshyps stode alway in drede
Of fortune, for in conclusion
He by enuy was banished Rome toun.

Beyng in exile this famous Tullius
At Campania in Atiue the cite,
Receiued he was of one Plaucius
A man that time of great authorite,
And while that he abode in that countre
Sleping a night the boke maketh mencion,
How that he had a wonders vision.

He thought thus as he laie sleping
In a desert and great wilderneſſe,
Finding no pathe but to and fro romyng
Howe he mette cladde in great richeſſe
Gaius Marius, a prince of great nobleſſe,
Askyng Tulli with a sadde countenaunce
What was cheſe and cause of his greuaunce.

Whan Tullius had him the cause tolde
Of his disease and his mortal wo,
Marius with his hande set on him holde
To a sergiaunt assigned him right tho:
And in all hast bad him he should go
To conuey him do his busy cure
In all hast possyble to his sepulture.

Where he should haue tidinges of plesaunce
Of his repeyre in to Rome towne,
Be alleyed of his olde greuaunce
This was thende of his auision
The next morow as made is mencion
There was hold to Tullius great aueile
Tofore Jupiter in Rome a great counsayle.

Within the temple buylded by Marius,
The Senatours accorded were certaine
To reconsile this prudent Tullius
Out of his exile to call him home againe:
After receiued as lord and soueraine
Of eloquence, by assent of the Senate,
Fully restored vnto his fyrst estate.

This thinge was don whan ỹ Rome toun
Was at grettest strife twene Cesar & Põpey,
And for Tullius drue him to Caton
With Pompeius, Cesar to warrey,
And of Julius the partie disobey,
Out of Rome Tullius dyde him hie
Fledde with Pompey in to Thessalie.

Cesar after of his free motion
Whan he stode hiest in his glorie,
Hym reconsyled againe to Rome town,
Upon Pompey accomplished the victorie:
But Julius slaine in the consistorie
By sixty Senatours being of assent
Tullius againe was in to exile sent.

And in a cite called Farsman
Tullius his exile dyd endure,
For Antonius was to him enemy than
Bycause that he percase of auenture
Compiled had an inuective scripture
Agayne Antony rehersing all the caas
Of his defautes, and of Cleopatras.

Thus of enuy and of mortall haterede
His deth compassed by Antonius,
And afterward execute in dede
By procuring of one Pompilius,
Gate a cõmission, the storie telleth thus
Of false malice and forthe anone went he
In to Gayre of Compayne the cite.

And by the vertue of his commission
Taking of Antony licence and liberte,
Chefe rethorician that euer was in the toun
Among Romains to worshyp the cite,

Was

Was slaine, alas, of hate and enmyte
By Pompilius rote of all falshead,
Profering him selfe to smite of his head.

Tullius afore had be his defence
Fro the galowes and his dethe eke let
Which had deserued for his great offence
To haue ben hanged vpon an hie gybet:
Who saueth a thefe whan the rope is knet
About his necke, as olde clerkes write
With some false turne ỹ bribour wil hi quite.

Lo here the vice of ingratitude
By experience brought fully to a prefe,
Who in his hert treason doth enclude
Cast for good wyl to do a man repefe,
What is the guerdon for to saue a thefe
Whan he is escaped loke and ye shall fynde,
Of his nature euer to be vnkinde.

This Pompilius traitour most odible
To shewe him selfe false, cruell & vēgeable,
Toward Tully did a thing horrible, (ble
Whan he was dead this bribour most culpa
Smit of his right hād, to heare abominable,
With which hande he lerning on him toke
To write of vertues many a famous boke.

The hande, the head, of noble Tullius
Which euery man of right ought complaine,
Were take and brought by Pompilius
Upon a stake set vp both twayne,
There to abide where it did shyne or rayne
With wynde & weder tyll they were defyed,
In token al fauour was to him denied.

The.xvi. Chapter

* A chapiter againe iauglers and dyffamers of rethorike.

Bochas complaining in hys studye alone
The death of Tulli and the wofull fall,
Grudging in hert made a pitous mone
The folke rebuking in especiall
Which of nature be boystous and rurall,
And hardy ben for they no conning haue
Craft of rethorike to hindre and depraue.

Clerkes olde did greatly magnifie
This noble science that were expert & wyse
Called it parte of philosophy,
And said also in their prudent auise
There be thre partes as tresours of gret prise
Compiled in bokes and of olde prouided,
In to which Philosophie is deuided.

The first of them called is Morall
Which directeth a man to good thewes,
And the second called Natural
Telleth the kinde of goodmen and shrewes,
And the thirde racionall well shewes (song,
What men shal voide and what thing vnder-
And to that partie Rethorike doth belong.

By Tullius, as authours determine,
Of his person rehersing in substaunce
Traunslated was fro Greke into Latine
Craft of rethorike, and for the abundance
Of eloquence stuffed with plesaunce,
All oratours remembred him tofore
Was there none like nor after him yet borne.

Bochas also saithe in his writinges
And preueth wele by reason and sentence,
To an oratour longeth four thinges,
First natural wyt, practike, with science,
Vertuous life, chefe grounde of eloquence:
Of porte and maner that he be tretable,
These meanes had, mine auctor hold hi able.

In his writing and in his scriptures
Bochas wele perceiueth it must nedes ben
Howe ỹ of right there long fiue armures
To euery notable rethoricien,
Sette here in order who list them sene
Whiche he calleth rehersing in sentence,
The fiue baners longing to eloquence.

The fyrst of them called Inuencion
By whiche a man dothe in his hert finde
A secrete grounde founded on reason
With circūstaunces ỹ nought be left behinde,
Fro poynt to poynte imprinted in his minde,
Touching ỹ matter ỹ substaunce & the great
Of whiche he cast notably tentreat.

Another armure in order the seconde
Of right is called Disposicion,
As of a matter whan the grounde is founde
That euery thing by iust deuision
Be voide of al forein digression:
So disposed touching time and spate
Fro superfluite kepe his due place.

The third armure named in sentence
Is Elocucion with wordes many or fewe,
Matters conueyed by iust conuenience

Dipoled in ozder cõuenably to shewe:
Like a caruer that fyrst doth tymbze hewe
Sqware and compasse cast fetures & vysage,
With caruing tole maketh vp a fayze ymage.

Pzonunciacion is the fourth armure
Necessary to euery ozatour,
In such case whan craft vnto natnre
Joyned is by diligent labour,
With elocucion, and that there be fauour
In declaring with euery circumstaunce,
Folowing the mater in chere & countenaunce

In heuy mater requireth an heuy chere,
To a gladde matter longeth well gladnesse,
Wan in pzonounsing must folow the matere
Olde ozatours can beare herof wytnesse:
A furious complaint vttred in distresse
This was ỹ maner as poetes do discriue,
In his tragedies whan Senec was a liue.

The fifte armure called Remembzaunce
With quicke memozie by pzouidence to se
So auisely to groce vp in substaunce
Holy his maters that nought fozgoten be,
Lest fozgetfulnesse derke nat the liberte
Of clere repozt, eche thing to haue in mynde,
That in pzonounsing nothing be left behind.

A foze pzouided so that fozgetfulnesse
Be no hindzer to inuencion,
And in pzoceding no fozeyne recheselnesse
Trouble nat the ozder of disposicion:
And foz taccomplische all vp with reason
That pzonounsing by clere remembzaunce
Be well fauoured with chere & countenaũce.

These said thinges be inly necessary
To euery pzudent notable ozatour,
Nat to hasty noz ouerlong to tary
But to conuey his pzocesse by measure:
In chere accozding stant all the fauor,
Foz in pzonounsing who lacketh chere oz face
Of Tullius schole standeth far out of grace.

All erthely bestes be muet of nature
Saue onely man, which hath auauntage
By a pzerogatiue aboue eche creature,
To vttrer his conceite onely by langage:
The soule by grace repzesseth all outrage,
Namely whan reason hath the souerayne
To bzidel passions of sensualite.

Kinde vnto man hath giuen eloquence
A thing conuenable en especial,
Whan that it is conueied by pzudence
To talke of matters that be natural.
And secretes hyd aboue celestiall
Doth entreat of sonne, mone & starres,
Thinfluent power sent of pees and warres.

God of all this hath graunted knowleging
Onely to man by wysedom and reason,
And thzough langage giue to him shewyng
Outwarde to make declaracion
Of the heuenly course and sondzie mocion:
Diuers chaunges and plainly to diffine
The reuolucion of the spheres nyne.

Wen by langage shewe out their ententes,
The naturall meuing and mutacions,
Accozde and discozde of the four elamentes,
Kyndly variaunce of four complexions,
The generacion and the cozrupcions
Of erthely thinges, contrary eche to other,
Cozrupcion of one engendzing of another.

This is the power and the pzecellence
Which is giue to man reasonable,
That by langage and by eloquence
A man is taught in vertue to be stable:
Of soule eternall of body cozrumpable,
Taught with his tong while he is aline
Of his defautes howe he shall him shzyue.

Bochas eke telleth touching rethozike
There be two maners, one is of nature
Lerned in youth which doth one speke lyke
As he hereth oz lerneth by scripture:
Craft of rethozike is giue to no creature
Saue to man which by great diligence,
By study cometh to craft of eloquence.

Crafte of langage and of pzudent speche
Causeth pzechours by spyzituall doctrine
Uertuously the people foz to teche
Howe they shall liue by mozal discipline,
Langage techeth men to plant wine
Enfozmeth folke to wozchyp holy churche,
The artificer truely foz to wurche.

Yet there be some ỹ plainly teche and pzeche
Haue of langage this opinion
God hath nat most regard vnto speche
But to the heart and to the affection
Best gan guerdon the inwarde intencion
Of euery man, nat after the visage
But like the meuing of their inward cozage.

To

To our langage is great diuersite
Whan men shew theffect of their mening
Beit of ioye or of aduersite
There for taccorde therwith in vttring,
Nowe debonayre som while rebuking,
And in reherſing like there alway tapply
Be it of rudenesse beit of curtesy.

Of discretion sette a difference
In his pronounsinge to perce or vndermine,
To drawe the iudge vnto his sentence
Or to his purpose to make him to encline:
Se wheder he be melancolike or benigne,
Or his matere be vttred or vncloſed
Consider afore howe that he is diſpoſed.

Peiſed all this thing by a rethoricien
With other thiges which apperteine of right
To craft of speche, he muſt conceiue and sene
Maters of ſubſtaunce & matters ỹ be light,
Diſpoſe him ſelfe tentreate euery wight,
Like to purpoſe and fine of his matiere,
As for the time rethorike dothe require.

As by enſample myne auctor dothe recorde
When ſet at warre in hert farre a ſonder
The rethoricien to make them for taccorde
Muſt ſeche wayes & meanes here & yonder,
Of olde rancour tappeiſe ỹ boyſtous thunder
By wiſe examples & prouerbes pertinent
Tenduce the parties to be of one aſſent.

A man alſo that ſtant in heuineſſe
Diſpeired and diſconſolate,
The rethoricien muſt do his buſyneſſe
The grounde conſidred & felt of his eſtate,
The cauſe ſerched why he ſtant diſſolate,
Which to reforme by diligent labour
Is the true office of euery orator.

Of rethoriciens whilom that were olde
The lugred langage & vertuous daliaũce
By good enſample & prouerbes ỹ they tolde
Wordes pelible enbelished with pleſaunce
Appeſed of tyrantes the great bẽgeaunce,
Sette aſide their furious ſentence
By vertue onely of prudent eloquence.

And contrary plainly to conclude
When ſe all day by clere experience
Folke vnauiſed, and haſty foles rude
And braynleſſe people of wylfull negligence,
Bycauſe they were barraine of eloquence
Uttryng their speche, as naked men & bare
For lacke of rethorike their matter to declare.

By clere exãple, as purple (who taketh hede)
Lõgeth to kinges in storie ye may finde,
With clothes of golde and riche veluet wede
Fret with Rubies and other ſtones Inde,
Saphits, emeraudes, peerles of their kynde
As all theſe thinges appropred be of right
Pleſaunt obiectes to a mannes ſight:

So the langage of rethoriciens
Is a gladde obiecte to mannes audience,
With ſong melodious of muſiciens
Whiche doth great cõfort to euery preſence:
As by example Amphion w̃ ſong & eloquence
Buylded the walles of Thebes the cite,
He had of rethorike ſo great ſubtilite.

In his langage there was ſo gret pleſaunce
Finding therby ſo inly great profite,
That all the countre came to his obeyſaunce
To here him speke they had ſo great delite:
The people enuyron had ſuch an appetite
In his perſon in peace and in batalle,
Here mẽ may ſe what rethorike doth aueile.

☞ The. xvii. Chapiter.

¶ Howe Sextus warreied againe Triumuir, and of the death of great Antonie and Cleopatras.

Folowing thorder of Bochas in his boke
Wyth penne in hande as he caſte vp his eie,
Tofore him came pale of chere & loke
A mighty prince ſonne vnto Pompeye
Called Sextus, whiche as bokes ſaye
Delyted hym wyth a greate nauee:
Lyke a Pyrate to robbe on the ſee.

To his father contrary in ſuche caas,
For euery Pyrate of cuſtome he dyd hate:
Upon the ſea whole vlage was
Againſt theim proudelye to debate,
Purſued them early and eke late,

Where this Sextus to his great repriefe
Was on the sea a robbour and a theefe.

The sclaundre of him gan to spriede farre,
Reported was in many a farre countre,
With Triumuir this Sextus gan a war,
Which is an office and a dignite
By the Romains cõmytted vnto thre,
Notable estates, chose for chiualry
Thempire all hole to gouerne and to gye.

The fyrst of them named Lepidus,
And the seconde called Octauian
The third in nombre was Antonius,
Ageinst which thre Sextus this proud man
Of surquedy a newe warre began,
Afore by Julius for his rebellion
Banished for euer out of Rome toun.

Triumuir of politike gouernaunce
Well auised afore in their reasons,
Treating for peace by notable purueiaunce
With proude Sextus vnder condicions,
Write and enacte in their conuencions,
But anone after list no while tary,
He to his promise was froward & contrary.

For his conuycte outragious falsnesse,
And on the sea for his robbery
Bochas of him writeth no long processe,
Hauing disdaine his name to magnify
For he to vertue list nothing apply:
The different cause which is in the estate
Atwene knighthode and life of a pyrate.

With fugitiue theues and robbours
And men exiled out of Rome toun,
Banished people, falls conspyratours,
With other conuicte of murdre and traylon,
He toke all such vnder protection:
And one Moena a churle of his certaine
Of fourty shyppes he made him capitain.

The said churle vnwarely tho began
To folow the nature of his condition,
Alied him selfe with Octauian
Ageine his lorde, of full false traison
With all his nauy & shyppes he came doun,
Spared nat to mete of very pride
With Menecratus ỳ was on Sextus side.

But al so soone as the bataile began
And the parties togider shoulde gone,
All the besselles of Octauian
With sodaine tẽpest were drowned echone,
Beside a castell buylt of lime and stone
Called Nauleton, where yet to gret repriefe
Sextus fled & was brought to mischefe.

Went in to Grece to make him strong agein
To holde a batayle with Antonius
Take in his cõming by strength of a capitein
Longing to Antonie called Phurnius
Whilom nephue to Cesar Julius,
And or duke Sextus might farther wende
He slaine was and made there his ende.

Of Triumuir in thempyre as I tolde
There was a capitaine called Lepidus,
Whiche by his office like as he was holde
Right busy was, the boke reherseth thus,
To reconsile the proude Antonius
To the grace of great Octauian,
Ethe thing forgiue wherof the war began.

And to conclude shortly who list se
Fortune a whyle was to him gracious,
Thempyre all whole gouerned by these thre
Lordshyp of Affrike had Lepidus,
By which he wext proude and contrarius,
To him assigned vnder commissions
Fully the nombre of twenty legions.

Wherof in hert he caught such a pride
Cauling by processe his distruction,
Surquedy a while was his gide
Fro his estate till he was fall doun,
Namely whan he of false presumpcion
Toke vpon him of malice to warrey
The said Octauian, and gan him disobey.

Whan Octauian his malice dyd se
That he gan ware sodainly contrary,
He threw him downe from his dignite
Cast him in exile, list no lengar tary:
Lo how Fortune gan sodainly vary
To make him that had gouernaunce
Of all Affryke, to come to mischaunce.

Inother prince Cesar Lucius
Exiled was from Rome the cite
By his vncle the said Antonius,
Of wylfulnesse and hasty cruelte:
For in that time, as men may rede and se,
Contriued caules were founde vp of malice
Exile princes notable holde and wyse.

Some bycause they helde with Cesar,

Other

Other for Pompey ỹ helde on that partie,
Some for their good afore or they wer ware
Some for suspection, some for envy,
Some for they coude nat flatter nor lie:
Some for vertues which was great routhe
Bycause they were so stable in their trouthe.

In this trouble dredefull and odious
As is rehersed, in order ye may rede,
The noble knight Paulus Lucius
Exiled was of malice and hatered
Folowing vpon the great horrible dede
The pitous death and the hatefull caas
Of great Antonie and Cleopatras.

The tragedy of these like twaine
For me as nowe shalbe set aside,
Sause Chaucer chefe poete of Britaine
Seing their hertes coude nat deuide
In his boke the legende of Cupide
Remembring there, as one they did endure,
So were they buryed in one sepulture.

Thing ones said by labour of Chaucer
Were presumpcion me to make againe,
Whose making was so notable and enteer
Right compendious & notable in certayne,
Which to reherce the labour were in vayne:
Bochas remembring how Cleopatras
Causeb Antonie howe he distroied was.

Her Auarice was so importable,
He suppressed with her great fayrnesse
Folowing her lustes foule & abhominable,
She desyring to haue be empresse
And he alas of frowarde wylfulnesse
To please her, vnhappely began
To warrey the great Octauian

Frowarde ambicion set his hert on fyre
To climbe vp to the imperiall sea,
To haue possession of the hole empyre,
Toke vpon him if it wolde haue be
To reigne alone in Rome the cite,
Cleopatras to foster her in pride
Tytell of Octauian for to set aside.

With multytude of many legions
As I haue tolde, againe Octauian
To him accroched of diuers regions
Great multytude of many manly man,
First on the sea to warre he began
Where he was maugre all his might
To his confusion vnwarely put to flight.

Dispeyred fled home to his countre,
Knowing no helpe nor meane to recure
But to thentreas of his aduersite,
Whan that he sawe his woful auenture
Gaine Octauian he might nat endure,
With a sharpe swerde his danger to diuert
Him selfe he rofe vnwarely to the hert.

Of whose dethe the quene Cleopatras
Toke a sorow very importable,
Bicause there was no recure in the caas
Thought of his wo she would be partable,
Whose fatall ende piteous and lamentable
Slough eke her selfe loue so did her raue,
After they both were buried in one graue

Thus endeth the first boke and here after folowyth the seuenth.

¶ Of Antony son and heire to the greate Antonie: and of Cesarius, Julia, Agrippa, Cassius, and Galbus.

¶ The Fyrst Chapter.



His storie ended, last of the sixte boke,
Bochas wery thought for the best
Of gret traueile oppressed in his loke
Fil in a slombre leanig on his chest,
Fully in purpose to haue take his rest:
But euin as he rest should haue take
Came a great prees, and made him tawake.

First of that felowship came the son & heyre
Of Antonie, w̄ blode spreint all his wede,
Called Antonie fall in great dispeyre,
Cause Octauian bare to him haterede,
Whose swerde he fled quaking in his dzede
To an olde temple socour for to haue,
Trusting fro death the place should hi saue.

In that temple Cesar was deified,
Of whō by Romains was set vp an ymage,
But whan he sawe he was espied
He ran to Julius hie vpon a stage,
Gan him to enbrace in his piteous rage,
He rent away by sodaine violence
Unwarely slaine there gained no defence.

Next in order came Cesarius
Of whom there fill a wondre pitous caas,
Whilom beget of Cesar Julius
Upon the yong fayre Cleopatras,
Slaine in his youth, thus writeth Bochas:
As Octauian dyd him selfe assigne,
For he saine Romains should nat maligne.

Folowing in order Julia began
Hir greuous complaint to Bochas specify,
Whilom doughter to great Octauian,
With weping gan to houle and crie,
Which by her father to punish her lechery
Exiled was out of her countre,
For lacke of socour died in pouerte.

Her son Agrippa yong and tendre of age
Borne of hie blode, Bochas doth expresse,
Came next in order pale of his visage,
Which spent his time in slombre & idelnesse,
Froward to vertue, & for his wretchednesse
Octauian which was great routhe,
Suffred him die at mischef for his slouth.

After Agrippa came forth anone right
Cassius, of Parme a famous great countre,
Which in Italie was holde a māly knight,
With Marke Antony wele cherished & secre
Bode in his court and there withall parde
Greatly alowed, fyrst for his chiualry,
And for his notable famous policy.

And there withall he had in existence
A right great name, & stode in great fauour
For his knighthode & for his hie prudence,
After accused vnto the Emperour
Octauian for a coniuratour,
He should haue be of frowarde false entent
To Julius death fully of assent.

For whiche by bidding of Octauian
Take he was being but yong of age,
And as mine auctor well remembre can
Brought tofore Julius hie vpon a stage,
There offred vp vnto his ymage
By cruell death the storie telleth thus,
For the falle murdre of Cesar Julius.

After the death of the saide Cassius
Another came of Rome the cite,
Which as I rede called was Galbus
Of a Pretour hauing the dignite,
And for suspection slaine eke was he,
His eyen fyrst out of his head were rent
For Julius death, than in to exile sent.

Toward his exile by brigantes he was slai-
And After that within a litel while (ne,
Of his labour nouther gladde ne faine
Bochas began to dyrecte his stile

To

To great Herodes, breuely to compile
His greuous fal and holy the manere
To set in order next as ye shall here.

The.ii.Chapter.

How the tyrañt Herodes slough his wyfe and chyldren, and after died at myschefe.

REmembrynge fyrste in Jurye he was kyng,
Antipater his father, who lyst se,
In Arabia mightely reignyng:
Ouer the prouynce called Idume,
This same Herodes gardeyne of Galile,
Ordayned was fyrste for his hye prudence
And for his notable knyghtly excellence.

Famous in manhode, famous of his lyne,
Famous also by procreacion,
Irede also he had wyues nyne,
And amonge all as made is mencion
To hys pleasaunce and his opinion,
Maister of stories reherseth there was one
Mariannes fayrest of echone,

By whom he had worthy sonnes twayne,
Alysander, and Aristobolus,
But for his luster dyd at her disdaine
Called Saloma, the storie telleth thus,
He vnto her wext suspicious,
Bycause she was accused of enuy
By Saloma touchyng auoutry.

Agayne her of rancour sodaynly
He gan of herte greuously disdayne,
With rigorous hert he slewe her furiously,
But as the storie doth vs ascertayne
He for her deth after felte great paine,
Euer whan it came to his remembraunce
Her porte, her chere, her womãly pleasaunce.

Lo what it is a prince to be hasty
To euery tale of rancour to assent,
And counsaylles to procede wilfully
To execucion of frowarde false entent,
For Herodes so sore he dyd repent
That he for thought fyl in to an noy,
Of hertely sorowe and malencoly.

Rest had he none nouther day ne nyght,
Troubled with fury that he wext frantyke,
W dremes vexed & many an vncouth syght,
Of chere nor colour to no man he was lyke:
And euery moneth ones lunatike,
A great whyle he had this wofull lyfe
For sorowe onely he had slayne his wyfe.

And as the storye wel reherce can,
In the Capitoyle mydde Rome the cite
By Antonye and by Octauian
He crowned was, and made kyng of Jude:
By the Senate made theron a decree
And registred, that he and his kynred
Shulde in that lande lineally procede.

In Rome was made the confirmacion
To this Herodes, bokes specifye,
Beyng afore the translacion
Was made of Juda and of Jurye,
Septer and crowne with all the regaly
By hym vsurped as ye haue herde tofore
Upon the tyme whan Chryst was borne.

This same Herodes by procuracion
Of Antonye, dyd also occupy
By Augustus plener remission,
The great estate called Tretrarchy
In two kyngdoms, with al the regaly
Of Traconitides, Jtury eke also,
By the Romains made lorde of bothe two.

Mayster of stories reherseth of hym thus
For commendacion in especiall,
In Ascalon he buylded a stately hous
Of right great cost, a palayes ful royal,
Was none so riche for to reken all:
After whych myne authoure doth so wryte
He called was Herode Aschalonite.

This same Herodes cruell of nature
Of chere and porte passyng ambicious,
Aye to be venged dyd his busy cure
On al that were to hym contrarious,
Hys wyues brother Aristobolus
In Jerusalem chefe byschoppe as I rede,
Falsely he slough of malyce and hatered.

Vniustly reigned & borne through his realme
His hert fret and cankred wyth enuy,
Another byschoppe in Jerusalem
Called Hircanus, myne authour lyst not lye,
This same Herodes in his malencoly
Slewe hym vnwarely by rãcour vengeable,
Setting at dyner at his owne table.

There was no man of corrage more cruel

Noz moze delirous to be magnified,
To make his name also perpetual
Four statelye cities he hath edified,
Of which the names be here specified,
Celaria, Sebastin, citees souerayne,
Antipadza, Cipze, that other twayne.

He had also a false condition,
He trusted none that was of his kynrede,
His sonnes twaine he had in sulpectiõ,
Their purpose was to sley him of hatred,
Whan he were deade hoppyng to succede:
And causeleste as father most vnkynde
Made thẽ be slayne, in story thus I fynde.

In al his wozkyng he was founde double,
A great tirant hold throgh his realme,
Neuer thinge so greatly dyd him trouble
As whan thze kinges came to Jerusalem
Jesu to seche, that was bozne in Bethelem,
Boldly affirmynge cause of their commynge
Was to wozshyp that blessed yonge kyng.

The which thynge whan he dyd aduertise
Pzopheties remembzinge and wzitinges,
Within hym selfe a meane he gan deuise
First to distroy these famous holy kynges,
Namely whan he knewe of their offrynges:
Imaginyng gan suppose blyue,
The child was bozne that shuld him depziue

Newly discended fro Dauid doun by line
Cast almost Herodes in a rage,
Of cursed hert gan frowardly maligne
Lyke a tirant of venomous outrage
Slewe al the childzen within two yere of age
About Bethelem a ful large space,
He spared none foz fauour noz foz grace.

One of his chyldzen beyng at nurcery
As the story putteth in remembzaunce
Of auenture, oz they coude it espy (aũce:
His knightes slough, I trowe it was venge-
Eche tirant gladly endeth with mischaũce,
And so must he that wext ayen Chzist wode,
Which foz his sake shedde innocẽtes blode.

The nõbze of childze that wete slayne in dede
About Bethelem and in tho parties,
An hundzed fozty and four. M. as I rede,
Two yere of age sought out by espies
Of Herodes, and foz the pzopheties
Of Chzistes byzth mention did make
They were echone slayne foz his sake.

Fro that day fozth as made is mencion,
He fyl in many vncouth malady,
His flesh gan tourne to cozrupcion,
Frette wyth wozmes vpon eche party:
Whiche him assaũled by great tourmentry,
His legges swole cozbed blacke gan shyne,
Where vengeaũce wozketh adue al medicine.

Of his sickenes the stenche was so hozible
To awayte on him no man myght abyde,
Unto him selfe his carrayne wext odible
So soze he was troubled on eche syde,
Leches foz hym did a bath pzouide,
But al foz nought, in such mischefe he stode
Of greuous constraynt he sodẽly wext wode.

In token he was wery of his lyfe
So impoztable was his moztal paine,
To pare an apple he asked a sharpe knyfe,
His malady dyd hym so constraine
Fully in purpose to cut his herte in twayne:
The knife he raught leysar whan he founde
One stode beside ☞ backwarde dzue his hond.

Foz payne vnneth his winde he might dzawe
Gaue al his frendes in commaundement
By a decree and a furious lawe,
That al the wozthy of parties adiacẽt
Whiche ẏ were faine oz glad in their entente
Of his dethe, he voyde of all pitee
The same day they shoulde slayne be.

This cursed wzetche this odious caytife
I rede of none stode farther out of grace,
In sozowe ☞ mischefe ended hath his lyfe,
Eche man was glad whan he shoulde pace:
And foz his story doth this boke diface,
With wofull clauses of him whan I wzyte
Therefoze I cast no moze of him tendite.

¶ Lenuoye.

¶ Lenuoy.

Of Herodes the vnware curſed fall,
The lyfe vngracyous of hym and hys kinrede,
Euer vengeable in his eſtate roial,
Hys wyfe, his childze, ſlough of olde hatered:
Innocentes he made in Bethelem blede,
Reignyng in Juda, bozne of fozeyne lygne,
The fyzſt tyzant, ye may the Byble rede,
Whych ayen Chziſt gan frowardly maligne.

Hys ſwerde of rigour cruel and mozтal
Iye redy whet to do vengeaunce in dede,
Haſty and fumous with furies infernall,
Of wylfull malice innocẽtes blode to ſchede:
Dyd execucion alſo on womanhede,
Slewe his alies, whiche was a curſed ſigne,
Foz the fyzſte cauſe he ſtode in dzede (ligne.
Whiche againe Chziſte gan frowardly ma-

He woulde that none were to hym egall
That daye alyue in Iſraell to ſuccede,
The byzthe of Chziſt dzed in eſpeciall
Cauſe fro Jeſſe his line gan floure & ſede,
He but a fozrayne came in by fraude & mede,
Without titell to that eſtate vndigne,
The fyzſt alſo who lyſt take hede (ligne.
Whiche agayne Chziſte gan frowardely ma-

Noble pzinces that gouerne ouer all
This large wozld, both in length and bzede,
Whan you ſitte hyeſt in your royall ſtall
Do not the people oppzeſſe noz ouerlede,
Upon Herodes remembze as I rede,
In what miſchefe that tyzant dyd fyne,
To ſchewe ẏ none ſhal in hys purpoſe ſpede
Whyche ayen Chziſt doth curſedly maligne.

The.iii Chapiter.

¶ Of Antipas exiled by Octauian, and of Archelaus ſonne of Herodes the ſeconde.

Compendiouſlye thus ye haue herde the fal
Of Herodes remembzed by Bochas,
Who in his teſtament ſet in eſpeciall
To ſuccede him Herode Antipas,
In haſt exiled (of hym thys was cas)
By Octauian to Uien as I rede,
And Archelaus ozdained to ſuccede,

Sonne of Herodes called the ſeconde,
Which in effect toke poſſeſſion,
In Hieruſalem reigned as I rede:
Of whom mine auethoz foz ſhozt concluſion
Maketh in his boke but ſmall mencion,
Hym and hys bzother ſet ſodainly alyde
Of them to wzite no lenger lyſt to abyde.

Saue that he wziteth the fozſaide Antipas
At Uien a mighty great cite,
In his exyle ſoone after ſlayne was:
And Archelaus ſucceding in Jude
With Herodias who lyſt the ſtozy ſe,
By Agrippa to Tiberye accuſed
Of certayne crimes, coude not be excuſed.

A certaine time cõmaunded to pziſon,
Of themperour coude neuer get grace,
Baniſhed him fer from hys region
In to Spaine, foz a certayne ſpace,
And his wozſhyp bzeuely to deface
Foztune cauſed to his final repzeſe,
He died there in pouerte and miſchefe.

The fatal ende reherſed of theſe twayne
In what diſtreſſe that they dyd fyne,
Myne auctour after gan his pen ozdaine
To wzite the caſe by many a wofull lyne,
Upon the ſtriefe atwene Meſſalyne
And other twayne, ſtandynge by her ſyde
Tofoze Jhon Bochas howe they dyd chyde

Tofoze Bochas they came all thze to playne,
Meſſalyne the wyfe vnto Claudius,
Againe whom there were other twayne
Caligula and Tiberius
In whoſe time was ſlaine Chziſt Jeſus:
Touching ẏ debate that was amõg theſe thze
Suyng the pzoceſſe here folowyng ye ſhal ſe.

The.iiii.chapter.

¶ Of the ſtrife bytwene Caligula Tiberius and Meſſalyne.

Hys empzeſſe named Meſſalyne
As I haue tolde was wyfe vnto Claudius,
Succeſſour as bokes determyne
To Caligula called Gayus:
And as I fynde, that Tiberius
With Caligula both wode foz tene,
Stode afoze Bochas & Meſſaline atwene.

Metynge al thze with furious loke & chere,

Gayus

Gayus Calligula called by his name
Gan first reherce anone as ye shall here
Without reuerence or any maner shame,
With an erordye to diffame:
Bochas present telly gan abrayde
To Messalyne and euen thus he sayde.

Thou sclaundred woman, noysed in lechery
Thrugh the world, as folke thy name atwite,
And reported for thine aduoutry,
What doest þ here in thy mournyng habite?
I trowe thou commest of purpose to visite
In this place the vnhappy women fiue,
Touchinge disclaundre that euer were alyue.

The first of them called Emilia,
And Leppda was named the seconde,
Liuia, & Plaucia and the fyfthe Elya,
Diffamed echone in dede as it was founde:
In token wherof the lechery to confounde
Of Emilia in auoutry take
Was by the lawe of her lorde forsake.

By the whylom was knowe that Drusus
Strangled was & murdred by poyson,
Lyke to Claudia doughter of Claudius,
Which by her lorde the booke maketh mẽcion
Was throwen out to her confusion,
For her defautes founde in auoutry
Sclaundred for euer there was no remedy.

Thou coudest whylom make thy lorde slepe
With certaine drinkes to cast him in a rage,
By which he was made his bedde to kepe
To get layser in thy flouring age
For to misuse of false lust thyne outrage,
A nightertyme toke vpon thee a wede
At the bordell dyddest amysse for mede.

Thyne appetite was very vnstaũcheable,
It is a shame to write it or expresse
Thyne hateful lyfe was so abhominable,
Tibery and I can beare hereof wytnesse:
And with the worde anone she gan her dresse
Whan she had herde al their fel langage,
Gaue them this answere wyth a sad vilage.

Certes (quod she) I coude neuer kepe
To saue my selfe a woful creature,
I haue great cause to complayne, cry, & wepe
My sclaũdrous lyfe which I may not recure:
But I suppose I had it of nature
To be such one, for by dayes olde
An astronomer so my father tolde:
It my byrthe tabyng the ascendent,
Tolde longe afore of my misgouernaunce.
The sonne, the mone, towarde the orient
Were in the signe that beareth the balaũce,
And sayde also more for assuraunce,
The same signe had by discripcion
His fote in Virgyn, armes in Scorpion.

Amid the heuen was Venus exaltate,
Wt Mars cõioyned, the boke maketh mẽcion:
And Jupiter was also infortunate
To my sayd disposicion,
Within the fyshe helde tho his mancion:
Thus by the lordshyp plainely of Venus
I was disposed for to be lecherous.

In her excuse the sayde Messalyne
Gan alledge her constellacion,
But prudent clerkes plainly determine
Of heuenly course the disposicion
Is obey saunt and subiecte to reason:
That euery man which well gouerned is
Is not constrayned of force to do amys.

For byndeth no man of necessitie
Vicious lustes frowardly to sue,
A vertuous man stante at liberte
False inclinacions by prudence to remewe,
Euery man by grace may eschewe
Al thynge to vertue that founde is contrary,
For there is no synne but it be voluntarye.

Yet for all this the sayde Messalyne
In her excuse wouldе not be in pees,
The heuyn (quod she) as Poetes determyne
Was borne vp whylom by myghty Hercules:
Yet coude he neuer of nature haue relees
For al his knighthod and his chiualry,
To ouercome the vyce of lechery.

But thou Calligula and thou Tiberius
What euer ye say I take thereof none hede,
For thou Calligula called eke Gaius
Thy selfe diffouled with lechery in dede,
To rebuke other þ shouldest stande in drede:
But thy rebukes in party for to quyte
Who is defouled none other shoulde atwyte.

By fames trũpe thy sclaũdre is out blowe
Through all the worlde reported shamefully,
Thy thre susters flesshely thou dydest knowe,
Were rede for shame, and for thy party
For the vice of hateful lecherye

During

Durynge thy life put me no moze in blame,
Whiche art thy ſelfe defouled in the ſame.

It litteth not in no maner wyſe
A theke foz theft to ſyt in iudgement,
A lecherous man a lechour to chaſtiſe,
Noz he that hath al his lyfe ſpent
In waſte & riote foꝛfeted and miſwent,
To be a iudge other to redzeſſe,
Noz lepzous leches to cure men of ſickenes.

I woulde haue ſuffred & take in pacience
If of Affricke the chaſte Scipion
Had me rebuked foz my great offence,
I would haue ſuffred his wozde of iuſt reſon:
Oz if the famous pzudent olde Caton
Had agayne me in ſuch caſe made abzayde,
I would haue ſuffred what euer he had ſaide.

Oz if Lucrece foz my cozrection
Had layd to me, by vertuous doctrine,
All my foꝛfetes myd of Rome toun,
I would haue bowed both backe & chine
To haue obeyed vnto her diſcipline:
Shame foz a creple to ſtād ỹ hath no mighte.
To rebuke other foz they go not vpzight.

Agaynſt the alſo I may reply
Many an other falſe conſpiracion
Touchyng maters of nygromancy
And many an other contriued falſe poyſon,
Foũde in two bokes Bochas maketh menciõ:
One called Pugio moſt ſuperſticious,
And the ſeconde named Gladius,

Able all this wozlde tenuenyme & encloy.
Againe thze ſtates dwelling in Rome toun
Their names wzite of them thou caſt diſtroy.
Which to remembze is a great abuſion:
A cheſt alſo fulfilled of poyſon
After thy dethe caſt in thee ſee I rede,
By which an hundzed. M. fiches were deade.

On this mater is tedious foz to abyde,
Namely to pzinces, pzinceſſes, bozne of hie e-
It litteth not gentle bloud to chide (ſtate,
By furious rancour to ſtande at debate,
And foz theſe maters ben infoztunate
I wyl paſſe ouer and no moze of them wzite,
Saue of their ende cõpendiouſly to endite.

To the Tiberye I haue ſomwhat to ſayne
Knowe and repozted by many a creature
How in Chãpaine folke had of the dyſdayne
Foz thy moſt hateful lecherous ozdure,
In thilke vice whych is agayne nature:
Whiche taccõpliſh voyde of al hap and grace.
Thine abydyng was in a ſuſpicious place.

To ſuch falſe luſtes duringe all thy lyfe
Lyſt not foꝛbeare, in thy latter age
Thou vſidſt many rich reſtoꝛatife
In ſuch vnthzift to encreace thy coꝛrage,
Of ribaudy thou fyll in ſuche dotage,
Howe mayſt thou than rebuke me foz ſhame
Which in ſuch caſe art blotted with diffame?

I dyd amyſſe but it was in my youth,
Hoꝛrible thinges which Gaius hath tolde,
But thine outrage the repoꝛte is yet couthe
Thou dydeſt them vſe both yonge and olde,
And foz taffoꝛce your vices manifolde
Thou & Caligula in all ſuch ribaudy
Dyd greateſt ſurfet in frowarde glotony.

Alſo Tiberye thou beyng Emperour
Cruel, cauſeleſſe, and moſt malicious
Diddeſt murdze in Rome the famous oꝛatoꝛ
Called in his tyme pzudent Iſinius,
Which thzugh thempire Romains tolde thus
Was light & lanterne founde at all aſſayes
Of rethozike called in his dayes.

Thou were eke cauſe that werthy Nonomus
kyng of Parthois thzough thy cruelte
Exyled was, thou were ſo couetous
To haue poſſeſſion of his treaſour parde,
Died in miſcheke and in pouerte:
Be ſhameſaſt any wyght to accuſe
Which in ſuch caſe thy ſelfe can not excuſe.

To Agrippyne thou dyddeſt great outrage,
As Romayne ſtoꝛies well reherce can,
Whan ſhe foz ſocour to the great ymage
Ran to be ſaued of Octauian,
Myd the temple a place called than
Whiche halpe her not, ỹ ſhe lyſt thyder wende
Put out by foꝛce, foz hunger made an ende.

Thyne owne bzother called Germanicus
Which in his tyme was ſo good a knyght,
Thy bzother alſo called eke Dzuſus,
Both were poyſoned & ſlayne agaynſt ryght,
By falſe cõſpizing of thine imperial might:
Tercuſe the murdze thy ſelfe at the leeſt
Were clad in blacke at their funerall feeſt.

I haue no connyng ſpech noz langage

To

To reherce noꝛ make mencion
Specially of ꝑ great outrage
And sacrilege thou dyddest in Rome toun,
By violence whan thou dꝛewe doun
The ymage of Janus, & after in all hast
In to Tibꝛe thou madest him to be cast.

And thou Caligula among thy vices all,
Of surquedye and falle pꝛesumpcion
Wouldest that men a god the shoulde call,
Twen Pollux & Castoꝛ to haue thy mancio,
Fro which place thou art nowe thꝛowe doun:
Whych helde thy selfe amog the goddes seuen
Egall to Jupiter foꝛ to syt in heauen.

Answere to me here beyng in pꝛesence
Which of these four Mars, Janus, Minerue
Oꝛ Mercurie god of eloquence
Hath rent the downe as thou dydest deserue,
Fro Jupiter in mischefe foꝛ to sterue,
That thou herafter wher so ꝑ laugh oꝛ froune
Shalt haue no fauour moꝛe w̄ him to rowne.

With these defautes and many other
Afoꝛe reherced in hindꝛing of thy name,
Howe thou oꝛdaynest fyꝛst to sle thy bꝛother
w̄ mē of armes which was to thi gret shame:
To Tholome thou didest also the same,
Sonne and heire to kyng Jubatoun
And many a senatoꝛ thou slew in Rome toun

Shittest vp myd Rome the cite
Their garners which neuer afoꝛe was seine,
Wherby enfamyned was the commonte
Pite to here, this plat and playne,
Of necessite constrayned in certayne
(Shame to reherce oꝛ put in scripture)
Ete their membꝛes a thyng againe nature.

Jupiter noꝛ Juno the goddesse
Gaue no suche counsayle I suppose vnto the,
But it was Uenus to slater thy hyghnes
And furious Mars by frowarde cruelte,
To slee senatours greatest of that cite,
Thy selfe after (wherof the towne was faine)
By thy seruauntes murdꝛed werte & slayne.

And foꝛ tabate thyne outrage & thy pꝛyde
Which thou hast vsed all thy lyfe,
Lyfte vp thyne head loke on thy left syde
Thou finder vp of murdꝛe and of strife
Slewe thou not Celonia thy wyfe:
Thy doughter after that called was Dꝛusil,
Of cursed entent thy malyce to fulfyl:

I haue meruayle howe any of you twayne
Thou Caligula oꝛ thou Tiberius
Be not ashamed any thyng to sayne
Agayne me with vylage dispitous,
Ye foꝛ to atwite that I was lecherous:
Of a small mote ye can abꝛayde me,
But in your eye a beame ye can not se.

Where haue your soules take herbergage
That be contrayꝛe with me foꝛ to striue:
I trowe that Caron hath made your passage
Up at the stronde in Hell foꝛ to aryue,
There ye abyde thus I descrye,
Where dꝛedful Stix called infernall flode
Of custome rēneth w̄ furious wawes wode.

Radamantus one of the iudges twayne
With kyng Mynos hath youe a iudgemente
Perpetually ye shall byde in payne,
And Eacus hath oꝛdained your turmente
In Flegeton the floode most violent:
Ye shall be dꝛowned and an ende make
Euer foꝛ to abyde amonge ꝑ streines blake.

I may you cal of Emperours the refuse,
Ye should be shamefast to shew your vilages,
Uery astonyed dꝛedful and confuse
To haue to me so vncurtoys langages:
Thus Messalyne daunted their coꝛrages
With her feminine crabbed eloqu ence,
They durst no lenger abyde in her pꝛesence.

The.v.Chapter.

Of the most vicious tiraunt Nero that slewe Peter & Paule & at the last him selfe.

THys hateful stoꝛy with many a woful lyne
Of Caligula & Tiberius,
Touchynge the strife atwene them and Messalyne,
Shamful rebukes, frowarde and odious,
By them rehersed with chere most furious,
As ye haue herde here ended their chiding
Nero the tyꝛant cōmeth next vpon the ringe.

One most curled in comparison
That euer was of hye oꝛ lowe degre,
Most dismaturall of condicion
By great outrages of cursed cruelte,
That euer reigned in Rome the cite,
His father called (bokes determyne)

Domicius, his mother Agripine.

This Agripina by her subtilte
And blinde fortune being fauourable,
That set vp tirauntes of froward volunte
(By their demerites though they be not able)
To estate imperial and notable, (stande
What thinge more dredefull who can vnder-
Than cruel tirauntes vp blody sword in hãde

Whan this Nero of age was twelue yere,
He was ordeyned in especial
After he had lerned his gramere
And the seuin artes called liberall,
Unto a mayster in al vertues morall,
Called morall Senec which dyd his payne
From al vices hys youthe to restraine.

He kept him euer thys Senec, as I rede,
Maugre his fatall disposicion
By a constraint and a maner drede
From al outrage, & by inclinacion,
Conceyued wel hys dysposicion
To be vicious of his nature,
Which to restrayne he dyd his busy cure.

At one and twenty wynter of his age
Croniculers of him wzitten thus,
Howe he that tyme toke in mariage
Octauia doughter to Claudius,
Al this whyle beyng vertuous,
Whyle Senec had him vnder discipline
His mother in lawe called Messaline.

The saide Senec made him to desire
To pursue connyng by diligent labour,
At entring in fyrst of his empyre
I meane whan he was crowned emperour,
Of al the Senate had great fauour:
And by report as clerkes of him wzyte,
In pzose & meter he coude ryght wel endite.

In Jhon Bochas as it is made mynde
He dyd excell greatly in poetry,
Made in tho dayes also as I fynde
A boke notable of straunge poesy,
Lyke as myne auctour of him doth specify:
The title thereof called Luice
Agayne a pzetour Claudius Polle.

Excelled in musike and in armony,
Crowned with laurer for ỹ best harpour
That was that tyme, and he did edify
In Rome a palays wyth manye a ryche tour
Whych in buylding cost great treasour,
The circuite beyng thze thousande paas
And Transitozy that palays called was.

For thys cause as put is in memozy
The sayde palays afterwarde was bzent
Therefoze it was called Transitozy,
But after that Nero in his entent
Let buylde a house by great auysement
To recompence that other that was olde,
And called it the ryche house of golde.

In all thys wozlde was none to it lyche
Where that euer men dyd ryde oz gone,
Tables of yuozye fret wyth perry ryche,
Pyllers of cristal garnished with many stone
Saphyzs, Rubyes, and Topasion,
Crisolytes, and Emeraudes grene
Wyth plate of golde filed that shone ful shene.

To bodily lust and dilectacion
This sayde Nero set al hys desyzes.
Gardayns & condyttes foz recreacion
He dyd ordayne to endure many yeres,
With nettes of golde fyshed in hys ryuers,
His garnementes of golde & Jnde stones
And neuer he woulde haue them on but ones

In hys begynning the stozy doth deuyse,
Lozde and Emperour in the cyte
To Senatours he gaue full great fraũchyse,
Graunted cõmons many a great liberte,
But in his most imperial dignite
Of frowarde wyl left all good policy,
And al atones gaue him to ribaudzy.

Of Grece & Egypt wyth diuers iogelours
And amonge villayns him selfe dyspoztinge,
Left the presence of olde Senatours
And amõg ribaudes he woulde harpe & sing,
Made comodies dishonestly sowning,
At the bozdel dyd him selfe auaunce
With common women openly to daũce.

Thus by pzocesse to al vertue contrary,
By great excesse he fyll in glotony,
And after that lyst no lenger tary
As euery vice to other doth apply,
Surfet and riot bzought in lechery
And ground of al as eche pozteresse
To exyle vertue was frowarde ydlenes.

About the cite called Hostience,
Beside Tibze and other freshe riuers

Dyd ordaine by excessife expence
Tentes for riot, cokes, and tauerners,
And al the nyght reuel aboute the fiers:
Ladies be came that were afore well named
By such falle riot afterwarde defamed.

The same Nero by falle abusion
It is reported, hys story who lyst se,
By violence from their religion
Such as had auowed chastite
And were professed to virginite
In the temple of Uesta the goddesse,
Of froward lust he dyd them oppres.

Amonge whych Rubria was one
Maugre her wyll she durst it not denye,
From the temple buylded of lime and stone
Sacred to Uesta myne auctour lyst not lye,
He rent her out to vse his lecherye,
Not withstandyng she was religious
Made her to abyde at the bordel hous.

By my wryting men shall neuer rede
The matter is so foule and outragious
To be reherced, and the horrible dede
Which Nero vsed whylom on Sporus,
And on an other called Ompharus,
Both male chyldren as bokes tel can
Them to transsourme to likenes of a womã.

Some bokes of hym determine
Lyke a ribaude horrible and detestable
He misused his mother Agripine,
And lyke a tiraunt cruel and vengeable
Which to remember is abhominable,
He made her wombe be corue vpon a daye
To se the place nyne monethes where ye lay.

Of vnnatural hateful cruelte
To God nor vertue hauyng no regarde,
And of the vyce of prodigalite
He was accused, in knyghthod a cowarde,
And to al vertue contrary and frowarde:
Of whos wodenes good hede whan I toke,
I was ashamed to set hym in thys booke.

He hated al that were vertuous
And to them had special enuy
Hys brethern, his wyfe, this tirant dyspitous
He fally slewe in hys malencoly,
His mayster Senec (auctours specifye)
Aye whan he saw him hauig a maner drede,
In an hote bathe to deth he made him blede.

To Polifagus a wodeman most sauage
Which that fed him most with flesche of man,
Nero toke men olde and yonge of age
To fynde him vitayle in stretes where he cãe,
Curled at his ende, curled whan he gan,
Whan he dyd offre innocentes blode
To be deuoured of him that ran so wode.

Chrisles fayeth fyrst he gan werreye
Of emperours in hys frowarde entent,
Peter and Paule in Rome he made deye
Upon a day their legende dothe assent:
Halfe the cite of Rome I fynde he brent,
And Senatours welnye euerychone,
This Nero slewe spared almost neuer one.

Made hys Mules be shod wyth siluer shone
Of surquedye whan he shoulde ryde,
The cite brent Romayns after sone
Pursued him vpon euery syde,
And from a subarbe where he did abyde
Twene Salaria and Numentana right,
Ther stant a path whyder he toke hys flyght.

By a depe marys as Nero toke his flyght
Whan he saw he myght not asterte,
He was so pursued by a Romayne knyght
To fynde socour he myght not dyuerte:
Roue him selfe anone vnto the herte,
Wyth a sharpe dagger a cursed ende lo,
Of the false tiraunt that called was Nero.

In stede of a Lenuoye.

IF this Nero to wryte a Lenuoye
Nor of his dedes to make mencion
To rede the processe no man should
haue ioye,
For al concludeth of murdre and of treason,
On aduoutry excesse and poyson,
Riot, glotony, lechery, vengeaunce,
Slaughter of him selfe ended with mischaũce

If that I myght I wolde race his name
Out of this boke that no man should it rede,
His vicious lyfe chefe myrrour of diffame,
Set hym a syde let no wyght take hede
For to remembre so many a cruell dede,
Saue onely thys to thinke in substaunce
Howe euery tiraunt endeth in mischaunce.

Of him I cast to wryte nowe no more
And what I say is sayde but in repreue

Of the vyces that he wrought of yore,
During his empyre, concluding for a chefe
All tyrannye shall ende wyth myschefe:
Record on Nero which for misgouernaūce,
As ye haue herde ended wyth mischaunce.

The.bi.Chapter.

Howe Eleazarus a Jewe borne for extorcion and robbrye was brought in prison and there ended.

After Nero came Eleazarus
A Jewe of byrth, a price of robbry
An extorcioner, cruel, & dispitous,
For his outrages don in that party
To redresse his hateful tiranny
A mighty pretour was sent fro Rome doun,
Called Felix, in to that region.

By force of Felix take he was and bounde,
Maugre his myght vnto Rome sent
Strongly fettred, wyth massy chaynes roūd,
Suffred in prison many great turment,
At the last this was his iudgement,
There to abyde because he was a thefe,
For euermore, ended in mischefe.

The.bii. Chapter.

How the heade of Galba was smytten of, filled ful of golde, and offred at the sepulture of Nero.

Sofore Bocas next came Galba down,
Whych in Spayne dyd many knyghtly dede,
After the deth rehersed of Neroun,
In hope stode this Galba as I rede
In thempyre iustly to succede, (borne,
Parcell for knightehode he hath hym so well
And for great mariage which he had before.

I finde in Bochas rehersed in sentence
He was disclaundred of hateful vices thre,
He was cruell contrary to clemence,
Straite in keping, gayne liberalite,
Vengeable of herte gayne mercy and pitie,
A thynge not sitting vnto chyualry,
Of custome yeue to slouth and slogardy.

To occupye thempyre he began,
Among Romains toke possession,
Claiming a title by one Licynian
That was his sonne by adopcion:
But anone after for his presumpcion
One called Otho a full manly knyght,
Smyt of his head were it wronge or right.

This sayd Galba mine auctour writeth thus
From his empire vnwarely pulled doun
Had an enemy called Patrobolus,
The head of Galba toke in possession,
Filled it with golde, made an oblacion
At the sepulture of Nero therewithal,
To all the goddes & goddesses infernall.

The.biii. Chapter.

Howe Otho and Uitellius for glottony, lechery, ribaudry, and crueltie, ende d in mischefe.

And after that thys offryng was full doo
As ye haue herde, to Bochas than
To make hys complainte in order came
Pyso,
A fore surnamed iustly Lycinian,
Sonne adoptyke to tel as I began
Of the sayde Galba, claimyng to succede;
Slaine anone after by Otho as I rede.

Than was thempire parted in to three,
Otho toke Rome vnto his partye,
And Uitellius to reigne in the countre
Ouer the boundes of all Germanye,
And Uaspasian reigned in Surrey,
But fyrst this Otho surnamed Siluius
Came to complaine cruel and dispitous.

Of al thempire this same Siluius
By slaughter, rauyne, and extorcion,
By murdre, dethe, and dedes outragious,
With mighty hande toke the possession:
And there began a great deuision
Whiche was occasion of great sorowe & woo
Atwene Uitellius and this sayde Otho.

It is reherced that in Germanye
In sondry places they had battayls thre,
In the whych Otho wyth hys partye
Uenquished the felde, made hys fone to flee,
But through fortunes mutabilite
The fourth tyme playnly this is the caas,
Maugre hys myght discomfited ther he was.

To fore Bedry a myghty stronge cite.

Of Germanye was this discomfiture
After which of frowarde cruelte
This sayde Otho seyng his auenture,
With wo suppriled might not endure
Of his constraint the inportable payne,
Toke a swoorde and roue his herte a twayne.

Uitellius hauing the victory
With his power as made is mencion,
Of surquedy and false vayne glory
Came with his hoste in to Rome toun:
But Bochas here maketh a discripcion
Reherssing shortly his byrth & eke his lyne,
And how that he of blode was Saturnyne.

This to say, Saturnus king of Crete
Chaced by Jupiter out of his region,
And Janus had in Italye take his sete
Upon a mount called Janiculum,
Where nowe of Rome is bilte the large toun,
Janus receuyng of liberalite
Whan Saturne fled in to his cite.

To fore ỹ cõming of Saturne this no fayle
Rude and boystous and beastial of reason
Was al the people abyding in Italye,
Land was none sowe nor turned vp so doun,
Nor marchaundise vsed in no toun
Tyll Saturne taught the maner of liuyng
Of tilth & labour to Janus that was kyng.

Afore whose commyng tofore as I you tolde
Craft was none vsed by no creature,
Nor no building of houses newe nor olde,
But liued as beastes their liuelode to recure,
Lyke as they were learned of nature:
They coude tho daies make no cloth ne shape
Of frosty wethers the greuous colde tescape.

They were not busy by costfull apparayle,
Of sundry meates and confections
Of diuers drinkes & manifolde vitayle
To be curious to their refections,
Marketts were none in cities nor in tounes,
No man wyth other bought nor solde
Tyll Saturne came & thẽ the maner tolde.

And whan he had taught them the manere
And set an ordre of their gouernaunce,
There symple people as bokes do vs lere
Lyke as to god did their attendaunce,
Wt certaine rightes to do their obseruaunce,
Worshipped him and after did him call
Saturne most myghty of their goddes al.

After this Saturne was made a petegre
To set an ordre conueied from his lyne,
Discending downe the maner who list se
To one Latinus, and so forth to Lauine,
Which was his doughter as poetes determie,
Thus by discẽt fro Saturne & Faunus
Borne of their blode came Uitellius.

The fyrst knyght borne of that linage,
Bycause he was manly and ryght famous
Had in armes prowesse and great corrage
He called was Uitellius Publius,
And of him came Uitellus Lucius,
Father to him mine auctour doth expresse
Of whom that I haue gonne this processe.

Diuers stories remembre & plainly tell
During hys youthe and stode at liberte,
How this forsayde that called was Uitell
Was the most vicious ỹ any where might be,
Yeue to ribaudy and al dishoneste:
Because of which chaũged was his name
Called Spintour a name of great diffame.

I finde that he was an hasardour
In all his workes passyng riotous,
For his surfetes great with the emperour
That whilom was called Claudius,
And for his dedes and maners outragious
For his great waste and prodigalite
Of great dispte, he fell in pouerte.

Amonge his riotes & surfetes moe than one
Whiche he did in countreis here and there,
I finde that he for nede solde a stone
Which his mother bare whylom at her eare:
For by olde time was vsed who list here
Women that were that tyme of hye degre
Bare at their eares stones and perre.

And by the sellyng of that ryche stone
For whych that he receyued great treasour,
By subtyll worksyng & sleightes mo than one
He gate him frendes & was made emperour:
And therewithall he dyd eke his labour
To receyue another dignite,
To be chefe byschop in Rome the cite.

And in short tyme thys Uitellius
Of thempyre toke on him al the state,
The swoorde receiued of Cesar Julius,
Used a garnement that was purpurate:
Dempt of him selfe he was most fortunate
Notwtstãding more boldely that time at leest
Of

Of Flienloys holden was the feest.

Flienloys was a solempnite
Imonge Romaynes kept by dayes olde,
In frēch myne auctour recordeth thus parde:
And in that tyme of custome no man shoulde
Nor by statute bounde was nor holde
To do no maner occupacion
That touched vnto religion.

Duryng this feast he should haue hys askyng
By a custome vsed in that cite,
And Uitellius as emperour and kyng
Asked that time another dignite,
To be chefe bysshop and haue auctorite
Of that estate wyth power hole & playne,
No man so hardy to reply theragayne.

From al vertue Uytel dyd vary,
Set at nought al wysdome and science,
Thought vnto him was not necessary
Cōning, knighthode, māhode, nor prouidēce,
Gaue hym onely to slouth and negligence,
To glotony, folowyng his desyres,
Watche alnyght wyth drinke & rereseupers.

Beyng a bysshop of their panym lawe
Lyke romayne ryghtes doynge their seruise,
To fore the goddes he wold him selfe wdrawe
And cast aside senser and sacrifice,
And call a boy in ful vngodly wyse
A kechyn boye to fore the hye auter,
And hym cōmaūded to bring hym hys dyner.

Beyng arayed in his pontificail
For the maner boyde of deuocion,
Lyke a ribaude or lyke a wode minstral
Euer dronklewe and out of all reason,
Gorge vpon Gorge this excessyue gloton
Most ydroptike dranke ofte agayne lust,
The more he dranke the more he was athrust

Thys was a bysshop sacred for Sathan,
And an emperour crowned wyth mischaūce,
More lyke in porte a beast than a man
Used al his power in slaughter & vengeaūce,
To shed blode was set all hys pleasaunce,
Takynge no hede nouther of wrong ne right
And thus he wexte hatefull to euery wyght,

Hys soudiours forsoke hym nye echone
In al parties, by hym where they were sent,
Through al the countreis of Septemtrion
And in al Surry towarde the orient,

Of one accorde and all of one assent
Echone forsoke hym, wyth him bode not a mā
And became seruauntes to Uaspasian.

Uitellius sawe it wolde be none other,
And for feble of dronknenes and outrage,
And sawe the power gan fayle of hys brother
Whan he had sent and signed the voyage
Agayne Uaspasian to holde hys passage,
But al for nought backward went hys party
Stode dyspayred of euery remedy.

Thus Uitellius vnhappy to the werres,
Lyke a fordronke vnhappy gloton,
Whose host afore raught vp to the sterres,
Now al hys pryde in mischefe is come doun,
Fayne for to accord to thys conuencion:
For litel treasour whych men shoulde hym al-
To Uaspasian thempyre to resygne. (sygne

Thys was his promise but he held it nought,
What he sayd his worde was neuer stable,
Certaine flaterers chaūged had hys thoughte
And certayne comōs that euer be chaūgeable
Gaue him coūsaile, sayd hym selfe was able
To gouerne thestate imperial
And none so able for to reken al.

Fyrst of Almayne he sent out soudiours
And of presumpcion a newe werre he gan,
Thought ỹ he was amōge other werriours
Able to fight agayne Uaspasian,
And of auenture it befell so than
In these werres Uaspasians brother
Yslayne was it woulde be none other

This froward man called Uitellius
Ungracious euer founde in hys entent,
Smyt of the head of the sayde Fabius
Brother of Uaspasiā and to Rome it sent,
And after that the Capitoyle he brent,
But synge on within a lytel space
Among Romayns he lost both hap & grace.

Of hys riot what shoulde I more entrete
For except riot nothynge of hym I rede,
His coke, his pastelere, folke were most mete
To serue his lustes and appetites to fede,
Forsoke him not but went wyth hym in dede
Toward Champayne, ryght as any lyne
Up to a hyll called Auentyne.

Standing in hope but that was but in bayne
Of Uaspasian the fauour to recure,

Cuyn to Rome retourned is agayne,
The palays entred, & there him selfe to assure
Hauyng with him none other creature
The gates shyt whych was to him shame
Take at the last, forsoke hys owne name.

Halfe naked he was and halfe clad
Al alone lyke as he was founde,
So in the citie afore the people lad
Both his handes behynde hys backe bounde
With mighty chaines and ropes rounde:
Lyke a woodeman of loke and of vilage,
The people to him hauing this langage.

O thou olde lecherous foule gloton,
A very cowarde, to al vertue contraire,
Cruel, vengeable of thy condicion,
To euery good man cruell aduersayre,
To all cursed benygne and debonayre,
Rote of al lurketes, hauyng aye delyte
To sue and folowe thy lecherous appetite.

With such rebukes & castyng of ordure
With donge & clay blotted was his vilage,
In the presence of many a creature
With cordes drawe he was by great outrage
Unto a place called in their langage
Their chefe rackes, or galowes of the toun,
Where is of custome done execucion.

Some men remẽbre he slayne was in haste
w̃ sharpe swordes dismẽbred on ꝑ grounde,
His carayne after in to Tybre caste
With a large hoke of yron sharpe & rounde,
No more reuerence than a stinking hounde:
Remembring here myne auctour saith also
Of this Uitellius Galba and Otho,

Assyrmyng thus as for their partie
They be named among the emperours,
For a time the state did occupie:
And first this Galba by record of auctours
Died at mischefe voide of all socours,
Eyght monethes reigned as lorde & syre,
And after that cast out of his empyre.

The thyrde moneth as made is mencion
Otho died, proude and ambicious,
And as I fynde the domination
Last eight monethes of Uitellius,
And for they were proude and lecherous,
Cruel, vengeable, & borne of cursed lyne,
In wretchydnesse echone they did fyne.

The.ix.chapter.

¶ Here Bochas against glottonye complayneth saying as it followeth.

HEre Bochas seing the great offence
Of this forsaid froward company,
Toke his penne of entere diligence
And in his studie gan him selfe apply
To dampne the vice of hatefull glotony,
For which sinne record of Adame
All our mischeues and sorowes came.

By the outrage of disobeysaunce
Our said father being in Paradise
Twene him & vertu ther rose a gret distaũce,
Clerely conceiued he that was so wyse
Aboue creatures by reason bare the prise,
Tyll he of foly wrongly gan assent
To be gouerned by a false serpent.

His innate vertues did him anone forsake
For his assenting, & did in haste retourne
Again to heuin whan the infernall snake
In stede of vertue did with man sojourne:
For whiche we haue great matter to mourne
Sithe that we be dissourmed in certaine
By vicious liuing of vertue made barayne.

And thus came in the domination
Of vices al, and helde a great battaile,
The retinue lent from the infernall dongeon
Us woful wretches in erthe for to assaile,
Stretching their power and proudly gan pre
Through the world & possession toke (uayle
For our demerites whan vertue vs forsoke.

These saide vertues compriled in the nombre
Of foure, reken ed prudẽce, attemperaunce,
From vicious life, radawed vs fro ꝑ slombre,
Rightwisnesse to haue holde the balaunce,
And fortitude of their alliaunce,
Whan they forsoke mankinde to gouerne
Than of all vertue was clipsed the lanterne.

Thus through derknesse vices were bolde
The multitude almost innumerable,
Among all reken ed of newe or olde
There be foure perilous and reprouable,
Slouth, lechery, and most abhomynable
False nurice, by a gredy desyre
With glotony, chefe kyndler of their fyre.

Nature

Nature in sothe with littel is content,
And as mine auctour abideth here a whyle
And to remembre was somwhat diligent
To write whan Saturne reigned in the yle
Called Crete, the prophetesse Sibyle
In her time by great auctorite
The world deuided prudently in thre.

The.x.Chapiter.

A chapiter discriuinge the golden worlde, that is to saye whan attemperaunce had holy the gouernaunce.

THe world whã Saturne was first kinge
Reigninge in Crete in his Royall estate,
Noe & Abraham by vertuous liuing
Causeld erthly folke to be most fortunate,
The world tho daies was called aureate,
For sobrenesse and attemprance
Had in that worlde holy the gouernaunce.

There was ỳ time no wronge nor violence
Enuie exiled from euery creature,
Dissolucion and dronken insolence
Rybaudy and al suche foule ordure,
Frowarde lurkers contrary to nature,
Banysched were, bycause attemperaunce
Had in that world holy the gouernaunce.

Youth was bridled vnder discipline,
Vertuous study floured in myddle age,
Drede helde the yarde of norture & doctrine,
Riot restrained from surquedous outrage,
Hatefull detraction repressed his langage,
Youth was charite bycause attemperaunce
Had in that world holy the gouernaunce.

Fortitude stode tho in his might,
Defended wydowes & cherished chastyte,
Knighthod in prowesse gaue so clere a light
Gyde with his sworde of trouthe and equite,
Helde vp the church in spiritual dignite,
Punished heritikes, bicause attemperaunce
Had in that worlde holy the gouernaunce.

Right wisnesse chastised all robbours
By egall balaunce of execucion, (rours
Fraude, false mede, put backwarde fro iu-
Trewe promise holde made no delacion.
Forswering shamed durst entre in no toun,
Nor lesingmongers, bycause attemperaunce
Had in that worlde holy the gouernaunce,

That golden worlde coude loue god & drede,
All the seuyn dedes of mercy for to vse,
The riche was redy to do almesdede
Who asked harbour men did him nat refuse,
No man of malice would other tho accuse,
Diffame no neighbour bicause attẽperaunce
Had in that world holy the gouernaunce.

The true marchaũt by mesure bought & sold
Discrete was none in the artificer,
Makig no balkes ỳ plough was truly hold,
Idacke slodrydelnesse fer fro the labourer,
Discrecion marciall at dyner and souper,
Content with measure, bycause attẽperaũce
Had in that worlde holy the gouernaunce.

Of waste in clothing was ỳ time no excesse,
Men might ỳ lorde frõ his subiectes know,
A difference made twene pouerte & rychesse,
Twene a princesse and other states lowe,
Of horned beastes no boste was tho blowe:
Nor counterfete fayning, bicause attẽperaũce
Had in that worlde holy the gouernaunce.

This golden worlde long while did endure,
Was none alay in that metal sene,
Tyll Saturne cesed by recorde of scripture
Jupiter reigned, put out his father clene,
Chaunged Orizon in to siluer shene,
All vp so downe bycause attemperaunce
Was set aside and lost her gouernaunce.

Of Martes mineral the metal is so stronge
Inflexible and nat malliable,
By sturdinesse to do the people wronge
With rigorous sword, furious & vengeable,
The merciful golde of Phebus, nat placable
To haue compassion, bicause attemperaunce
Was set aside and lost her gouernaunce:

Leed of Philosophers is called gold leprus,
Tyn of Jupiter, crasshing & dull of soun,
False and fugitife is Mercurius,
The mone is mutable of her condicion,
The golden worlde is tourned vp so doun,
In eche estate sithe attemperaunce
Was set aside and lost her gouernaunce.

By Sibyles exposicion
Take of this metall the moralite,
The golden world was gouerned by reson,
The world of yron was furious cruelte

The mone is mutable full of duplicite,
Lyke to this worlde bicause attemperaunce,
Is set alyde and hath no gouernaunce.

Uenus of louers empresse and Quene
Of vicious lustes lady and maystres,
Her mettal coper that wyll ternyche grene,
A chaungeable colour contrary to sadnesse:
A notable figure of worldly vnstydfastnesse,
Like gery Uenus bycause attemperaunce,
Was set aside and lost her gouernaunce.

Myne auctour Bochas gan pitously cõplain
Of the disordynate Cormerous glotony,
Of Uitellius and his felowes twayne
All thre diffouled with horrible lechery
Diffamed by sclaundre for their rybaudry,
Contrarious enemyes echone to atẽperaũce,
Banished al thre might haue no gouernance

Of glotonye and ryotous excesse,
Watche and reuell, & drynking all ỹ night.
Come vncouth feuers & many great accesse,
Mẽbres podagre maketh mẽ go nat right,
Goutes, mormalles horrible to the sight,
Many infirmitees, bycause attemperaunce
Was nat of coũsel toward their gouernaunce.

Out of their courte banished was prudence,
Fortitude had none enteresse
Gayne vicious liuing to make resystence,
Cried wolues, hid was vertuous sobernes
Trouth durst nat medle backe stod rightwis
Put out of houshold was attẽprance (nesse,
And with these empsours had no gouernaũce.

Sonne of the prophete called zacharye
The patriarke the holy man sayne Jhon
Victorious champion of gredy glotonye,
Lyued in deserte daynties he had none,
Eat mel Siluestre, lay on the colde stone
Locustas gadred, his coke was temperaunce
And of his houshold had al the gouernaunce.

Of camel heares was wouyn his clothyng,
Recorde the gospell that can the trouth tell,
Honysocles his moderate fedyng
Wonge wilde beastes whan he did dwell,
To stanche his thurst dranke water of ỹ wel,
This blessed Baptist rote of attempraunce,
Set for these myrrour of good gouernaunce.

Of his diete catour was scarlite,
His costful sode was vertuous abstynence,
Rotes of deserte his delicate plente,
His riche pymentes his ypocras of dispence
Hinge nat in costretes nor botels in the spẽce,
Nat excessiue bycause attemperaunce
Had of his houshold holy the gouernaunce.

This Baptist Jhon by his moderate foode
The chefe triũphe of abstinence hath begon,
This patriarke reken on the goode
Content with litel al suffisaunce hath won,
As Dyogenes in his littell ton
Held him apayed, bycause attemperaunce
Had of his houshold al the gouernaunce.

His tonne to him was receite & houshold,
And if I should boste of his celere
There were no cuppes of siluer nor golde,
His costful vintage came from the riuere,
Wel timed mesure was for his mouth but-
And his tastour was attemperaunce (lere,
Which of his houshold had al ỹ gouernaũce.

His conquest was more soueraine of degre
Than Alysaunders for al his hie renoune,
For he conquered his sensualite,
Made him subiecte and seruaunte to reason,
Daunted of prudence eche forayne passion,
His clerke of kitchin called attemperaunce
Whiche of his dyete had al the gouernaunce.

Of superfluite, of slouthe, and of slepe
This Diogenes stode euer amonge in drede,
Of worldly fauour he toke no maner kepe,
Straw was his litter, a simple russet wede,
Turned his ton againe the winde in dede:
Twene hote and colde, that attemperaunce
In somer & winter had hole the gouernaũce.

¶ Lenuoy.

NOble princes of prudence take hede
This litell chaptre breuely to com-
prehende,
The golden worlde is turned into
Pray to god his grace downe to sende (lede,
Of his hie mercy that it may sone amende,
And that this princesse called attẽperaunce
May of your houshold haue the gouernaũce.

Chefely for loue and parcel eke for drede
In your estate whan ye be most shynende,
For your encrees & your most gracious spede
To his preceptes do diligently attende,
Of olde emperours rede the legende
Whyle they were ruled by attemperaunce
In longe prosperite stode their gouernaunce.

Of worthy kingdoms Rome is called hede
Whose royal boũdes farthest out extende,
In marcyall actes bothe in length & brede
Rem publicam by prowesse to diffende,
No forayne enemy hardy to offende
Their hye nobilesse whyle attemperaunce
With her thre lusters had the gouernaunce.

The.xi.Chapter.

How the kinrede of Jacob was distroyd, Christe borne and died, Jerusalem distroyed: and.xi.hundred.M. slain by sworde hungre fyre and pestilence.

The story ended of Uitellius
Of his two feres Galba & Otho,
How his caraine horrible and hidious
Drowned in Tybre was possed to and fro:
After their story accomplished was and do
Came a great nombre to Bochas as I rede
Echone discended of Jacobes kynrede.

In token of complaint and heuynesse
Like folke dismayed clad in mournig wede,
For the constraynt of their wretchydnesse
Bespreynt wt teares quaking in their drede,
Knowing no recure in so streight a nede
Resembling folke by tokens full mortall,
That were toward some feast funerall.

Their ugly cheres pytous to beholde
As they gan approche the presence
Of Jhon Bochas to tell their sorowes olde,
Their woundes bleding by marcial violẽce:
Oppressed with hũger thurst & lodẽ pestilẽce,
By forayne sworde their liues manalyng
Upon the deathe as beastes abyding

That were enclosed narowe in a folde
Dispayred socour to recure, (bolde
To passe the boundes for dred they were nat
Within enfampned, barayne of all pasture,
This wofull story remembred in scripture
Howe that of Jacob the generacion
Was vengeably brought to distruction.

This patriarke called whilome Israell
Most renomed amonge all nacions,
And most famous the Bible can well tell
Their lyne out rekened through all regions,
By goddes behest toke their possessions,
Maugre Egypteins and Pharaos pride,
Whan Moises by god was made their gide.

With drie fete they passed the Reed see,
Conueyed by Moyses and also by Aaron,
Their lawe was written ỹ Bible who list se
Upon Syna in tables of harde stone,
And through deserte as they did gone
With aungels meate called mãna as I rede,
Forty wynter there he dyd them fede.

After Moyses led by Josue
In to the lande of Promission,
Twelue lynages of Jacob there parde
He let make a distribucion,
And to eche lyne he gaue his portion:
By promyse made afore to Abraham
To Isaac & Jacob, whan they thyder came.

By patriarkes and prophetes ỹ were lad,
Maugre their enemies & their mortall fone,
By mighty dukes and iudges they were lad,
Gate all the regions where they did gone,
Tyll at the last of pride they echone
Lyke other nacions wolde haue a kyng,
Saul was chose god graunted their asking.

Thus by patryarkes and by theyr alyes,
From Abraham the genelogie
Colde by prophetes & by their prophelies,
Conueyed to Dauid, whiche in his regalye,
Helde of Jewes all hole the monarchye:
Of whose kynrede by processe thus it stode
Was Christ Jesu borne of that roial blode.

Sent frõ his father as prophetes determine
Toke flesshe and blode for our saluacion,
By the holy goost borne of a pure virgyne,
Had amonge Jewes great tribulacion,
Under Herodes suffred passion,
And as the gospell truely doth discriue,
The third day he rose from death to liue.

This blessed lorde, this lorde of most vertue,
Ende of December borne in Bethelem,
And by the aungell named was Jesu,
Shewed to thre kinges by a sterre beem,
This same Jesus in Jerusalem
By conspyracion of Jewes through enuy,
By Pylate dempt to dye on Caluary.

Thus vnto Jesu, Jewes were vnkynde
For whiche they were distroyed nye echone,

Cyrste

Chriſt prophesied the gospel maketh mynde
How of their cite there shold nat lye a stone
Upon another for their mortal fone
Should thē besiege he told them so certaine,
And make Jerusalem with ȳ soile al plaine.

With weping eyen Chriſt told thē so beforne
Of their ruine and their distruction,
Synne was cause that they were lorne
For they nat knewe to their confusion
Time of their notable vysitacion (lowe
Whan Chriſt came down borne here in erthe
For their saluaciō they lyſt him nat to know.

Thyrty yeres fully cronyculers write
And somwhat more, after his passion
Amonge the Jewes playnly to endyte,
Within them selfe fyll a diuision,
Murdrers rose vp within their own toun
So great a nombre with many an homicide
That in the cite no man durſt well abyde.

Their presidentes reigning in Jude
Seing this horrible foule rebellion,
And of murderers the mortall cruelte
That longe endured in that region,
Which for to appese romains sent doun
Vaspacian, with many a manly knight
Whiche in to Galylee, toke his way right.

And to chaſtyse tho murderers & robbours
Brent their coūtrey as he rode vp and doun,
So continued with his soudyours
Tyll vnto time the countreys enuyron
Of Jerusalem entred be the toun,
With their oblacions, in many sondry wyse
As Paske required to do their sacrifyse.

Tofore tho dayes was Jerusalem
Had in great worſchyp of all nations,
Called princesse of euery other reem,
Whose fame stretchyd through al regyons,
Their treasour great and their possessions:
Double walled of buylding moſt notable,
Dreding no enemy for it was impregnable.

Among romayns was many a manly man
Willing echone of one affection,
Through the knighthode of Vaspasian
Echone to labour to the distruction
Of Jerusalem, for great diuision
Amonge them selfe was gon in the cite,
By certaine captains ȳ were in nombre thre.

Horrible tyrauntes oppressing the porayle,
Of gouernaunce frowarde and outragious
Fally deuided eche other dyd assayle,
Amonge them selfe had many gret batayle,
Werre without and werre was within
Thus of vengeaunce mischefe dyd begyn.

Vaspasian nat beyng rechelees
For his party lyke a prudent knight
By notable meanes exited them to pees,
But all for nought blent their owne sight,
To chese the beſt they coude nat se a right:
And in this while this noble werryour
Vaspasian was chosen emperour.

By Alexaundrie, to Rome he went againe,
Receiued there themperiall dignite,
His son Titus he made his chefe capitaine
His procuratour to gouerne in Jude,
Beſet enuyron Jerusalem the cyte,
With men of armes siegedit so about,
That none might entre nor none issue out.

Stopped their cōdutes & their waters clere,
Enfamined them for lacking of vitayle,
A certain woman thus saith the croniculere
Rosted her childe whan vitaile did fayle,
She had of store none other apparayle:
Theron by layser her selfe she dyd fede
Which in a woman was to horryble a dede.

Their mighty walles with gons caſt downe
Two stronge towres take of their cite,
Reſistence gan fayle in the towne,
They stode of hungre in such perplexyte:
Tytus of knighthode and magnanimite
Throughout the toure called Antonian
Is entred in like a knightly man.

The people in streates lay for hunger dead
To bye nor sel no lyfelode in the town,
There was no succour of drinke nor breed
In paine of death borne nouther vp ne doun,
Vompyte of one was the refection
Unto another, there was such scarcite
Who redeth Josephus the trouth he may se.

Brent was the temple made by Salomon,
Which had endured (thus writ ȳ crōyculere)
That was so royal buylt of ryche stone
Fully a thousande & two hundred yere,
Romains entred maugre their poztere,
With speare, pollax, & swoꝛde charpe whet,
Lyke wode lions slewe whom they met.

Simon John and Eleazarus

Their

Their riche gates couered with plate of gold
Were brent and molten without exception,
The syluer ymages & forged were of gold,
The vyolent fyre made them renne doun:
Noble Tytus had compassion yn
His marciall dukes spared nothing certain,
Lest of presumpcion they wolde rebel agayn.

A leuen hudred thousande were there slaine,
By swerde, by hungre, by fyre, & pestilence,
Stynke of carayns ỹ in the stretes layne
Caused of deathe most sodayne vyolence,
And Titus gaue among them this sentence:
I meane of them that dyd alyue dwell,
For a penny men shoulde thurty sell.

So as Judas solde Christ for thurty pence,
Titus againe thought of equyte
Of marchaundyse to make recompence,
Thurty Jewes founde in the cyte
For a penny and for nomore parde
They to be solde, for theyr great outrage
Euer amonge Sarazyns to liue in seruage.

Of the temple a priest that was full olde
Two stately lantarnes ỹ were bright & shene
Tables, balyns, violes of bright golde
He presented, and thus he dyd mene,
That their treasure should wele be sene
Of the temple, and shewed to Titus
In token it was whilom so glorious.

To shewe eke there he did his busy cure
Silke, sinamone, & frankencens withall,
For sacrifise, the purpurate vesture,
With Azimthumum, the ryche pectorall,
Whiche ordained were in especiall
For the solempne place of places all
Sancta sanctorum, and so men dyd it call

Of the cite a prince called Jhon
To Titus came and shewed his presence,
Pale for hunger there came also Symon,
Brought by a duke ỹ named was Terence,
Clad in purple brought by violence:
Receiued of Titus whan this noble town
Castels towres & walles were smyt downe.

In to a castell called Mazadan
Eleazarus had take his flight,
Beleged of Scilla, or he the castell wan
This Eleazar like a furious knight
Within the castel the selfe same nyght
Styred euery man, father, childe, & brother
With sharpe swordes erche man to sle other.

Thus was this cite most stately of bilding
That whilom was of this worlde chefe toun
Where Melchyseder reigned preest & kyng,
By dayes olde as made is mencion, (mon
Restored by Dauid, builded newe of Salo-
Princesse of prouinces, was no wher such a-
Now is it abiect & refuse of al other. (nother

Unto the Jewes Christ Jesu gaue respite
Full thurty yere, or he toke vengeaunce,
In token the lord hath ioye & great delite
Whan that sinners dispose them to penaũce,
By contricion and hertely repentaunce,
This blessed lorde this king most merciable
Longest abideth or he lyst be vengeable.

He was to them so gracious and benygne
Bade that they shoulde to him conuert sone,
Shewed vnto them many an vncouth signe
During twelue dates eclipsed was ỹ mone:
The people atones knew nat what to done,
But indurate in their froward entent
Like folke abashed wyst nat what it ment.

Afore the siege or Titus gan the werre
Ouer the cite (wherof they wert aferde)
There appered a comete and a sterre,
The sterre was shape like a sharpe swerde,
Touching the comet there was neuer herde
Of such another so firy bright and clere,
Which endured the space of al the yere.

Their festiual day halowed in Apryl,
Their preestes busy to make oblacion,
So great a light in the temple fyll
That al the people standing enuyron,
Thought it so bright in their inspection
Passing the sonne as it did seme,
But what it ment no man coude deme.

As the preestes dyd their busy cure
To offre a calfe anone or they toke hede,
The same calfe a thing agayne nature
Brought forth a lambe ỹ same time I rede:
In vgly token which put them in gret drede,
A contrary pronostication
Shewed vnto them of their subuersion.

With other tokens frowarde and contrarye
The same time were shewed euer amonge,
The brasen dores of the inwarde sentwarye
With yron barres shit that wer most strong,

Brode

Brode of entayle rounde and wondre longe,
That might nat meue .xxx. mennes might,
Opened by them selfe twyse on a night.

There were sene also charres in the eyre,
Men of armes with bright swordes clere,
Of plate and maile the armure was so faire
Bright as Phebus where it did appere:
And as the storie also doth vs lere
With their cheltrons and their apparayle,
Approcher made their cyte for tallayle.

To the Jewes it dyd signifye
A pronostyke of theyr distruction,
Preestes to the temple as they dyd hie
Upon a night to do oblacion
Amid the temple was herde a dredfull soun,
Of which noyse this was ȳ dredeful ende,
Ryse vp echone and let vs hence wende.

And ful four yere tofore the siege gan
One Ananias yonge and tendre of age
Of his byrthe, sonne of a rude man,
By disposicion dul of his corage,
Lyke as he had fall in a rage
Ran in the cite by a maner frensye,
Spared nat with open mouthe to crye.

Unto this noyse was made none obstacle
But obstinat euer to his entent,
Day of the feest holde in the tabernacle
A voice (quod he) out of the orient
Voice fro the southe, fro northe, & occident,
Voice fro ȳ four wyndes ȳ blow so wyde
Voice again Jerusalē crieth on euery syde.

Voice a gaine the tēple agayn ȳ people also,
Voice againe husbādes, voice againe wiues,
Wo to Jerusaleu, with a treble wo,
Of hungre, thurst, & leling of their liues,
Of sworde and fyre & many sodayn strues:
This was the wretched lamentacion
Which Ananie cried through the toun.

Beaten he was for his affray ful ofte,
Whipped, scourged, endlonge & vpright,
Al were it so he felte it ful vnsofte
Was by beating made faint & feble of might,
He stynt nat to crie so day and night:
A pronostike shewing to the cite,
Howe right sone it shoulde distroyed be.

By rehersayle also of Carnotence
With that cite for sinne it stode so tho,
That if Romains by martiall vyolence
Had nat come and done them all this wo,
The erthe should haue opened and vndo:
Deuoured the people boyde of al refuge,
Or drowned ȳ toun by some sodayne deluge.

Brefely to passe this vengeāce most terryble
Done vpon Jewes for their transgression,
For their demerites ȳ punishing most horry-
Of Jerusalem fynall subuersion, (ble
Of the temple, the tabernacle, and the toun,
In Josephus who lyst se al the dede,
De Bello Judaico ȳ surplus he may rede.

☞ Thus endeth the seuenth boke and here after folowyth the pro-logue of the eyght.

¶ The Prologue of the eyght Booke.

BOchas maketh here an exclamacion
Agayn the iewes great vnkyndnesse,
Brought bi the romains, their cite adoun
Lyke as the story dyd here tofore expresse,
They disparcled to liue in wretchednesse,
By gods hand punished for their outrage,
For euer to liue in tribute and seruage.

Folowyng myne auctor, I cast for to touch
So as I can rehercyng the manere,
Howe John Bochas lying on his couche,
Spake to himselfe, sayd as ye shall here:
Why arte thou so dul of loke and chere?
Lyke a man thy face beareth wytnesse,
That him disposeth to lyue in ydelnesse.

Certes quod John I take right good kepe,
Of muche trauayle that the outrage
Hath by longe slombre caste me in a slepe:
My lymmes feble, croked, and faynt for age,
Caste in a drede for dulnesse of corage:
For to presume vpon me to take,
Of the eyght boke an end for to make.

Thou wenyst peraventure in thine opinyon
By this labour to get the a name,
For to reherce the sodain falling doun,
And by some newe processe for to attame,
Of princes sitting hie in the house of fame,
In diuers bokes where thou dost them fynd,
Perpetually to put thy name in minde.

Thy dayes short put the in great drede,
Of suche a labour to take the passage:
The more feble the flower is the rede
Thy sight darked, and thou arte fal in age.
Among remembryng thinke on this langage
Whan men be buryed low in the earth doun,
Saue of good liuing, farewell all guerdon.

Worldlye goodes shall passe right sone,
Tresour, connyng, and al shal out of mynde:
Frendshyp chaungeth, as doth ỳ cloudy mone,
It a skrapte nede fewe frendes men do finde.
But a good name, whan it is left behind,
Passeth all ryches, if it be well deserued,
And al golde, in coffer locked and conserued.

Of thy labour the fame shall were derke,
Beware Bochas, and herof take good hede:
Slouth spake to me, and bad me leue warke,
For synal reward ỳ shalt haue for thy mede.
As by ensample, thou mayste of other rede,
This was the langage, I had therof routhe,
Atwene John Bochas & this ladye Slouthe.

Bochas astonied gan down his heed decline,
Upon his pillowe hanging in a traunce,
Stode in gret doute, coude not determyne
Lyke a man hangynge in balauuce,
To what partye he shulde hys pen auaunce:
To procede as he vndertoke,
Or leue the labour of his eyght boke.

Atwene twayne abyding thus a while,
What was to do in doute he gan to flete:
Halfe within and half ouer the stile, (mete,
Coude not discerne to him what was moste
Tyll Fraunces Petrark, the laureate poete,
Crowned wyth laurer, Grace was his gide,
Came and set him downe by his beddes side.

And as Bochas out of hys slombre abrayde,
And gan adawen somwhat of hys chere,
And sawe Petrarke, lowly to him he sayde:
Welcome mayster crowned wyth laurere,
Whiche haue I trayle, lyke a sonne clere,
With poetry plainly to discrue,
Most soueraynly enlumined by your liue.

I haue desyred as it is well couthe,
Of rightfull herte by humble attendaunce;
To do you worshyp fro my tendre youth,
And so shall I euer voyde of all varyaunce,
Duryng my lyfe: for trewly in substaunce,
Ye haue ben lanterne lyght and dyrection,
Aye to support myne occupation.

As in wrytyng bokes to compyle,
Chefe ensample to my great auauntage:
To refourme the rudenes of my stile,
With aureat colours of your fresshe langage.
But nowe for dulled by impotence of age,
Of Decrepitus marked with many a signe,
My labour vp of writing I resigne.

I cast me not forthe to procede,
Stande at a bay fordriuen for werynes,
Quod Fra. Petrark lese not thus thy mede,
Yeue me no cause to report nor expresse,
In thy last age, thou hast found a maistres,
Which the bridled in soth ỳ that is routhe,
And holdeth thy rein and she is called slouth.

In euident token of frowarde flogardye,
Upon thy bed thy lymmes so to dresse,
Ryse vp for shame, for I can well espy,
Folke that can grone and fele no sycknesse,
Their chamberlayne is called ydelnes:
Which layth thy pyllow at eue and morrowe,
Voyd her from the and let her go with sorow.

To all vertue froward and contrary
Is ydelnesse, here in this present life:
Which hath the draw away fro thy lybrarye,

Wyll the not ſuffer to be contemplatyke.
For her condycion is to holde ſtryke,
With euery vertuous occupacion,
which men ſhuld voyde of wyſdom and reſō.
In this mater what ſhuld I long tary?
Thy ſlombre leaue and vp thine eine dreſſe.
The boke I made of like ſolytarye,
Remembre theron, the which in ſyckernes,
Teacheth the way of vertuous buſynes:
By and by, who liſt rede euery lyne
Of contemplacion moral and diuyne.
As I ſayd erſt yet lyft vp thy loke,
Forſake thy bed, ryſe vp anone for ſhame,
Wolde ſt ꝑ reſt nowe vpon thy ſeuenth boke?
And leaue the eight, in ſoth thou art to blame:
Proceede forth and get thy ſelf a name.
And with one thyng do thy ſelf comforte,
As thou deſerueſt, men after ſhal reporte,
Make a comparyſon twene derknes & lyght,
Twene ydlenes and occupacion,
Twene fayre dayes and the cloudy nyghte:
Twene a cowards proweſſe and hye renoun,
Twene vertuous ſpeche & falſe detraction,
And to conclude all vices to repreſſe,
Contrary to ſlouthe, is vertuous buſyneſſe.
Vertuous buſines (O Bochas take hede,
Reneweth all thynges of olde antiquite:
Maketh men to lyue after they be dead,
Remember the nobles of many a great cityе:
And ne were writers al were gone parde,
Wherfore Bochas ſyth ꝑ art nere the lande,
Suffre not thy ſhyp to ſtomble on the ſande.
I meane as thus the ſhyp of thy trauayle,
Which hath paſſed the ſe of bokes ſeuen,
Caſt not ankre tyll thou haue good rnayle,
Let no tempeſt of thundre nor of leuin
Nor no wyndes of the cloudye heuen
Nor no falſ tāglers of demers the will bliue,
Depraue thy labour and let thy ſhip to ariue.
Haſte on thy way let grace croſſe thy ſayl,
Fall on no t ande of wilful negligyence:
Let good wyll be chefe of thy counſayle,
To gye thy rother ſet entyre diligence.
Al vitayle fayle and wine to thy diſpence,
yet at the laſt thynke for thy ſocour
Some royal prince ſhal quite the thy labour.
Thinke by writing auctors did theyr payne
To yeue princes theyr commendations,
To Remus & Romulus called foūders twain
Of Rome to wne, and of two Scipions,
The knyghthode, prudence of two Catons,
Of Julius Pompey, and Hanybal eke alſo,
By enſample of whome, loke that thou do ſo.
Of Prophetes they wrote the propheſies,
And the nobleſſe of olde Moyſes:
Of poetes the laureat poeſies,
The force of Sāpſon, ꝑ ſtrength of Hercules
Of two greekes Pyrrus and Achylles,
By their wryting bokes ſay the ſame,
Unto this day, yet endureth the name.
And he that can, and ceaſeth for to wryte
Notable enſamples of our predeceſſours,
Of enuye men wyll him atwite, (ſloures.
That he in gardayns let peryſhe the holſome
In ſondry wyſe that might do great ſocours,
Labour for other and ſpare not thy trauayle,
For vertuous labor agayn ſlouth doth auaile,
A thyng remembred of antiquite,
Is whan there is ſet a fayre ymage
Of a prince, of hye or lowe degre,
Or of a perſon a pryncte of his viſage,
Gladdeth his frende quicketh his corage,
And ſemblably by example men may kynde,
Things forgotten by writing come to minde,
And for to make our names perdurable,
And our merites to put in memory,
Vices to eſchewe in vertue to be ſtable,
That labour may of ſlouth haue the victorye,
To clayme a ſee in the heuenly conſiſtory,
Diſpyte of ydlenes and forthering of vertus,
Fyne of our labour be yeue to Chriſt Jeſu.
Whan Petrark had rehereed this leſſon,
In rebuking of vicious ydelnes,
Bochas ſuppriſed and moued of reaſon,
Roſe from his couche, and gan his pen dreſſe
well ouercame the impotent feblenes
Of croked age, that Bochas vndertoke
For to accomplyſhe vp his eight boke.
I following after for dulled for rudeneſſe,
More than thre ſcore yeres ſet my date:
Luſte of youthe paſſed his freſhnes,
Colours of rethorike to helpe me tranſlate,
were faded away, I was borne in Lydgate,
wher Bacchus lycour doth full ſtarkly flete,
My drye ſoule for to dewe and wete.
Though paſſed age hath for dulled me,
Tremblynge ioyntes let my hande to wryte,
And fro me take all the ſubtylte
Of curious makyng, in englyſhe to endyte,
yet in this labour truelyne to acquite,
I ſhal protede as it is to me due,
In theſe two bokes Bochas for to ſue.

FINIS.

¶The firste Chapter.

¶Howe the proude tiraunte Domician Emperoure of Rome, and manye other Emperoures and Nobles, for their outrages and wretchednes, mischeuousnye ended.

BRother to Titus sonne of Vaspacian,
Came next in ordre as writeth mine autour
The proude ambicious called Domician,
That was in Rome crowned Emperour:
An extorcioner, and a false pillour,
Proudly cõmaunded (in his estate bystalled)
Of all the worlde he shulde a God be called.

Thrugh hye presũpcion of him it is eke tolde,
Nether of tymber korun, nor of stone,
Set vp images of syluer and of golde,
In token there was no God but he alone:
In to Pathmos he exyled eke saynt John,
And agayne cristen the seconde next Neron,
That began first the persecucion.

This same tyraunt, reignyng in his estate,
To all the citye was passinge odyous:
Best and most worthy he slewe of the senate,
And vnto all that were vertuous
Mortall enemy, and moste malicious.
And for slaughter of senatours in the toune,
Asked the triumph as made is mencyon.

Wade amonge iewes, by ful great outrage,
where as he had greatest suspicion
To slee al tho that were of the lynage,
Of Dauids kinred, and of kinge Salomon,
Least he were put out of domination:
Amonge iewes this was hys meanynge,
Slewe all tho that was borne to be kyng.

Amyd the palays as God wolde of right
Punysh a tyraunt and quite him hys mede,
This Domician was slayne vpon a nyght:
His caraine after vnburyed as I rede.
And Comodus doth after him succede,
whiche was all yeue by fleshly appetite,
To leaue all vertue, and folowe his delyte.

Theatre playes of custome he did vse
As was the custome there and the vlage,
His like in vices he falsly did abuse,
In lecherous lustes spent al hys yonge age:
To the romaynes did ful great domage,
For of the senate that were moste vertuous,
were falsly slayne by this Comodus.

In his time by stroke of thunder dente,
And fyrye lightning þ came down fro heuen,
The common lybrary was of the cyte brente,
Wyth royall bokes of all the craftes seuen,
Bokes of poetes mo then I can neuyn:
And Comodus breuely to termyne,
was slayn and strangled by hys concubyne.

Helinus Pertynax came nexte on the tinge,
Ordained after Emperour of that toun,
Olde, and vnweldy, slaine in his ginning:
After whom the boke maketh mention
By no title of succession
But an intrusour one called Julyan,
The state vsurping to reigne there began.

But of the noble lynage Affrican,
Borne in Tripolis a mighty great citye,
One Seuerus that was a knightly man,
Gadred of romayns a wondre great meyne:
Bothe made stronge, Julian met and he
At Pont miluin a citie of Itayle,
And there was Julyan slaine in batayl:

Seuerus after entred the empyre,
And toke vpon him the domination:
Upon cristen of malice set a fyre,
Began againe them a persecucion,
Of tyrannye and false ambicion.
But one of Egipt called Pescennius
Againe Seuerus gan to worke thus.

Gadred meyny Seuerus for to assaile,
In purpose fully and theron did hys payne,
First with him to haue a great batayle,
Next of the empyre the crowne for to attayne:
But ye shal heare what fel on these twayne:
On Pescennius fill the discomfiture,
And Seuerus the empyre dothe recure.

In his purpose or he might auaile,
with one Albinus that was a manly knyght,
He had in Gaule a full great batayle,
Full great bloudshed in that mortall fyght:
Albinus slaine of very force and myght,
Seuerus after entred in Bretayne,
Caught sicknes and died of the paine.

After Seuerus next came Antonine,
Of whom the frowarde dysposicion
As all auctours of him determine
His busines and occupacion
Set holy in fleshly dilectacion
So false a lust his corage did assayle

Amonge Parthois slayne in batayle

Macrinus after tofore Bochas came down,
Whylom a prefecte in Rome the cyte
Of the pretoyr, and by inuasion
Came to the imperiall famous dignitye,
Occupyed a yere sate in hys imperyal se,
Tyl fortune lyst hym so disgrade,
Amonge his knightes slayne at Archelade.

Next came Aurelius surnamed Antonyne,
A great rybaude passyng lecherous,
Yet was he byshop as auctoures determine,
In the temple of Heliogabalus:
And in his time was one Sabellius
A false heretike, of whom gan the names,
Of a secte called Sabellianes.

This said Aurelius againe all nature,
Of false presumpcion in bokes it is told,
Wolde not purge his wombe by nature,
But in vessels that were made of golde:
And in dispyte, whan that he was old.
Slaine of his knightes and not after longe,
His carayne was throwen in a gonge.

After this proude foresayde Antonine
In to the empyre by iust election,
Of senatours as bokes determyne,
Came Aurelius and for his hye renoune
Surnamed Alisaunder, as made is mencio:
Fought with Perciens like a manly knight,
And there king Xerxes was put vnto flyght.

This Aurelius this proud knyghtly man,
Whan he sate iudge in the consistory.
There sate one with him called Ulpian,
A great ciuilian, notable of memory:
Of whome it is to his encreace of glory,
Reported thus by great auctorite,
He of digestes made bokes thre.

Full piteously this emperoure lost his lyfe,
Casuelly as made is mencion,
Among his knightes by a sodayne strife,
Where he was slaine in that discencion:
After whose ende for short conclusion
Tofore Bochas the boke wel tel can
Came Maximinus and with him Gordyan

Maximinus the cronicle doth expres,
Chose of his knightes and his soudiours,
For his victorious marcyall hye prowesse,
Done in Almayne, and amonge Emperours
Set vp in Rome maugre the senatours:
After strong enmy as mine autoure sayth
With all his power vnto cristen fayth

He was enemy his like who list to sene
To cristen clerkes of auctorite,
And specially to olde Origene
But in his moste furious cruelte,
In Aquyleya a mighty stronge countre,
Of a prefecte called Pupien he was slaine
Of whose dethe cristen men were full fayne.

Next by the senate chosen was Gordyan,
First agaynste Parthois he cast hi to werrey,
Of Janus temple (whan the werre began)
He made the gates be opened wyth the keye:
Whiche was a token as olde bokes seye,
Tho gates opened to folkes nye and ferre,
That w̄ their fone ȳ romayns wold werre.

With Parthois first this said Gordian
To holde werre fast he gan him spede,
And vpon them alway the felde he wan:
After he sped him in to Perce and Mede,
Alwaye victorious in batayle as I rede,
Vpon Eufrates slayne as I fynde,
By false treason ȳ cronicle maketh mynde.

Next in ordre came Philip by his name,
His sonne eke Philip came with him also,
Wyn auctour Bochas reherceth ȳ same:
The father, the sonne, baptised bothe two.
Right sad and wyse in that they had to do,
And were the first cristen of echone,
Emperors reckened, for ther tofore was none

By Poncius the martyr as I rede,
In Meya a famous great cyte,
They were baptysed, & afterwarde in dede
Slayne in batayle for they lyst not flie:
Tofore their dethe bothe of assent parde,
Their treasour hole that were imperiall,
To chrystes church I fynde they gaue it all

The Bishop Sixtus toke possession,
Vertuously assigned it to Laurence,
Therof to make distribucion
To poore folke in their indigence:
For whiche dede by cruell violence,
The tyrāt Decius agayn thē toke a stryke,
Caused holy Laurēce by brēning lose his lyfe

This same Decius cursed and cruell,
Caused ȳ slaughter of these Philips twayn:
And for he was subtell, false, and fell,

By

By fleight & kalshed he dyd hys busy paine,
To the empyre by force for to attayne:
The seuenth tyraunt, by persecution
which agayn chriſten folk toke firſt occasion.

Wyne auctour writeth time of this Decius,
The holy Hermyte example of perfytenesse,
By dayes old called Antonyus,
Lyued in deserte ferre out in wildernes:
Is an Hermyte dispysing al ryches,
Lyued by frute and rotes as men tell,
And of perfection dranke water of the well.

Upon Decius for his cursednes
Again chriſten which gaue so hard sentence,
Thrugh Rome & Itayle myne auctor bereth
In euery eyte was grete pestilẽce: (witnesse,
That by the sodaine deadly violence
The hertes of men dependinge in a traunce,
To saue their liues coude no cheuisaunce.

Of this mater write nomore I can,
To this emperour I wyll resorte agayne,
Speke of Gallus and Volucian,
That busy were their laboure was in vaine,
Their time short as some bokes saine,
For Martyn writeth an olde cronyculere,
In thempyre they reigned but two yere.

But bothe were slayne by the procuring,
And by the purchace of one Emelyan,
A romayne knight whiche by slye workinge,
To occupye thempyre tho began:
By tyrannye the Lordshyp there he wan.
whose lordshyp for hap and lacke of grace,
No lenger last then two monthes space.

This lytell chapter as tofore is sene,
Reherced hath and tolde in wordes playne,
Of emperours almost full fourtene,
And of all were good none but twayne:
whiche to reherce I haue do my paine,
And to procede further as I began,
I must wryte of one Valeryan.

HIs sonne and he called Galiene
To all chriſten bare great enmyte.
Shew al tho their legend men mai sene,
That serued Christ in trouth and equytie:
whose persecusion and hateful cruelte
Abated was, as I can well reherce,
Byone Sapor that was kyng of Perce.

By force of armes Sapor this mighty king,
Gan in Asia and with his host came doun,
By tygre, Eufrates, & knightly so rydyng
Towarde the partyes of Septemtryon.
To Caucasus not ferre fro Babylon
And all Surrye he proudlye dyd assayle,
And Capadoce he wan eke by batayle.

Whom for to mete came Valerian,
To Mesopotayme with many legions:
The werre was strõg, but this knightly man
This hardy Sapor with his champions
The felde hath wonne with all the legions
Afore reherced, and through Perce he lad
Valerian boũde with chaynes roũd and sad.

He was by Sapor maugre hys vysage,
This Valeriã so straytly brought to wrake,
Lyke a prisoner bounde to seruage,
By obeysaunce that founde were no lacke,
To knele on foure and prokre his backe,
Unto Sapor whan hym list to ride,
Therby to mounte for al his great pryde

This was the office of Valerian
By seruitude duryng many a yere,
Wherfore he was called of many a man,
The assendyng stocke in to the sadyll nere:
Whiche is in frenche called a mountuere,
This was his office to bowe doun his corse,
Whan ỳ king Sapor shulde light on horse.

This is the guerdon & fauour of fortune,
Her olde maner to princes and to kynges,
Her double custome vsed in commune,
By sodayne chaunge of all worldly thynges:
After triumphes and their vprisinges,
What foloweth after here well tell I can,
I take recorde of Valeryan.

Thys Lady fortune the blynde fell goddes
To Valerian shewed herselfe vnstable,
Taught him a lesson of the doublenes,
To kyng Sapor she was fauourable,
But yet he was to cruell and vengeable.
Wyth his fete deuoyde of all fauoure,
To foyle the backe of an emperour.

Of olde it hathe be songe and cried loude,
Recorde on Cyrus, and many other mo,
Kinges of Perce of custome haue be proude,
After punyshed and chastised eke also,
Princes of mercy shulde take hede therto.
After victory in their estate notable,
To their prisoners for to be merciable,

Myne autor Bochas in this mater tel can,
Rebuke tyrauntes that were by dayes old,
Turneth his stile speketh to Valerian,
Where be thy rubies & saphires set in golde?
Thy ryche peerles and rynges manifolde?
That þ were wont to weare vpon thy hõds?
Now as a wretch art boũd in forayn bondes.

where thou were wonte of furyous cruelte,
Clad in purple within Rome toune,
To Christ contrary in thyne imperyall se,
Gaue dome on martyrs to suffre passion:
Nowe lyest thou bound fettred in preson,
To kyng Sapor constrayned to enclyne,
whan he lyst ryde bothe necke and chine.

Thus art thou fall in thine imperial stage,
Thinke on fortune & haue her in memory,
She hath the cast in thraldom and seruage:
And eclypsed all thine olde glory.
where thou sate whilom in the consistorye
Is an emperour and a mighty iudge,
Lyest bound in chayns & knowest no refuge.

It is fall ferre out of thy mynde
The knightly dede of worthy Publyus,
Of Rome a captayne ordayned as I finde,
To fyght agayne Aristomachus,
kyng of Asye, of fortune it fell thus:
whan the romayns dyd the felde forsake,
This Publius amonge his fone was take.

This noble prince standing in dredeful cace,
His lyfe & worshyp dependyng atwen twayn,
In his hande holding a sturdy mace,
Smyt out one of his eyen twayne,
Of him that led him, that other for the payne
That he felte and the great smerte,
Toke a dagger & roue Publyus to the herte.

which loued more his worshyp thã his lyfe,
Chase rather to dye than liue in seruage,
This conceite he had in his imaginatife,
And considred sythe he was in age,
To saue his honoure it was more auaũtage.
So to be slayne his worshyp to conserue,
Than lyke a beast in prison for to sterue.

Fortune his chaptre of him it was not rad,
As Valerius maketh mencion,
After whose conceyte no man in vertue sad
Shulde not longe languysshe in prison:
But rather chose lyke his opinion
Of manly force and knightly excellence,
The dethe endure of longe abstynence.

As whylom dyd the princesse Agripine,
whan she in prison lay fettred and bound,
Of her fre choyce she felt great pyne,
Of hungre and thurst in story it is found:
That she lay pale & grofe vpon the grounde.
Maugre Tibery and let her gost so wende,
Out of her bodye this was her fatall ende.

Thou stode ferre of all suche fantasy,
I speke of the (O thou Valerian)
Thy cruell herte of false malencolye,
Made whylom dye many a christen man
And martyr, syth Christes fayth he gan:
Which for mankynde dyed vpon the Rode
There for tacquyte hym lyste shed hys blode.

Agayne his lawe thou were impacient,
And importune by persecucion,
Thou dydest fauour & suffre in thine entent,
That Egipciens dyd their oblacion,
Their sacrifices and ryte vp so doun,
Unto ydols of frowarde wylfulnesse,
That was of Egipt called chefe goddesse.

Fauourable thou were in thy desire,
To suffre Jewes their sabote to obserue:
And Caldeis to worshyp the fyre,
And folke of Crete Saturne to serue,
And cristen men thou madest falsly sterue
Of whose lawe for thou dyd not retche,
Thou died in prisõ at mischefe like a wretch.

The.ii. Chapter.

Howe Gallyen sonne of Valerian was slayne.

NExt in ordre to Bochas tho cãe doun,
Sonne of Valerian one called Gallien
But for great horrible effusion
Of christen bloud that men might sene,
Shed by Valerian, God wold it shulde bene
Shewed openly to romains by vengaunce,
Of manye a countre sodaine disobeysaunce.

They of Almayne the Alpes dyd pace,
Unto Rauenne a cite of Italie,
Gothes also proude of chere and face,
Had agayne grekes many a great batayle:
And they of Hũgry armed in plate & mayle,
wyth them of Denmarke furious and cruell,
Agayne romayns were of assent rebell.

To

To whose domage in this meane whyle,
Amonge romayns,it is befall thus:
wofull werres whiche called bene ciuile,
Gan in the cyte cruell and dispiteous.
First whan they met was slayne Gempus
which first toke on him in bokes as I rede
Of hye corage to weare purple wede.

One Posthumus a mighty strong romayne,
kept all Gaule vnder subiection
To their auayle,after vnwarly staine,
Among his knightes for al his hye renoun,
By a sodayne vncouthe discencion:
Next Victorine hauing the gouernaunce,
Of al Gaule was first slayne in fraunce.

But Gallien of whom I spake tofore,
Sonne and heyre to Valerian,
His Domination of purpose he hath lorne
In Re publica whan he began,
Lyke a contrarious and a frowarde man,
wext lecherous and obstinate of liuinge,
At mischefe slayne,this was hys endynge.

The.iii. Chapiter.
Howe Quintilius was murdred by women.

NExt Gallien came one Quintilius,
A man remembred of great attēperaūce
Brother of byth to great Claudius,
wise and discrete in al hys gouernaunce.
who may of fortune eschue the chaunce?
To wryte his ende shortlye in a clause
Of women murdred I can not say the cause.

The.iiii. Chapiter.
Of Aurelian in Denmarke borne.

OF Denmarke born next came Aurelian,
A worthy knight his enemies to assaile:
Agaīn Gothes a great warre he began,
Gate victory in many stronge batayle.
whose noble conquest greatly dyd auayle
To comon profyt,for al his worke parde,
was to the encreace of Rome the cyte.

He recured all the Septemtrion,
And westwarde had many a great victory:
Amonge other I fynde that he was one,
Asked the triumphe to be put in memory.
But there was a thing eclipsed his glory,
which did ꝑ light of his knighthod withdraw,
For he was enemy to Christ and to hys lawe,

Of him Bochas lyst no more to wryte,
But in his boke go forthe as he began,
Of one remēbring that called was Tacyte
whych was successour to Aurelian,
And after him suceeded Florian
Of which twayne no remembraūce I fynde
That is notable to put in mynde.

The.v. Chapter.
Howe Probus discomfited romayns and after was slayne.

Probus after raygned full seuen yere
And four monthes,which by his hye renoun,
Gain went Saturninus vp a knightli chere,
Brought him proudly to subiection,
Not withstandyng that he in Rome toun
Toke vpon hym of wylfull tyranny,
Holy thempyre for to rule and gye.

Besyde the cyte called Agrippyne.
This sayd Probus gayne many romayne,
A batayle had,lyst not to declyne:
Met Postulus a mighty stronge captayne
Wyth one Bonosus & both they were slaine,
And all their meyny of very force and might,
Slayn in ꝑ felde the remnaūt put to flyghte.

After this batayle and this discomfyture,
Probus was lodged i Smyrnie a gret cyte,
And there vnwarely of sodayne auenture,
Slayne in a tour that called was Ferre,
But a small season last his prosperite.
Sithe is fortune let no man in her trust;
All worldly thynges chaungyng as she lust.

The.vi. Chapter.
Howe Carus and his two sonnes were mischeued.

TOfore Bochas Carus next came doun,
with his two sonnes Numeria & Carine
And as I fynd he was borne in Narbon:
But whan that he most clerely dyd shyne,
By his knighthode,plainly to termine,
In his empyre he gate cyties twayne, (ne
Chole & Thesiphont in Parthia vp gret pay-

Besyde Tygre a famous swyfte ryuere
He pight his tentes,cast him there abide:
A sodayne lightning his face came so nere,
Smyt all to poudre for all his great pryde,
And Numerian that stode by hys syde,
Had a marke that was sent fro heuyn,
Lost bothe hys eyen,with the firy leuyn.

His other ſonne Carinus a good knight,
In Dalmacia had all the gouernaunce:
And for that he gouerned not a righte,
He was caſt downe & loſt all his puiſſaunce,
Vicious lyfe cometh alway to miſchaunce.
Septius choſe Dalmacia for to gye,
Amonge his knightes murdred of enuy.

The vii. Chapter.

How the hardy Quene zenobia fought with Aurelian, and was take

MYne auctor here no lēger lyſt ſoiourne,
Of theſe ēperours ỹ falles for to write,
But in al haſte he doth his ſtile tourne,
To zenobya hir ſtory to endyte:
But for Chaucer dyd him ſo well acquite
In his tragedyes her pyteous fal to entreat,
I wyll paſſe ouer reherſyng but the great.

In his bokes of Caunterbury tales
This ſouerayne poete of Bzutes Albyon,
Thzugh pilgrimes tolde by hilles and dales,
where, of zenobya is made mencion,
Of her nobleſſe and her hye renoun,
In a tragedye compendyouſlye tolde al,
Her marcial pzoweſſe, and her pyteous fall.

Mine auctour firſt affyrmeth howe that ſhe,
Diſcended was to tell of her lynage,
Borne of the ſtocke of worthye Tholome,
Kyng of Egypt, full notable in that age:
And this zenobya experte in all langage,
wyſe of counſayle and of great pzudence,
Paſſed all other in fame of eloqnence.

Amonge ſhe was armed in plate & mayle,
Of Palmyzences wedded to the kyng,
Called Odenatus pzudent in batayle
She was alſo by recozde of wzityng.
Hardy and ſtronge her lozdſhip defendinge,
Maugre al tho with her cheualry,
Agaynſt all them that wzongly toke party.

By Odenatus ſhe had ſonnes twayne
Heremanus called was that one,
And Tymolaus of beautye ſouerayne,
After whoſe byzthe their father gan anone
To occupy the pzouynces euerychone
Of Perce & Mede, by pzoces made thē ſtene.
Of zenobya the hardy wyſe Quene

whyle Odenatus wext glozious
In his conqueſt thzughout Perce & Mede,
Slayne he was by one Mionius,
Whiche to the kyng was coſyn as I rede:
But for bycauſe of this hozrible dede,
And for the murdze of king Odenate,
He dyed at miſchefe, and paſſed into fate.

By pzoceſſe after zenobya the quene,
Toke her two ſōnes & pzoudly dyd thē lede,
Tofore her chare, the men might them ſene,
How they were borne as pzinces to ſuccede:
Made them like kinges clad in purple wede,
Them to defende this mightye creature,
Hardy as Lyon toke on her armure.

For al her Lozdes and knights ſhe had ſent
Maugre the romains pzoudly gan her ſpede
All the parties of the Oziente
To occuppe, and hes hoſte ſo lede:
Of the emperour ſhe ſtode nothyng in dzede
Called Aurelian met him in batayle,
With her meyny pzoudly did aſſayle.

On outher ſyde ỹ day great bloud was ſhed:
The ſtroke of foztune withſtāt no creature,
The quene zenobia was taken & forthe led,
Fought firſt as longe as ſhe might endure,
Withrich ſtones fret was hir armure,
Vnto whom the emperour ſo entrig Rome toun,
Of triumphe required the guerdon.

He dempt it was couenable and ſittinge,
This Emperour this pzoud Aurelian,
To aſke the triumph it was ſo great a thing,
To take zenobia that ſuch a werre began,
Gayne romayns, this marcial woman
For I ſuppoſe of no woman borne,
Was neuer quene ſo hardy ſene afozne.

This hardy pzinceſſe for al hir crueltye,
whoſe renome thzugh the wozld was know,
With ſtockes of golde was bzought to ỹ citi,
From hye eſtate in pouerte plunged lowe.
I wynde contrary foztune hath ſo blow,
That ſhe, alas, hath pitouſly made fal,
Her in that pzoweſſe paſſed wemen al.

The triumphe yeuen to Aurelian,
For the conqueſt he had vpon this quene,
Called zenobya, came Dyocliſian,
Borne in Dalmacia his ſtozy who lyſt ſene:
Out of his countre firſt he dyd ſtene,
Of garlyke & lekes as ſaythe the cronyclere,
Becauſe that he was but a gardinere.

Other

Other mencion is none of his linage,
Of his byrthe forsoke the region,
Left his craft of deluyng and forriage,
Gaue him to armes and by election,
Chose to be emperors regne in Rome toun,
First into Gaule he sent a great power,
And Maximian he made his vicar.

His vicar there had many a great batayle,
Upon suche people that by rebellion,
Gan frowardly and contrary to assaile,
To obey his lordship within that region.
Tyll Carausius by commission
And an hardy knight vndre Maxymyan,
Them to chastise toke on him lyke a man.

But by processe the story doth deuise
His lordshyp there dyd great domage,
To common profit, so he by couetyse
The countre robbed by full greate outrage:
And to him selfe he toke all the pyllage,
And of presumpcion ware the colour
Of ryche purple like an emperoure.

This Carasius of Bretayns twayne
Proudly vsurped to be their gouernour,
Lyke a rebell agayne Rome dyd his payne,
And busyed him by marciall laboure,
With many a straunge forayne soudyoure:
Hauynge no title nor commyssion,
Contynued longe in hys rebellyon.

Wherof astonied was Diocliſian,
Seyng this mischefe dredful and perillous:
Ordayned in haste that Maximian,
Was surnamed and called Herculius,
Made hym emperour called Agustus,
Whiche had afore no more gouernaunce,
But Gaule whiche now is called Fraunce.

Also more ouer this Diocliſian
Made in thys whyle gouernours twayne,
Constancius and one Maximian,
Surnamed Galerius Cõstancius i certayn:
In this whyle to wedde he dyd his payne,
Doughter of Maximian called Herculius,
Named theodora myn auctor writeth thus.

By Theodora this Constancius
Had sixe children in trewe mariage,
Wroder to Cõstãtyne ỹ cronicle telleth thus,
Whiche afterwarde when he came to age,
For his manhode and marciall corage,
Was chose and made Lord and gouernour,
Of all the worlde, and crowned emperoure.

Carausius which had ful seuen yere
Lyke as I tolde rebelled in Bretayne,
Agaynst the romayns, a great extorcionere:
A knighte Allectus that did at hym disdayne
Murdred him, and after did his payne,
By force only and extort tyranny,
Fully thre yeres his place to occupye.

Tyll Asclepio was sent from Rome doun,
Slewe Allectus maugre all his myght:
Brought all Bretayne to subiection,
Of the romayns, lyke as it was right.
And in this while like a manly knight,
For Italiens gan romayns disobey,
Constancius gan proudly them werrey.

He first wyth them had a stronge batayle,
His meyny slayne and put to the flighte:
Trustyng on fortune he gan thẽ efte assayle,
And sixty thousand were slayne in the fight,
The felde was his through fortunes might,
As she that coude dissymule for a whyle,
And afterwarde falsly him begyle.

I wyll passe ouer as brefely as I can,
Set aside all forayne incidentes:
Resorte agayne to Diocliſian, (tes.
Which at Alisaũdre proudly pytched his ten-
The captaine slewe, gaue commaundemẽts
To his knightes to do their auauntage,
With the cite by robbynge and pyllage.

Gan agayne christen great persecution,
Used this tyranny in the Orient,
By his bydding Maximian came doun,
Towarde the parties of the Occident:
Bothe these tyrauntes wrought by assent,
Under whose swerde many martyrs deyes,
Slayn in Octodorũ the legion of Thebeies

At Uerolampe a famous olde cyte
Saynt Albon slaine, his legend doth so tell:
And in Rome by furious cruelte,
The pope slayne that called was Marcel,
By their statutes and by their domes fell
Churches were brent, in townes and cyties,
Lost their fraunchise and al their liberties.

Frowarde enemy he was to Christes lawe,
Made many a martyr to dye for his sake:
Wext feble and olde, and gan him withdraw,
From occupacion his rest for to take,

Hys

His attorney Maxymyan he dothe make,
In his last age it is reherced thus,
Stode in great drede of Constantius.

The drede of him sate so nye his hearte,
And therupon toke suche a fantasy,
Imagining he might not start,
By fraud of him but that he shuld dye,
Almoste forfere fyll in a frensye:
Of which drede the boke maketh mention
He slewe him selfe by drinkyng of poison.

As I tolde erst in the Occident,
Maximian called Herculius,
Reygned as Emperour, & euer in hys entent
To pursue martyrs he was aye laborus:
Of whose byrth Bochas koud no auctoures.
This to saye he coude neuer rede,
Where he was borne nor of what kynrede.

He kindeth no more of this Maximian
Of his blurpynge in esspecialL,
But that he was by Diocliſian
Set in dignite called imperiall:
Famous in armes prudent and marcial,
Daunted al tho that did againe him striue,
Slewe Gencyans called in nomber fiue

Rode in Affrike lyke a conquerour,
Brought to subiections the sturdy nacions,
Fortune that time did him such fauoure:
Gate Sarmatoise with other regions,
with other cities and many riche towns,
By his conquest of new that he hath won,
Through ỹ world his name shone like ỹ son.

He was cherysshed in armes from hys youth,
And did greate empryses for Rome the cytie:
Yet Diocliſian as it is well couthe,
Counsayled him resigne his dignitie,
But he was lothe to forsake hys see,
Syth he was Lord and gouerned al,
For to renounce his state imperiall.

But by assent of Diocliſian,
As he him selfe had left the gouernaunce,
Euen so thys Maxymyan,
Discharged him self of his royal puissaunce.
But afterwarde he fyll in repentaunce,
And busy was as dyuers bokes sayne,
The state of Emperour to recure agayne.

Which for to acheue he dyd his diligence,
He was disturbed by Galerius;
For his sonne that called was Maxence
Put in possession, myn auctour writeth thus,
To which thing he gan wexe enuyous,
And gan ordeyne meanes in hys thought,
To trouble him but it auailed nought.

Whan his purpose myght take none auayle,
Againe Maxence as Bochas doth discryue,
His daughter Fausta that knew his counsail,
Discured his purpose, for which he fled bliue
Into Gaule, and durst no lenger striue:
And by Constantius in Marcile the cite,
Slayne sodenlye, lost al his dignite.

The. viii. Chapter.

Howe Galerius oppressed martyrs and Christes fayth, and myschenously ended.

NExt to fore Bochas came Galerius,
A man disposed to ryot and outrage,
Euel teached, frowarde, and vicious,
There is no story that speketh of hys lynage:
Yet was he set ful hye vpon the stage,
Of worldly dignyte, rose vp to hye estate,
Yet in his ginning he was not fortunate,

He was sent out by Diocliſian,
And made emperour by hys auctorite:
Agayne Narseus the proud knightly man,
Reignyng in Perce and Lord of that countre,
Whiche helde werre with Rome the eyte.
For which Galerius toke on him this empryse
wyth myghtye hande hys pryde to chastyse.

Galerius entred into Perce lande,
Kinge Narseus met him of auenture,
Had a strong batayle, fought hand for hande,
His fortune such he might not endure.
On Galerius fyll the discomfyture,
Clad in purple as made is mencyon,
Of Diocliſian receyued hys guerdon.

At their meting anone or they were ware,
Diocliſian made him to abide,
To his confusyon, syttyng in his chare
To walke on fote by the chares syde,
Wyth many a rebuke abated was his pryde:
Galerius for the great shame,
Gan seke a meane agayne to get hys name.

Came for to assemble hys old soudiours,
Made for his ordinaũce by diligent worke:
Chase out the best proued warryours,
With a great hoste to Perce he came ryding:

And

And ofte there fought with the king,
That the perciens maugre al theyr myght,
were of Galerius that dai put to flight.

The felde was his, he gate greate riches,
Robbed their tentes, and wan there pillage,
In this resort receiued in sothnes,
In great nobles because of that voyage:
Thus can fortune chaunge her vysage,
Of Diocliſian where he stode in disdaine,
wyth newe tryumphe resorted is agayne.

This cloudy quene stādeth neuer in certain,
whose double whele quauereth euer in dout:
Of whyse fauour no man hath be certayne,
Though one haue grace another is put out.
Let euerye man as it cometh about,
Take his tourne, and neuer in her assure
Faylynge in armes is but auenture.

Thus Galerius after hys batayle,
On Perciens gan wexe glorious,
Gouerned Aſtrike and lordshyp of Itayle,
Throughout the Orient he was victorious,
Tyll he forage gan wexe tedious,
His last dayes maligned as men saith,
Of false hatred agayne chriſten fayth.

And him to healpe in these false maters,
It is remembred, to his confusion
In his empyre he set two vicars,
Gaue them power in euery region,
The lawe of Chriſt to oppres and put downe,
To punyshe martirs, and put them to deathe.
And in this whyle ful manye one he sleeth.

By this sayd cruell Galerius,
which of the empyre had al the gouernaunce,
Of cursed hart and corage dispiteous,
By his vsurped imperyal puiſſaunce,
Gaue auctorite for to do vengaunce,
Unto twaine Seuerus and Maxence,
On al cristen by mortal violence.

A certayne space bothe of one accorde
To the state of emperour chose was Maxēce,
Tyl Seuerus and he fell at dyscorde,
And after by vengable pestylence,
within a city of noble preeminence,
Called Rauenne, Seuerus ther was slayne.
Of whiche Galerius was nothynge faine.

For whyche in haste thys Galerius
Him to support, and stand in hys defence,
Chaſe out of Denmarke a knight Lucinius
To be emperour through knightly excellēce.
For to withstand and fight agayn Maxence.
But Maxence of romayne knightes all,
was chosen emperour and set vp in his stall.

With which election Galerius wext wode,
Ful in a maner of froward frensy:
His entraile brent corupt was his bloude,
And of his froward vengable malady,
In euery membre gan rotte and putrifye,
Tyll the eyre aboute him enuiron,
To al that felt it was venim and poiſon.

Like a Lazar corbed backe and chine,
In this while on cristen most vengeable,
To him auailed no maner medicyne
But there was in Chriſtes faythful stable,
That spake vnto him vō langage ful notable
In wordes fewe concludinge in substaunce,
The gret Jupiter, hath take on ꝑ vēgaunce.

And euermore for shorte conclusion,
with a bolde spyrite to him gan abrayde:
It is nat Jupiter worshipped in thys towne,
In the capitoyle set, sothly as I sayd,
But Jupiter that was borne of a mayde,
which list not suffer of that thou dost endure,
That anye medeynes shulde there cure.

Lyke a tyraunt by vengaunce furious,
At mischefe dieth as bokes tell,
Perpetually with cruell Cerberus
Upon the whele of Jrion to dwell,
For his demerites wyth tantalus in hell,
There to receiue his finall guerdon,
which coude on martyrs haue no compaſſion

It was hys ioy for to shed their bloud,
Sent out letters to diuers regions,
Like a slye wolf raupnous and wode,
Eſlee martirs by diuers paſſyons:
Lyke his desert receiued his guerdons,
Horrible death did them first confounde,
with furies infernall lyeth in hell bounde.

The. ix. Chapiter.

Howe Maxence the emperour enemy to Chriſtes faithe mischeuously ended.

After Galerius cruell violence,
Sayne christen blode as Bochas hath tolde:
with piteous chere the Emperour Maxence,
Came to fore Bochas of age not ful olde,

Famous

Famous in armes, sturdy, fresshe, and bolde,
Albe he entred not like an heritoure,
Toke vpon him to reigne as gouernoure.

To Christes fayth he was also enemy.
After sone he lost his gouernaunce,
Of infortune slayne sodainly:
God on tyrantes vnwarely taketh vengaūce,
Of whose burying was made no remēbraūce
For he was nat receiued of the ground
But caste in Tibre like a rotten hounde.

The. x. Chapiter.
Howe Lucinius enemy to Christes fayth was slayne.

Next tofore Bochas came Lucynius,
A knighte of Denmarke borne of good lyne:
whiche had an ennemy the boke saith thus.
An hardy knighte called Maximine,
Chose a captaine vp the emperour Cōstantyne.
To the faith of Christ he bare gret enmyte,
Slayne anone after in Trace the cyte.

Of whose death Lucinius was glad,
Gan agayne christen persecucion,
In his procedyng sodainly wext mad,
which commaunded of false presumpcyon.
whan he began to do execucion,
That no christen nowhere him beside,
By no condicion shulde in his house abide.

This Lucinius which falsly did erre
Againe our faith christen men to assaile,
Gaine Constantine of newe he gan warre:
But of his purpose in sothe he did fail,
For he was twise discomfited in batayle.
By Constantine ones in Hungrye,
Next in Grece beside Eualye.

Thus Cōstantyne through his hye renoune,
Gate nye Grece and euerye great countre
Alde Lucinius stode in rebellion
Gayne Constantine, both on land and sea:
But when he sawe it wolde none other be,
He might not escape in no place,
Put holy him selfe in Constantyns grace.

But Constantine for his hie rebellion,
Gaue iudgement in hast that he be dead:
Leaste in the citie were made diuision
By Lucinius, wherof he stode in drede.
This same while as Bochas toke hede,
There came before him with chere ful piteous,
Brethern twayne Constantine and Crispus.

The. xi. Chapter.
Of Constantyne and Crispus: and howe Damalcus was slayne.

To cōstantine of whom I spake tofore,
They were sonnes Cōstantine and Crispus:
The same twayne of one mother borne,
Cāe tofore Bochas his boke reherceth thus.
with them came eke Lucinius
Sonne of Lucinius, which in Rome toun,
Afore was slayne for hys rebellyon.

Constantine his werres to gouerne,
Made them vicars the self same thre:
Echone rightwise and coude wel discerne
What mighte auaile moste to their citye,
To encrese the profit of the commoute.
Their names tolde Cōstantine and Crispus,
Tofore remembred, with them Lucinius.

while these thre vicars vnder the emperour,
Gouerned Rome as knightes most famous,
In Alisaundre rose vp a great errour,
By a false preest called Arrius;
To our beleue a thing contrarious:
And for he did again our fayth so wyche,
By a decre was put out of the chyche.

By assent at Bithinye, full notable
In Nicea a famous great citye,
This errour was proued ful dampnable,
Thre. C. bishops were present there parde,
And eighte ne the cronicle who list se,
And all these of one sentence like,
Preued Arrius a false heretike.

This same time bokes doth specifye,
Howe Constantine of hasty crueltye,
The sayd vicars nigh of alye,
Fayned a cause to slee them all thre,
No cause rehersed nor told of equitye:
Saue only this, in which he gan procede,
To make his cosyn Dalmacius to succede.

But his fauour was not fortunate (tences
Towarde Dalmacius, nor gracious in sen-
Among whose knightes fell a sodeyn debate,
Constantine there being in presence,
Dalmacius without reuerence,
with sharp swordes, to speke in wordes fewe,
Unto the death was wounded and yhewe.

The

The. xii. chapter.

Of the brethern Constaunce & Constancius and how Magnencius and Decius murdred them selfe.

THan came Constaunce & Constancius
Yong brethren, thus writeth min autour.
To Constantine in time of Arrius,
And eche of them byful great labour,
Did his payne to reygne as emperoure:
Tyl at the last dreuely for to say,
Euerychе of them gan other to werrey.

This said Constaunce is entred Perce land
Nyne times he fought agayne Sapore,
The same king as ye shal vnderstand
That with romaynes had foughten afore
But finally Constaunce hath him so bore
To holde the felde he might not endure,
For vppon him fyll the discomfiture.

His fortune gan chaunge anonryght
Whan that he left to be vertuous,
He was in Spain slain like a knighte,
In a castel strong called Mayencius,
Than was none left but Constancius,
The romaine knights destitute euerichone
Chase them an emperoure one Uetramone.

This Uetramone was ferre ronne in age,
Barraine of wit and coud no letture,
Nor in knighthode had no great corage,
Nor was not able to study in scripture:
Nor like an emperour no while to endure,
For which Costacius of whom I spake now
With this Uetramone cast hi to debate (late

This Uetramone hath left his estate,
List not werrey againe Constancius,
Forsoke the felde loued no debate,
But of Spaine, min auctour writeth thus,
As I wrote late, how that Magnencius,
Gayne Costacius w̄ sword spere and shielde
Presumed proudly for to holde a field.

To great domage and hindring of the toun.
For many romayne thilke day was dede,
Besyde a cite which called was Leon.
Tyl at the last of very coward drede,
Magnencius which captain was and head,
Agayne Constantius hath the felde forsake,
Lo howe fortune can her chaunges make.

Magnencius for very sorow and shame,
Bode no lenger but gate him a sharp knyfe,
Sole di him selfe wherein he was to blame,
Roue thrugh his herte and so lost his life:
His brother Decius partable of the strife
About his necke cast a mighty corde,
And hynge him self bokes so record.

Constancius chase after him, Gallus
His vncles brother to gouerne Fraunce,
Was a false tyraunt cruell and outragious,
Sone after slayne for his misgouernaunce.
Another vicar for his disobeysaunce,
Called Syluanus by iudgment was slayne,
For which in Fraũce many a man was fayn.

The. xiii. chapter.

Howe Constantine baptised by Siluester was recured of his lepre.

OF this mater stynt I will a while
And folowing min own fraũg opinion,
Fro Constancius turn away my style,
And to his father make a digression,
Cause Bochas maketh short mencion,
Of Cõstantine which by record of clerkes,
Was so notable found in al his werkes.

This mighty prince was borne in Bretayne,
So as the Brute plainly doth vs lere:
His holy mother was called Helayn,
He in his dayes most knightly and entere.
Of mercial actes he knew al the manere,
Chosen emperour for his hye nobles,
Fyl in to lepre cronicles doth expresse.

His sore so greuous that no medicine
Might auayle his sickenesse to recure,
He was coũsayled to make a great pyscyne
With innocent blud of children þ wer pure,
Make him cleane of that he did endure:
Thrugh Italy children anon were sought,
And to the palais by their mothers brought.

It was great routhe to beholde and se,
Of tender mothers to here the sobbing,
By furious constraint of their aduersiti,
Their clothes to rent bedewed with weping:
The straunge noise of their hidous cryinge,
Assended vp in their piteous clamour,
Came to the eares of the emperour.

Of which noise the emperour was agryfed,
Whan he knewe grounde and occasion
Of this mater, afore tolde and deuyfed,
This noble prince gan haue compassion:

And for to stynt the lamentacion
Of all the women there beyng in presence
Of mercifull pity hath graūted his sentēce.

This glorious, this gracious emperour,
Is clombe of mercy so hye vpon the stayre,
Spared nouther vitayle nor his treasour,
Nor his langour that did him so appayre,
with full glad chere made them to repayre,
where they came sory to Rome the cyte,
They haue retourned glad to their countrie

Royall compassion did in his herte mine,
Chase to be sicke rather then bloud to shede:
His brest enlumined by grace that is deuine,
Which fro the heauen did vpon him spred;
He wold not suffre innocentes to blede.
Preseruing pity and mercy more than right,
He was visited vpon the next night,

Peter and Paule to him did appere,
Sent from the Lord as heuenly messāgers,
Bad Constantine be of good chere,
For he that sitteth aboue the nine speres,
The Lord of Lords, the lord of lengest yeres
Wyll that thou haue it wel in minde,
In mount Sarapty ỳ shalt thy leche fynde.

God of his grace list the to visite.
To shed bloud, because that thou dost spare,
He hath vs sent thy labour for to quite,
Tidinges brought of helth and thy welfare,
Pope Siluester to the shal declare,
As we haue told, be ryghtwel assured,
Of thy sicknes how thou shalt be recured.

To mount Sarapty in al hast that thou sēd,
Suffre Siluestre to come to thy presence:
Sought and found brefely to make an end,
Receiued after due reuerence,
Did his deuoyre of entyre diligence,
Like as the like of Siluester hathe deuysed,
By grace made hole whan he was baptysed.

His flesh, his synewes made sodenly white,
By thyse washynge in that pystyne,
Of holy baptym, welle of most delyte,
where the holy goste did him enlumine,
Enfourming after by teching of doctryne
Of Siluestre like as myne auctour saithe,
Of all artycles that longe vnto our faythe.

The font was made of Porphyrie stone,
which was after by cost of Constantine
with a round dyet that did aboute gone,
Of golde and perre & stones that were fyne,
Myd of the font right vp as a lyne,
Upon a piller of golde a lampe bright,
Full of fyne bawme that brent all the nighte,

A lambe of golde he did also prouide,
Set vpon this fonte vpon a smal pyllert:
which like a condyte vpon euery side,
Shad out water as any cristal clere:
On whose right side an ymage moste entere
was richly forged of our sauyour,
All of pure gold that cost great treasour.

And on this lambe on the other side
In ymage set longe to endure,
Of Baptist John with letters for to abide,
Graue curiously and this was the scripture:
Ecce agnus dei that did for man endure
On good friday offred vp his blode,
To saue mankynde died vpon the rode.

He let also make a great censere
All of golde, fret with perles fine:
which by night as Phebus in his spere
Thrugh al ỳ church most freshly did shine,
There fourty stones Jacinctine.
Appollos tēple, min auctor writeth the same,
was hallowed newe in saynt Peters name.

The romayn tēples that were builded of olde,
He hath fordone withal their maumetry:
Their false goddes of syluer and of gold,
He hath to broke in eche partye.
This goodly prince of goodly policy,
Set newe statutes of great vertue,
To be obserued in the name of Christ Jesu.

The first lawe as I reherse can
In ordre set with ful great reuerence,
That Christ Jesu was sothfast god and man
Lord of Lordes, lord of most excellence,
which hath this daye of his beniuolence,
Cured my lepre as ye haue herde deuised,
By blessed Siluestre whan I was baptysed.

This gracious Lord my souerain lord Jesu,
From hence forthe for shorte conclusion,
I wyl that he as Lord most of vertue,
Of faythfull herte and hole affection,
Be worshipped in euery region:
No man so hardy my byddyng to disdayne,
Least he suffre death or els greuous paine.

Folowing the day called the secound,

This

This Constantine hath ordayned a decre,
That who that euer in towne were founde
Or els where aboute in the countre,
What euer he were of hye or lowe degre,
That blasphemed the name of Jesu,
By dome shuld haue of dethe a plain issue.

The thyrd day in euery mannes sight
By a decre, confyrmed and made stronge
To euery christen, who that did vnright,
By oppression to collaterall wronge,
It shuld not be taryed ouer longe:
Who were conuicte or gilty shal not chese,
By lawe ordained halke his good to lese.

The fourthe day amonge romayns al,
This priueledge pronounced in the toun:
Yeue to the pope sytting in Peters stall,
As souerayne head in euery region
To haue the rule and iurisdiction,
Of preestes all alone in al thyng,
Of temporal Lordes like as hath the kynge.

To the church he graunted great kraunchyse
The fyfth day, and specially lyberte:
If a felon in any maner wise,
To finde socoure thider did fle,
within the bounds of daunger to go fre,
To be assured and haue therof full refuge
From execution of any temporall iudge.

No man presume within no cytye,
The sixt day, he gaue this sentence.
No man so hardy of hye or lowe degre
To buylde no church but he haue licence
Of the Bishop beyng in presence:
This to say that he in his estate,
By the pope afore be approbate.

The seuenth day this law he did eke make
Of all possessions which be royall,
The tenth parte yerely shall be take,
By iudges handes in party and in all.
Which treasour they deliuer shall
As the statute doth plainly specify,
Hole and entere churches to edify.

The eight day mekely he did him quite
with great reuerence and humble affection,
Whan he did of al his clothes white,
And came him selfe on pilgrimage doune:
Tofore saint Peter of great deuocion,
Notwithstanding his roial excellence,
Made his confession in open audience.

His crowne take and knelyng thus he sayde,
With weping eyen and voyce lamentable,
And for sobbyng as he might abrayde,
O blessed Jesu, O Lord most mercyable,
Let my teares to the be acceptable,
Receiue my prayer my request not refuse,
As man most synfull I may me not excuse.

I occupied the state of the emperour,
Of thy martyrs I shed the holy bloud,
Spared no sayntes in my cruel errour,
Them to pursue moste furious and wode:
Now blessed Jesu moste gracious and good,
Peysed and consydred myn immortal offēce,
I am not worthy to come in thy presence.

Nor for to entre in to this holy place,
Upon this ground vnable for to dwell,
To open mine eyen or to lyft vp my face,
But of thy mercy so thou me not repell
As man most sinful I come vnto the well:
Thy well of grace, of mercy and pite,
For to be washen of mine iniquity.

This example openly he hath shewed,
His state imperiall of mekenes laid aside:
His purpyl garment with teares al be dewed,
Swerd or sceptre ne horse vpon to ride,
There was none nor baners splayde wyde,
Of marcial triumphes was no token found,
But crying mercy, the emperor lay on ground.

The peoples gladnes was medled w̄ wepig,
And their weping was medled with gladnes:
To se an emperour and so noble a kyng,
Of his fre choyse to shew so great mekenes,
Thus entremedled was ioy and heuines,
Heuynes ferre passed old vengaunce,
With new reioising of ghostly repentaunce.

This ioy was lake a feast funeral,
In folke of custome that do their busy cure,
To bring a corse which of custome shal
Haue al the rightes of his sepulture:
And in this time of sodayne auenture
To life againe restored be his bones,
Causing his frendes to laugh & wepe atones

Semblably dependyng atwene twayne,
The people wept, and therwith reioising,
To se the emperour so pitously complayne,
For his trespace mercy requiring:
Of ioy and sorow a gracious medlyng,
That day was sene gladnes meynt w̄ mone,

with wepyng, laughter, & all in one persone.

After all this he digged vp him selue,
Stones twelue where he was knelyng:
And put them in coffins twelue,
On the .xii. Apostles deuoutly remembrynge,
Compassed a ground large for buildinge,
Besyde his palays cast theron to wyrche,
In Christes name to set vp there a chirch.

The place of olde called Lateranence,
Buylded and edifyed in the apostels name:
Constantinus bare al the dispence,
Ordained a law, mine autour saith the same
If any poore, naked, blynde or lame,
Receiue wold the faith of Christ Jesu,
He shuld by statute be take to this issue

In his promyse if he were found true,
were not fayned nor no faytoure,
He shuld first be spoyled and clad new,
By the costage of the emperour:
Twenty shillings receyue to his socour,
Of which receyte nothyng was withdrawe,
By statute kept, and holde as for a lawe.

It were to longe to put in memory
His hye prowesse and his notable dedes:
And to reherce euery great victory,
which that he had with hostes that he ledes.
And to remembre al his gracious spedes,
The surplusage who lyst comprehend,
Let them of Syluestre rede the legend.

Amonge other touching his vision,
which he had, in cronicles men may lere.
whan he slept in his royall dongeon,
How Christ to him graciously did appere,
Shewed him a crosse, & sayd as ye shal here:
Be not aferde vpon thy fone to fall,
For in this signe, thou shalt ouercome thē al.

By which visiō he was made ful light,
Thrugh gods grace and heuenly influence:
First in his baner ẏ shone so clere & bryghte,
The crosse was betē chese tokē of his defēce
Slew the tyrāt that called was Maxence.
After whose death thrugh his hye renoun,
Of all the empyre he toke possession.

In whiche estate he mayntayned the ryghte,
Upon al poore hauyng compassion:
During his time hold the best knyght,
That any where was in any region.

Of Christes faythe the imperyal champion,
Through his noble knightly magnificence,
To all christen, protector and defence.

After his name which neuer shal appal
Chaunged in Grece the name of Bisance,
Constantinople he did it after call:
And on a stede of brasse (as men may se)
Manacyng the turkes of the countre,
He sytteth armed a great sweard in his hād,
Them to chastise that rebel in that land.

Reioyse ye folkes that borne be in Bretayne,
Called otherwise Brutus Albion,
That had a prince so notable a souerayne,
Brought forth and fostred in your region:
That whylom had the domynacion,
As cheke monarche, prince and president,
Ouer all the world, from Est to occident.

Tyme of his dethe that moneth of the yere,
Phebus not sene, withdrew hys feruēt hete:
Was eclipsed, and might not appere.
And longe before shewed a great Comete,
Alway encreasyng drewe towarde the cete,
Of Aychomede, shone early and eke late,
Where in his palayes he passed into kate.

The .xiiii. Chapter.

How Julyan Apostata enemy to Christes fayth by false illusions was chosen emperour, and after slaine.

After the dethe of this marciall man,
I meane this worthy noble Constātine,
Commeth the Apostata cursed Julian,
which by discent to Constantyne was cosyn:
Hys gynnyng cursed had a cursed fyne,
Entred relygion as bokes specify,
Under a colour of false ypocrisy

It hath ben sayd of antiquitie,
where there is a dissimuled holinesse,
It is called double iniquitie,
Fye on all such fayned perfitenesse,
For simulacion couered with doublenes,
And false semblaunt with a sour face,
Of all sectes, furthest stant out of grace.

A certayne space as made is mencion,
To al perfection he did him self apply:
Tyll he next wery of his profession,
For soke his ordre by apostasye,
And first he gaue him to nygromancy,

Double

Double apostata as mine autour sayth,
First to his ordre, and after to our faithe.

By ordinaunce of Constancius,
This sayd Julyan rote of ypocrisye,
Of gouernaunce froward and vicious,
was sent to Gaule with great cheualrye,
As vicar chosen the countre for to gye:
Gate him fauour, and falsly gan conspire,
To haue possession of the hole empyre.

And for he was not likely to attayne
To that estate he did his heart apply
Another meane plainlye to ordayne,
wicked spyrites to make of his alye:
Became a prentis to learne sorcerie,
To haue experience by inuocations,
To cal spyrites with his coniuracions.

By false illusyons in the peoples syght,
wicked spyrites had so great fauour,
A crown of laurer vpon his heed a light:
Made folke to deme by full false errour,
It came by myracle to chose him emperoure.
whiche in trouthe as in existence,
was but intrusion and fayned apparence.

with them he had his conuersacion,
Spared not to do them sacrifice,
with ceremonyes and false oblacion,
And to be emperour he rose in this wyse.
The state receiued firste he gan deuise
Agayne grekes out of his countre ferre,
To make him strong, wt them to haue werre.

The fiende a whyle was to him fauourable,
Gaue him entrye and possession,
And made him promise for to abide stable,
In his Lordship and dominacion:
To haue this world vnder subiection,
Of which behest he stode in perilous caas,
Folowyng the opinion of Pictagoras.

Pyctagoras had this opinion,
whan men dyed anone after than,
There was made a translacion
Of his spyrite into another man:
A maner likenes the Byble tell can,
The double spyrite of grace and prophecy,
To Helisius graunted by Hely.

Hereon concluding like his opinion,
As Pyctagoras affyrmed in sentence,
He that had ful possession
Of such a spyrite in very existence,
Shuld haue the same wisdom and science,
The disposicion after him as blyue,
Which had the spirite that was here alyue.

Of gouernaunce, and also of nature,
Resemble him of maners and liuing:
And thus by fraude Pluto did his cure,
To make Julyan trust in euery thynge.
He had by byrthe the spyrite of the kyng,
Called Alysandre, by whych he shuld wyn
This world by conquest, when he lyst begyn.

Thus gan he fone and fail in fantasy,
To trust on Pluto and goddes infernal,
They shuld enhaunce him by his cheualry,
For to possede and reioice al
Sworde, sceptre, crowne, and state imperial:
Passe Alysandre in honour and in glory,
And him excel in triumphal victorie.

He trusted Sathan bi whō he was disceiued
To Christes faith became mortall enemy:
Where that euer he hathe perceyued
Crosse or crucifixe, he brake them vengably.
By false langage he caused traitourly
Christ Jesu be called Galilee,
And of dispyte somtime of Nazaree.

Agayne our faithe this tyrant wext so wode,
Againe Christ had so great hatred,
Slew many a martyr & fasly shed their blud,
In ydolatry, and regenate in dede:
Held mortall war with thē of Perce & Mede,
Comyng to Perce first he gan debate
Gayne Sapor, of whom I spake but late.

Of Parthois also he entred thrugh the reem
Where he fonde no maner resistence,
And as he came by Jerusalem,
The Jewes anone he gaue licence
To buylde the temple with great diligence,
In dispyte of purpose to do shame
To Christes church bilt a new in his name.

In this while he caught a great corage
In a Theatre made brode in the toun,
To wylde beastes cruell and sauage
Of sayntes bloud to make oblacion,
They to deuoure men of religion:
And al christen of purpose to distroy
His lust was set, and al his worldly ioye.

By an heraude that did his host conuey.

Of very purpose to bring them in a trayne,
By strāge deserts found out a froward way,
The heate importable dyd him so constrayne
Brent thrugh the harneyse, felt so great pain,
The drye sandes, the ayre infect with hete,
Made many a man in hast their lyfe to lete.

This froward tyrant knowing no remedy,
Of cursed heart gan Christ Jesu blaspheme,
And of malycious hatred and enuy,
Wode and furious, as it did seme,
Gan curse the lord that al ỹ world shal deme,
Christ Jesu, which of longe pacience
List not by vengaunce his malice recōpence.

And more cruell was there neuer none,
Nor more vengable not Cerberus in hel,
Mortal enemy to good men euerychone,
Whose blasphemies and rebukes fell
By rehersayle if I shulde them tel,
I am afrayd the venomous violence,
Shuld enfect the ayre wyth the pestylence.

He cast out dartes more bytter then is gall,
Of blasphemy, and infernal langage,
And in this whyle among his princes all,
A knight vnknowe angelyke of vysage,
Freshly armed to punyshe his outrage,
With a sharp spere thrugh euery payne,
Of thys tyrant roue the hart on twayne.

Bathed in his bloud this tyrant fyll lowe,
To God and man frowarde and odious,
Thoughe ỹ time the knight was not know,
Yet some men sayne it was Marcurius,
Which by the prayer of Basilius
This tirant slewe as cronicles doth vs lere,
By a myracle of Christes mother dere.

This Mercurius as bokes determyne,
In Cesaria a mighty stronge citie
Within the countre called Palestine,
Buryed afore, rose vp at this iournee
Out of his graue, a strange thinge to se,
An horse brought to hi arayed in his armure,
Whiche hyng tofore beside his sepulture.

The same armure was not sene that nyght,
Nor on the morowe at his graue founde,
Tyl midday that Phebus shone ful bryghte
whan Mercurius gaue him his fatal wound
His blasphemy for euer to confound: preue,
whiche thinge accomplyshed thys myracle to
He and his armure were there againe at eue.

Of his blasphemy this was the soden wrake
Whiche the tyrant receyued for his mede,
The last worde, I fynde that he spake,
Was: thou Galylee hast ouercome in dede,
Toke the bloude that he did blede
This deuyllyshe man dying in dispayre,
Dispyte of Jesu cast it in the ayre.

His body slayne and his skyn was take,
Tawed after the precept and bidding,
Souple and tendre as they coude it make,
Sapor badde so that was of Perce king,
That men therof might haue knowlegyng:
Early on the morowe and at eue late,
He did it nayle vpon his palays gate.

And to a cyte that called was Kayre,
As cronycles make rehersayle,
This Apostata wolde ofte a day repayre,
To a woman which had in her entrayle
Spyrites closed, to make his diuinayle,
In whose wombe barain and out of grace,
Of wicked spirites was the dwellyng place.

This sayd woman was a creature
The which afore by cursed Julyan,
By his lyfe his purpose to recure,
In sacrifice was offred to Sathan:
And so as he with cursednes began,
Such was his ende, as al bokes tell,
whose soul with Pluto is buryed depe in hel.

With this tyrant Bochas gan wexe wroth
For his most odious fell outrage,
And to reherce in partie he was lothe
The blasphemies of hys fell langage:
For nouther furye, nor infernal rage
May be compared with poison fret within,
To the falce venyme of this horrible synne.

It is contrary to all good thewes
And tofore God moste abhominable,
Hatefull to all saue to cursed shrewes,
For of all vyces very incomparable
Moste contagious, and most delectable,
The mouth enfect of such infernal hounds,
Which euery day sle Christ with new woūds.

For obstynate of purpose for the nones,
Of disposicion furyous and wode,
Not afraide to swere goddes bones,
with horrible other, as body, flesh, and bloud,
The Lord dismēbring most gracius & good.
His fete, hādes, armes, face and heed,

Rend

Rend him of new as they wolde haue him, (deed.
This blessed Lord which is immortall
Though they be dedly they would him slee a-
They be erthly, he is celestial, (geyn,
In froward wise they ben ouerseyne:
Discrecion kayleth, their reason is in vayne:
All suche blasphemy, for shorte conclusyon,
Procedeth of pride and false ambycion.

It semeth to me they haue foul fayled
Of kyndnes, to do him reuerence (led,
which for their loue vpon the crosse was nay-
To pay the raunsome for mans offence,
Suffred death with humble pacyence,
False rebukyng, spyttyng in hys vysage,
To bring mankynde vnto his heritage.

False surquedy that doth the heartes reyse
Of such blasphemers, as was this Julian,
whose great empyre might not counterpeise
Again the Lord which is both God and man:
The original ground of pride was Sathan,
Prince vnder him most infortunate,
was this Apostata, reignyng in his estate.

What was the ende of this tyrant horrible?
This cruell felon hatefull to euery wyght?
By sodayne myracle to al his hoste visible,
There dyd appere a very heuenly knyght,
Most freshly armed, angelyke of sighte,
With a sharpe speere sitting on his stede,
Made the tyrant his hert bloude to blede.

His false goddes might him not auaile,
His frowarde offrynge done to maumetry,
Nor al his proude imperyall apparayle,
His inuocacions, nor hateful sorcerye:
For this apostata that dyd his kaythe denye,
Amonge his knightes slayn by death sodain,
His soule in hell with sathan in great payne.

The xv. chapter

Howe themperoure Valence slewe Hermites shed christen blud. distroyed churches, and after was brent.

BOchas in hast doth hys style dresse
Next, to themperour ỳ called was Valẽce,
Rehersyng first the perfyte holynesse
Of Heremytes, that did their dilygence
To lyue in penaunce and in abstynence,
Forsoke the worlde: and for Christes sake,
In to desert they haue the way take,

In this world here they lyst no lengar tarye;
Dyuers and double of trust no certayne,
Ferre in Egypte to liue solitary,
Depe in desertes, of folke not to be sayne:
The soyle was drye, of vitayle ful barayne,
The fruteles trees vp seared by the rote,
For Christes loue they thoght ỳ like most sote

This sayd Valence of malice frowardly,
To this Heremites ỳ liued in gret penaunce,
Causeles with full great enuy
Troubled them, and did thẽ great greuaūce,
Lyke a tyraunte set al in vengaunce:
Distroyd churches with people that he ladde,
And where he went christen bloud he shadde.

This mean while by robbyng and rauyne,
In Mauritayne which is a great countre,
There was a prince that called was Faryne,
And in Cesaria a famous great cyte,
For his extorcion and his cruelte,
He toke vpon him proudly there reignynge,
Maugre romayns to be crowned kinge.

Theodose the fyrst a manly man
Was sent out his malice to withstand,
By the bidding of Valencian,
Which that time the empyre had in hand,
Bothe atones: but ye shal vnderstande
Theodose was sent out to assayle
The sayd Farine, and slewe him in batayle.

Of whiche Faryne by full cruel hate
In that countre presumptuously reignynge,
Smote of his heed, and sate it on the gate
Of Cesaria this was the endyng:
Which by intrusiō afore was crowned king,
In Mauritayne oppressing them by dede,
As ye haue herde for which he lost his heade.

In this mater Bochas doth not soiourne,
By no attendaunce nor long diligence,
But of purpose dothe agayn retourne
To themperour, that called was Valence:
Which as I told did so great offence
The holy church, of froward cursednes,
Slew al Hermites that bode in wildernes.

God wolde not suffre he shuld long endure,
Graunteth no tyraunt here long lyfe:
For by some mischefe, or sodaine auenture,
They dye by murdre, with dagger, swerde, or knife
The Gotheyes whilom gan a stryfe,
For his outrage and great oppressyon,

They agayne romains fyll in rebellion.

A prince of his called Maximus
Distressed them by so great tyranny,
And was vpon them so contrarious
That they gadred all the chevalry,
And wext so strong vpon their partie,
That by their manhode it fel of auenture,
They on Valence made a discomfiture.

Spared not by robbynge and pillage,
Slough and brent many a stately place,
Cyties, townes, and many a small village,
That were famous within the lād of Trace:
But furiously thei met him in the face,
Where like a coward he turned his visage,
To saue his life, lay hyd in Cartage.

Thus finally this emperour Valence
As ye haue heard fayled of his entent,
The Gothes folowed by cruel violence,
As wylde beastes al of one assent,
The house and him to asshes they haue brent:
Lo here the fyne, ye princes take hede,
Of tyrantes, that saintes bloud do shed.

The. xvi. Chapter.

¶ Of kynge Amacisius and howe Gracian and Theodosy distroied temples of fals gods & how Graciā was put to flight

After Valence to God contrarious,
In al his workes most froward of liuēg,
Tofore Bochas came Amacisius,
Which of Gothes was whilom Lord & kyng.
Of his great age piteously complaining,
Inflate and dole lyst make no delayes,
Slew him self to short his greuous dayes.

Then came downe the brother of Valence,
The mighty emperour called Gracian,
Whiche afore had had experyence
First with his vncle Valentinyan
In the Empyre, as bokes tell can:
And afterward Theodosy and he,
Had gouernaunce of Rome the cyte.

Theodosy and Gracien of assent
Distroyed temples as in that partie:
Of false goddes also they haue downe rente
The great ydols, and all such maumetrye,
And full deuoutly gan churches edifye.
And in this whyle as fortune dyd ordayne,
One Maximus was vicar in Bretayne,

An hardy knight, albe that he did vary
From his promise made by sacrament,
In Bretayne list no lengar tary.
But into Gaule of hert and hole entent
Gayne Gracian he sodenly is went
And as it fyll set by their bothe auyse,
They had a batayle not far fro Parise.

This Gracien was there put to flight
By the prowes of a proud captayne,
Called Merobandus an hardy knight,
Which with his power hath so ouerlayne,
That Gracian was constrained in certaine
Whan his power myght not auayle:
Gayne Maximus, to flye out of Itayle.

This Maximus of pride gan desire
In his hert by false ambycion,
To reigne alone, and of the hole Empyre
In his handes to haue possession:
But in what wyse fortune threw him doune
With such other as be in nombre kiue,
In this chapter, Bochas doth discriue.

Against this same tyrant Maximus
When that he had slain Gracian,
The noble Emperour Theodosius
To venge his death, a warre in hast he gan:
Because also that Valentinian
was wrongly banished thrugh the cruelte
Of Gracian, farre from his countre.

with Maximus to holde vp his partie
was Andragacian a ful notable knight,
which was made prince of his chiualrye,
That toke vpon him of very force and might
To kepe ỹ mountains that no maner wight
with Theodose armed in plate and mayle,
No man shuld ouer the Alpes of Itayle.

Theodose made a great armye,
By grace of God, and marcial corage,
Layde a siege to Aygle a great cyte,
And wan the towne maugre his visage:
Toke the tyrant, and for his great outrage
Berafte him fyrst his royall garnement,
And slewe him after by rightfull iudgement.

whan Andragracian knewe that Maximus
That was his Lord was slayne in such wise,
Anone for sorowe the storie telleth thus,
He drowned him self, as Bochas doth deuise
Thus can fortune make men aryse:
And to the estate of Emperours attaine,

wyth

with vnware stroke gyue him a kal agayne.

This Maximus of whom I spake tofore,
Before his dethe made an ordinaunce
That his sonne which called was Victore,
Shuld after him gouern Gaule & Fraunce:
whome Arbogastes had in gouernaunce,
A great constable with Valentinian,
Slewe this Victore to reigne whan he begā.

The.xvii.Chapter.

A goodlye processe howe Theodosye wyth prayer and smal nombre, gate the victory.

Vwhan Valentinian with great apparayl,
By Arbogastes toke possessyon
Of Lombardy, and of al Itayle,
Brought al that land to subiection,
Than with his power he came to Gaul doun:
There receyued with great solempnyte,
At Vienne, a famous old cyte.

Arbogastes of whom I spake but late,
His chefe constable as ye haue heard deuyse,
Of his Lord by full cruel hate
The dethe conspired, of false couetise:
Therby supposyng that he shuld aryse
Vnto the state to be chose Emperour,
whan he were deed, lyke a false traytour.

Up in a towre he heng him traytourly,
To more sclandring & hindring of his name,
Reported outward, and said cursedly
This Arbogastes to hide his own shame
His souerayne Lord to put in more blame,
Stikely affirming a thing that was false,
Howe he hym selfe hyng vp by the halse.

Thus lyke a murdrer and a false traytour,
And of conditions hateful and odious,
Labored sore to be made Emperour:
That he alone with Eugenius,
Might exclude Theodosius.
First to let him he shuld in no partye
Passe thrugh Itayle, nor thrugh Lombardy.

Sette spyes to bring him in a trayne,
which that time as they vnderstode,
Like a iust prince did his busye paine
As he that thought nothing but gode,
In the hylles of Lombardy abode:
whom Arbogastes of furious outrage;
Cast him to trouble and stoppe his passage.

He and Eugenius beyng of assent
Theodosy mortally to assayle,
which whan he knew their mening fradulēt;
Albe that he had but scarce vitaile,
On euerye cost he set with a batayle:
And of his knightes forsake in manere,
He left all thinge, and toke him to prayer.

with him was lefte but a smal meyne
True and faithful in their affection,
And first of al he fil down on his kne,
And to Jesu gan make his orison:
O Lorde (quod he) thine eares enclyne doun,
And of thy mercyful gracious goodnesse,
Deliuer me out of my mortal distresse.

Consider and se howe that I am thy knight,
whiche ofte sith thrugh my fragilite,
With fleshly lustes blynded in my sight,
A thousand times haue trespased to the:
But gracious Jesu of mercy and pite,
To my request beningly take hede,
Me to socour in this great nede.

My trust is holy plainly to conclude,
Thou shalt forther and fortune my viage,
With fewe folke agayne great multitude:
To make me haue gracious passage,
After the prouerbe of new and olde langage
Howe that thou maist & canst thy power shew.
Gayne multitude, victory with a fewe.

And as thou saued whilom Israell
Agayne Pharaos mighty puissaunce,
And from the lyon deliuered Daniell,
And saued Susanna in her mortal greuaūce
Saue me this day fro sorow and mischaūce:
In this mischefe to graunt me this issue,
To escape from daunger by grace of ỳ Jesu.

This blessed name by interpretacion
Is to saye, most mighty Sauiour,
There is no drede nor dubitacion,
That Jesus is in al worldly labour,
To all that trust him victorious protectour:
Now blessed Jesu pause of my defence,
Make me to escape mine enemyes vyolence.

Let myn enemies that so great bost do blow,
Though their power be dredful and terrible,
That they may by experience knowe
There is nothinge to the impossible,
Thou two and thre and be indiuisible,
Though I with me haue but a fewe men,
Saue me this day Jesu fro dethe, amen,

The

The day gan clere the ſon gan ſhine bryghte,
whan Theodoſy deuoutly lay knelynge,
And by grace ad awne gan his ſyght,
Fro cloudy wawes of long pitous weping:
His cheke hope was in the heuenly kyng
Jeſu his captayne, in whoſe holy name,
That day he eſcaped fro miſcheke and ſhame

The holy croſſe was bette in his armure,
Borne as cheke ſtanderd toforе in his bataile,
God made him ſtronge in the field to endure,
Hardy as lyon his enemies to aſſayle:
Jeſus his champion, his plate, & eke his mail,
Jeſu alone ſet in his memory,
By whome that day he had the victory.

There was a knight prince of the chiualry
Of Arbogaſte and Eugenius,
which gouerned al hole their partie
Arcibio called manly and vertuous,
whiche goodly came to Theodoſius,
Did him reuerence and with glad cheare
Saued him that day fro miſcheke & dangere.

whan Theodoſius on his enemies gan ſet,
Lyke a knyght not tournynge his viſage,
And bothe battailes togither when they met,
Of Theodoſy to explete the paſſage,
Fyll a myracle to his auauntage:
By ſodayn tempeſt of wynde hayle and rain,
Troubled all tho that ſieged the mountayne.

Vulcanus which is cheke ſmyth of heuen,
Gayne Arbogaſte gan him redy make,
To bend his gũns yͭ thũder and with leuyn,
And Eolus his wyndes gan awake,
Out of the cauernes hidous browne & blacke,
All of aſſent by ſturdy violence,
With Theodoſius to ſtaud at defence,

Againe Eugenius and Arbogaſt his brother,
Their people and they departed here & yõder
With winde and miſt ꝑ non of thẽ ſaw other,
By vnware vengaunce of tẽpeſt & of thũder:
Their ſperes braſt, their ſhields roue a ſõdre,
Eugenius take after and loſt his hed,
And Arbogaſt ſlough him ſelfe for drede.

Thus gan the Lord of his eternal might,
Chaſtice tyrantes and their malice repreſſe,
Saued Theodoſy hys owne choſen knyght,
who truſteth him of parfite ſtablenes
Gothe fre fro daunger, eſcapeth fro dureſſe,
Bokes record howe Theodoſius,
Was in his time called Catholicus.

The cace was this as I reherce can,
In Theſſalonyca a famous great cyte
Being Biſchop ſaint Ambroſe in Millan,
Certayne Jewes for to do equite
And ſytte in dome hauyng auctorite,
Notwithſtanding their commiſſion,
Were ſlayn by commons, entryng the toun.

The rof the Emperour was nothynge faine,
But commaunded of hasty wilfulnes
whan he knew the iudges ſo were ſlayn,
That his knightes ſhuld them thider dreſſe:
Entred the cyte by cruell ſturdineſſe,
With ſwerde, pollax, & daggers charpe whet
Indifferently to ſle al that they met.

By whoſe biddinge the cite to encombre,
That day was ſlaine many an innocent,
Fyue thouſand deed remembring in nombre,
Murdred in hoſt without iudgement,
By them that were ſa to the cite ſent:
But whan Ambroſe herd of this cruell dede,
Like a iuſt prelate thus he gan procede.

Ye haue herde how this vengaunce gan
By Theodoſy, to chaſtice the cyte,
The ſame emperour came after to Myllan,
Wolde haue entred at a ſolempnite
The cathedrall church in his moſt royalte,
Byſchoppe Ambroſe at the porche him met,
And of purpoſe manly him withſet.

Quod the biſchop I counſayl the wythdraw,
In to this churche thou haue none entre,
Thou haſt offended God and eke his law,
Be not ſo hardy nor bolde I charge the,
To ſette thy fote nor entre in no degree,
Becauſe thou art a cruel homicide,
That maugre thy might thou ſhalt abide.

Unto thy palaes home agayne retourne,
This eyght monthes loke thou be not ſein,
Paſſe not thy bonds, do mekely there ſoiorn,
For truſt me wel, and be rightwel certayne,
All ſuch murdrers god hath them in diſdain:
Blode kaſtly ſhed, haue this in remembraũce,
Calleth day and night to him to do vẽgaũce,

Againſt the, for this great offence
Innocentes bloude ſhed agayn right,
By iuſt auctorite I giue this ſentence:
This eight monthes accompted day & nyght,

To

To entre the church ȳ shalt not com in sight:
Reason shal hold so iust the balaunce,
Tyl thou haue fully accõplished thy penaũce.

what I haue said take therof good hede,
For this time thou gettest no more of me,
withdraw thy hãd innocentes blode to shede,
For any rancour or hasty cruelte:
Than beholde the great humilitie
Of the Emperour, and consyder wele
For it wolde haue peersed a hert of stele.

with heed enclyned no word he spake again,
Fyll in wepinge, yͤ subbyng vnstaunchable,
His purple wede bedewed as with rayne,
Returning home with chere most lamẽtable:
So continued in his purpose stable,
with al the tokens of faithfull repentaunce,
In lowly wyse accomplished hys penaunce.

He gaue ensample to princes euery chone
In case semblable that worke of wylfulnes
To execusion to procede anon:
Mentain their errour & froward cursednes,
Defẽd their trespas meintein their wodnes,
Farre out of ioint if it shalbe declared,
To Theodosy for to be compared.

To the earth he mekely did obey,
Goddes knight did lowly his penaunce:
Where there be some that wrongfyt warrei,
Holde ther again by froward maintenance.
Touching this mater set here in remẽbrãce,
As men deserue let euery wight take hede,
He that seeth al, quiteth them their mede.

Theodosius list nothyng abredge
To short the yard of his correction,
For loke the platte, of rigour take the edge,
Mekely to suffre his castygacion:
To bowe his chine was no rebellion,
By meke confession knowing his trespace,
By saynt Ambrose restored agayne to grace.

Vertuous princes may ensample take
Of Theodosy how they the lord shal queme,
He nat froward amendes for to make
His ceptre, his swerde, and his diademe
Subiect to Ambrose what him list deme,
Obeied al thing, and for his great offence
To holy churche to make recompence.

He knew that God was his souerayn Lorde,
To holy church how greatly he was bound:
Grutched neuer in wyll, thought nor word
Holy on Christ his empyre for to found.
where vertu reigneth vertu will ay rebound,
And for this prince obeyed to al vertue,
Hath now his mede aboue with Christ Jesu.

The. xviii. Chapter.

¶ Howe knightes and gentilmen, chase Alerike king: and the commons chase Radagasus whyche ended in myschefe.

IT is remembred of antiquite
In the Byble, after Noes floud
Howe by discent of his sonnes three
Of their linege plainly and their bloud,
All kinredes dylated ben abrode,
And myne authour as it is made mynde,
Of Japhet seuen nations he did finde.

The people fyrste of Gaule and Galathe,
Of Magoth, Gothes and folke of Italye,
Tyre, Cithia, with many a great countre,
Standing in Asia, as by rehersayle:
But in Europe stant Trace, it is no fayle:
Gothes & Cithiens, of purpose did ordaine,
Among them selfe gouernours twayne.

Knyghtes and gentelmen chase Alericus,
To be their prince and haue the soueraynte,
Where the commons chase Radagasus,
The Gothes fyrst for greate suerte
With king Alerike entring the cyte,
In to Rome to finde there socour,
That time Honorius being their emperours

By graunt of whome al the hole countre
Gaue to Alerike, Gaule Spayn and Fraũce,
There to abide and thereto holde his see,
Gothes spaynolkes vnder his obeisaunce,
Takyng on hym al the gouernaunce:
Tyl Stilicon out of the Occident,
To mete with him was from Rome sent.

That time Honorius beyng Emperours
Stilicon gan Alerike enchace,
With many a sturdy proud soudioure,
For to fight they chose haue their place:
But Alerike stode so in the grace
Of fortune that by very might
Stilicon he put vnto the flyght.

Radagasus and Alerike of assent
Haue concluded, and full accorded be,
Thrugh Italie for to make their went

For

Toward Rome, and to entre that cyte,
Maugre romains to haue the ſouerainte:
Tofore their entring gan the town manace,
The name of Rome to chaunge and diffface.

The towne for euermore to do a ſhame
Their purpoſe was, as ye haue heard deuiſe:
Fyrſt of al to chaunge the townes name,
Dempt them ſelfe able to that empriſe.
But fortune thought all otherwyſe,
Like her maners to do moſt domage,
whan ſhe to men ſheweth freſh her viſage.

Her condicions be not alway one,
Stondinele of cuſtome ſhe can vary,
For ſhe was fyrſt froward to Stilicon,
And to Radagaſus efte agayne contrary
In one poynt ſhe liſt neuer tarye:
To Radagaſus her fauoure did fayle,
By Stilicon he vanquiſhed in batayle.

All his pryde might not make him ſpede,
For fortune lyſt ſo for him ordaine
That he was fayne at ſo ſtrayt a nede,
To ſi ye forſocour to an hye mountayne,
Of all vitaile naked and bareine:
weere for hunger he felt ſo great greefe,
Nigh al his people dyed at miſchefe.

Of all ſocour deſtitute and bareine,
Sawe no remedy toke him to flyght:
By the romayns he was ſo ouerlaine,
Take at miſchefe, and maugre his might
In chaynes bound, & dampned anone ryght
For to be deed, his people as it is tolde
Many one ſlayne, ſome take and ſome ſold.

There was none prouder nor more ſurquidus
In thylke dayes plainly to diſcryue,
Then was this ſaid king Radagaſus,
Which toke on him with romains to ſtryue:
His power ſhort was ouerturned blyue.
For fortune of malice had a luſt,
To ſlee this tirant with hunger & with thruſt.

Amoug other proud princes all
Reioiſed him ſelfe by a maner vainglory,
Becauſe that men in countres did him cal
King of Gothes, ſhort is the memorye
Of him reherſed or written in hiſtory,
To gyue enſample in dede men maye kinde,
The name of tyrantes is ſone out of minde.

The.xix. Chapter.

¶ Howe Ruffyn chamberlayne with Theodoſy vſurped to be Emperour, and therfore by Honorius dampned and his heade ſmyt of.

HIe climing by hath oft an vnware fal.
And ſpecially whan it is ſodaine,
Fro low degre to eſtate imperyall
whan falſe ambicion the ladder doth ordain.
By vſurpacion preſumptuouſly to attayne,
Abour the ſkyes with his heade to perce,
Fro whens he come were ſhame to reherce.

I meane as thus al ſuch haſty climbing,
Of them that liſt not them ſelf to know,
And haue forget the groũd of their ginning,
By froward fame with worldly winds blow,
To reiſe their name aboue ſagitaris bowe:
Record of Ruffin which proudly gan deſire
By falſe intruſion to occupi the empire.

Which Rufin was whilom chamberlayn
With Theodoſy, and holde a manly knight,
yet in one thing he was foule ouerlaine,
By couetiſe blynded in his ſyght,
To ſpẽd his labour that had no title of right:
By the emperour Honorius he was ſent
For to gouerne all the Orient.

By proceſſe Ruffin was made vikere,
Called after the vikar imperial
Toke vpon him holye and entere
By authorite cheke and principall,
Him ſelfe alone for to gouerne all:
And moſt able thus he did deme,
Before all other to weare a diademe.

Of him ſelfe ſo much he did make
In porte, and therto moſt ambicious
At Conſtantinople he was vnwarely take,
Firſt bound in chaynes, after ſerued thus
By true iudgment of Honorius:
His hed ſmot of, and his righthand in dede:
This was his ende, no more of him I rede.

The.xx. Chapter.

¶ Howe Stillyon and other of like condicon ended in miſchefe.

AFter whoſe dethe to Bochas came one
Such other like of condition,
Afore remembred called Stillion,
Purpoſed him to haue poſſeſſion
Of the Empyre hole, thus he thought,

And

13431.4

And by what mene, ꝑ way his fader sought.

Compendiously to tell of these twayne,
Fro diuers countrees towarde Septẽtrion
To gather people did theyr busy payne,
Of many dyuers straunge nacion:
Againe Honozius they came togyder doun,
And as they met foztune made them fayle,
Bothe atones slaine were in batayle.

Their ginning cursed had a cursed fyne.
After whose death I rede of other twayne,
Of one Constance, his father Constantyne,
Which Constantine toke on him certayne
To reigne in Gaule, and after dyd ozdayne
In that countre to be gouernour,
There to continue, as lozde and Emperoure.

His sonne Constaunce caught a deuocion,
Of conscience, and forthwith anonright
Was shaue a monke, & made his profession:
His father after of very force and might,
Let take hi out, gaue hi thozder of a knight,
Bothe of assent gan make them selfe strong,
Toppzes the countre & do the people wzong.

This said Constaunce as mine auctoz saith,
Was confederate of hatefull cruelte
with one Hẽricius, assuraũce made of faith,
As bzethezn swoine for moze authozite,
And foz to make the nombze vp of thze
Constantyne was swozne with them also,
To be al one in what they had to do.

These saide thze swozne, and ioyned thus,
Conquered in Spayne many a great cyte:
But in this whyle this said Henricius
Traytour false, and full of duplicite,
His felowe slough againe his othe pardye:
Thus was Constaũce thzough false colluſiõ,
Of Henricius murdzed by trayson.

Henricius lyued nat but a whyle,
By his owne knightes he slaine was also:
Fraude foz fraude, disceit is quyt with gyle,
It foloweth euer and gladly cometh therto.
Men receiue their guerdon as they do,
Let men alway haue this in remembzaunce,
Murdze of custome wyll ende wh mischaũce.

Among suche other thus endinge in mischefe
Came Attalus and one Eraclyan,
Foz no prowes but to their great repzefe,
Remembzed here, their storie tell can,
Agayne Romanes whan they rebell gan,
By Honozius afoze made officers,
And of the Empyze called chefe bykars.

First Attalus foz his tyranny
Whan he in Gaule was made gouernour,
Went in to Spaine with a great company,
Dyd his payne and fraudulent labour,
By false sleight to be made Emperour:
Take, and bounde exiled foz falsnesse,
His hande smyt of, ended in wzetchednesse.

Of Eraclian the ende was almost lyke,
Yet was he pzomoted to great pzosperite,
Made gouernour and lozde of Affrike,
Of Consulere rose to the dignite:
Rode thzough Libi, and many a gret coũtre,
With thze thousande shippes gan to sayle,
And with seuin hundzed to ariue in Italye.

So many shyppes neuer afoze were seine,
Like as it is accompted by wzyting,
His nauy passed the nauy in certayne
Of mighty zerxes that was of Perce king,
Oz Alisandze: but yet in his cõming
Toward Italie, whan he should aryue,
The sea & foztune gan againe him stryue.

At his arriuaile he had a sodaine dzede,
Cause Honozius had sent downe a capitain,
Constancius called, gouernoure and hede
Of all the Romains, to mete him on ꝑ plain:
Foz whiche Eraclian tourned is again,
As I synde gan take his passage,
Towarde the cite, that called is Cartage.

Thus foztune lyst her power shewe
Oz he came fully to that noble towne,
With sharpe swerdes he was all to hewe,
Among his knights thzough false collusion,
As they sit at a discencion:
Of intrucion fyzst gan the quarell,
Again Romains, whan he gan rebell.

¶ The.xxi. Chapter.

¶ A goodly pzocesse why Rome was distroied, and foz the same oz lyke cause many other realmes.

OF many mischeues befoze reherſed
Some dzawe a longe, and some shoztly tolde,
And howe foztune hath her whele reuersed,
By tragedies remembzed manyfolde,
Tofoze by Bochas of pzinces ponge & olde,

In the eight boke reherſed the proceſſe,
Echone almoſt ended in wretchednelle.

Namely of them that dyd moſte deſyre
By wrong titel them ſelfe to magnify,
To haue lordſhyp and gouerne thempyre,
The ſtate imperial proudly to occupy:
Whiche eſtate plainly to ſpecifye,
Is farre as Phebus doth in his ſpere chyne,
Among all lordſhips is brought to ruyne.

Fro mine authour I lyſt nat diſcorde,
To tel ꝑ ground why Rome came to nought,
By an example I caſt me to recorde
What was cheſe cauſe if it be wel out ſought
By a ſtorie that came vnto my thought
Of John Bochas, whiche ye ſhal here
That full notably is reherſed here.

Which enſample and ſtorie reherſing,
Certouſly folowing myne authour
Odoacer whylom a famous king,
A kyng by name and a great gouernour,
But of his condicions a rauinous robbour,
Out of that countre were mercy and pite
Baniſhed for euer with trouth & equite.

In that region where mercy is nat vſed,
And trouthe oppreſſed is with tyrauny,
And right wyſeneſſe by power is refuſed,
Falſe extorcion ſubporteth robbrye,
And ſenſualyte may haue the maiſtry
All of reaſon, be tokens at a preſe,
Which many laude haue brought to miſchef.

There is no realme that may ſtãde in ſurete
Ferme nor ſtable in very exiſtence,
Nor continue in long proſperyte,
But if the trone of knightly excellence,
Be ſupported with iuſtice and prudence,
In him that ſhall as egal iudge ſtand,
Twene riche & poore with ſceptre in hand.

A clere enſample this matter for to grounde:
So as a father that is naturall
Or like a mother which kindly is bounde,
To foſter her childzen in eſpeciall:
Right ſo a king in his eſtate royall,
Should of his office diligently entende,
His true lieges to cheryſhe and defende.

By good enſãple his ſubiectes enlumine,
Tẽporal realmes ſhould (as ſaith ſcripture)
Reſemble the kingdome which is diuine,
By lawe of god and lawe eke of nature,
That Res publica long time may endure,
Voide of diſcorde and falſe duplicite,
Of one body in longe proſperite.

Nouther their reigne nor dominacion
Haue of them ſelfe none other aſſuraunce,
The eſtate of kinges gan by permiſſion
Of goddes grace, and of his purueyaunce,
By vertuous life and moral gouernaunce
Long to continue bothe in peace & warre,
Like their deſertes to puniſh whã they erre.

They ſhould be the myrrour and the lyght,
Tranſcẽde all other by vertuous excellence,
As examplers of equite and right,
So by diſcrecion of natural prouidence,
To tempre their rigour w̃ mercy & clemence:
What ſhal fal afore caſt al thinges,
As appertaineth to princes and to kinges.

Thinges paſſed to haue in remembraunce,
Conſerue wiſely thinges in preſence,
For thinges to come afore make ordinaunce,
Folowe the traces of vertuous continence,
Againe all vices to make reſiſtence,
By the vertue of magnanimite,
Whiche is appropred to imperial maieſte.

Prother to fore authours ſay echone,
Which conſerueth the royal dignite,
In ſuche a meane ſtable as any ſtone,
Nat ouerglad for no proſperite,
Nor ouer ſad for none aduerſite,
For life nor death hygh corage to remue,
To god and man to yelde thẽ that is due.

Gayne fleſhly luſtes arme thẽ in ſobrenelle,
Voyde all ſurfettes and froward glotony,
Gredy appetites by meaſure to repreſſe,
Out of his houſe auoide all ribaudy,
Rowners, flatterers, and ſuch as can lie:
Ware in his domes he be nat perciall,
To poore do almeſſe, to vertuous be liberal.

In his array chewe him like a king,
From other princes by a maner apparence:
So that men prayſe hys vertuous lyuing,
More than his clothing, far frõ his preſence.
And let him thinke in his aduertence,
Truſt theron verely certayne,
As he gouerneth men wyl repore & layne.

Let him alſo for his great aueile.

12431.4

Haue such about him to be in presence,
As notable princes to be of his counsayle,
Suche as tofore haue had experience
Twene good & euill, to know the difference:
And sixe thinges hatefull of newe and olde,
To banish them out in hast frō his houshold.

Fyrst them that loue to liue in ydelnesse,
All suche as loue nouther god ne drede,
Couetous people that poore folke oppresse,
And them also that do all for mede,
And simulacion cladde in double wede:
And such as can for their auauntages,
Out of one hode shewe two visages.

Let him also voyde out at his gate
Ryotous people, ỹ loue to watche al night:
And them also that vse to drinke late,
And lie a bedde till their diner be dight,
And suche as lyst nat of god to haue a syght,
And recheles folke that list nat here masse,
Tauoyde his court & let thē lightly passe.

For which defautes rehersed here tofore,
Nat onely Rome but many a great countre
Haue be distroied, & many a kingdom lorne,
In olde cronicles as ye may rede and se:
False ambicion and froward duplicite,
Hath many a realme & many a lād enclosed,
And ben cause why they haue be distroied.

Jerusalem was whilom transmygrate,
Their true prophetes for they had in dispite:
And Balthasar was eke infortunate
For he in Babilone folowed al his delyte:
Dary in Perce had but small respyte,
Sodainly slaine and murdred by treason,
The same of Alysādre whan he drāke poison.

Discorde in Troy groundēd in couetyse
Whan by false traison solde was Palladion,
Rome and Cartage in the same wyse
Distroied were, for shorte conclusion,
Among them selfe for their deuision:
Reken other realmes that be of later date,
And of deuisions in Fraūce ỹ was but late.

Al these defautes rehersed here breuely
Out sought the rote, and weied in balaunce,
Chefe occasion to tell by and by
Hath ben princes, ỹ haue had gouernaunce:
And specially to put in remembraunce,
For an example telleth as cometh to mynde,
Of Odoacer the storie as I fynde.

Borne in Pruce and hardy of corage,
At his beginning him selfe to magnify
Though no mencion be made of his linage,
Hauing no titell, but theste and robbery,
His cōquest gan nought of blode & aūcetry,
But gadred people of sondry regions,
Entred Italye with many nacions.

With his soudiours fyrst he gan assayle,
With a multitude entryng anon right,
Kingdoms of Hūgry, & countreis of Italye,
Yet in his passage a Romayne knight
Called Horestes, in stele armed bright:
The felde was take and put in ieoparty,
Horestes fledde for socour to Pauy.

Straitly belieged and the towne won,
Founde for the time none other cheuesaunce,
The next morow at rising of the son,
Bounde in cheynes, tencrees his greuaunce,
Sent to a cite that called was Plesaunce:
Ageine whom Odoacer was so fel,
Let him be slayne by iudgement full cruell.

After whose death by sodayne violence,
Odoacer is passed through Italie,
Entred Rome found no resistence,
Zeno the Emperour durst him nat assayle,
For there was none to giue him batayle:
So that by force and rauinous working
Of all Italie he was crowned king.

Had all Rome vnder subiection,
Fortune a while lyst him nat fayle:
Zeno therof had indygnacion, (nayle
Gan worke againe him in hope it shoulde a-
And therupon the lordshyppe of Italie,
He gaue of purpose, his power committing
To Theodorike, that was of Gothes kyng.

So ỹ Theodorike in hope to haue bytorie
Ageine Odoacer, gan make resistence,
Of his name to put in memorie
Toke vpon him by knightly excellence
For the Romains to stand in diffence:
Met him proudly with his chivalry,
Beside a riuer that called was Sourry.

With their batails togider whan they met,
Beside Leglere that standeth in Lōbardy,
With rounde speres & sharpe swerdes whet,
Odoacer for al his tyranny
Was put to flight, discomfyted his party:
And fortune that best can chaunge and vary,

At vnlet hour was to him contrary.

Him & his power the Romains haue defied,
He brent their vines and toures enuyron,
Bycause the entre was to him denied,
And to Rauenne he is discended doun:
But maugre him he was take in the toun,
By Theodorike, lette eche man take hede,
Odoacer he commaunded to be dede.

Myne authour Bochas of entencion,
For the time as came to remembraunce,
Towarde Romains maketh a digression
To them recording the great variaunce
The vnware chaunges, the gery coũtenaũce
Of Fortunes false transmutacion,
These same wordes rehersing to the toun:

REmembre o Rome & call ayen to minde
The daies passed of thy felicite,
Thy marcial cõquestes, thy triũphs left behinde,
Thy great victories most of auctorite:
Thy famous lawes song in eche countre,
Which through ỹ world by report did shyne,
Now all atones is tourned to ruyne.

From Est to west thy lordshyp did attayne,
Aboue all powers most excellent & royall,
But nowe from Rome into Almaine
The estate translated which is imperiall,
Name of thy Senatours, name in especiall,
The golden letters darked and diffaced,
And from remembraunce almost out raced.

Cyte of cities whilom most glorious,
That most freshly floured in chiualry,
To whiche the alpies & mountains most fa-
Were subiecte of all Lombardy (mous
Til that discorde, diuision, and enuy
Amõg your selfe hath clipsed ỹ brightnesse
By a falle serpẽt, brought in by doublenesse.

Kinges and princes were to the tributary,
Of all prosperite so fulsome was the flode:
Among your selfe till ye began to vary,
The world throughout to you subiecte stode,
Tyll ye gan shew two faces in one hode:
What folowed after, fortune hath so prouided
Ye came to nought whan ye gan be deuided.

Unpurueyed of prudent Senatours,
Thy marchandise tourned to pouerte,
Of knighthod naked, barayne of soudiours,
Disconsolate stant all the cõmonte:
Towres and walles broke of the cite,
That whilom was a paradise of delyte,
Nowe all the worlde hath the but in dispite.

Cause to conclude of al thy wretchednesse
Is false ambicion, pride, and lechery,
Diuision, and malicious doublenesse:
Rancour, hatred, couetise, and enuy,
Which set aside all good policie,
In brefe rehersed for short conclusion
Haue be chefe grounde of thy distruction.

The.xxii. Chapter.

How the kinges Trabstila & Bularus were brought vnto subiection and made tributares to Theodorike.

AFter these mischeues told of Rõe toun
Came Trabstila king of Gepidois,
With other twaine as made is mẽcio
Bularus, that was king of Bulgarois,
With Philitheus reigning in Ragois:
All these thre brefely for to saine,
Came all atones to Bochas to complayne.

Their realmes standing toward Septẽtriõ,
And to remembre of the fyrst twayne,
Were brought atones to subiection
By Theodorike, that dyd his busy payne
Them to conquere & proudly did ordayne
That they were neuer so hardy to rebell,
Agayne Romains to take no quarell.

To Theodorike they were made tributary,
Most wretchedly bound in seruage:
Neuer so hardy after for to vary,
In paine of death during al their age,
Of seruitude lo here the surplusage,
Of al wretches most wretched they be foũd,
That to thraldom constrained be & bounde.

Tresour of tresours if it be well sought
Is vertuous fredome with large lyberte,
With worldly goodes it may nat be bought,
With royal rubies, gold, stones, nor pyre,
For it transcendeth, and hath the souerayne
Aboue all richesse that be in erthe found,
A man at large frely to stande vnbound.

The.xxiii. Chapiter.

How Philitheus lost his kingdome and of Marcian and Leo.

NExt these two in order ye may se,
To John Bochas gan shew his pre
The third king, called Philithe(fore
Whiche

12431.4

Which by foztunes ſodaine violence,
Loſt his kingdome by cruel ſentence
Of Odoacer, the tyzaunt mercileſſe,
Loſt his life, and came no moze in pzeſſe.

The ſodaine chaũges to rede whan I begȝ,
And ſaw the whele ſo oft turne vp ſo downe,
Of foztune there came one Marcian,
Of whome is made none other mencion
Saue only by a coniuracion
He murdzed was, being innocent,
Imõg his knightes which ſlew him of aſſet.

Than tofoze Bochas to ſhewe his pzeſence,
There came one that called was Leon,
Which caught a titell by no violence,
But made his clayme by iuſt ſucceſſion:
After his father and toke poſſeſſion,
Which of Leon myne auctoz ſaith the ſame,
Beyng Emperour, bare the ſame name.

This yong Leon again all truth and ryght,
By tyzanny as made is mencion,
Thzough cruell zeno ẏ was a good knyght,
Was put out of his poſſeſſion:
Conſtrayned to liue in religion,
But to what ozder that he dyd wende
I fynde nat, but there he made his ende.

The.xxiiii.Chapiter.

Howe Simacke and Boes his ſonne in lawe were banished, and after iudged to die.

After theſe miſcheues Simak gan hym dzawe
Toward Bochas, with a ful pitous face
Boes came with him, ẏ was his ſon in lawe,
Which among Romains gretly ſtod i grace:
But in this matere bzefely foz to pace,
The ſaid Boes onely foz his trouthe,
Exiled was, alas it was great routhe.

Foz cõmon pzofite, he was vnto the toun
In matters that grounded were of right,
Uery pzotectour, and ſtedfaſt champion
Againe two tirãtes, whiche of foze & might
Had in the pozail oppzeſſed many a wight,
By exactions and pyllage gun of newe,
Upon the cõmens, full falſe and eke vntrew.

Theodozike of Gothes lozde and king,
Toke vpon him by falſe intruſyon
To reigne in Rome, the people oppzeſſing
By his pzouoſtes two, as made is mencyon,
Did in the citie great oppzeſſion,
Confederate as bzother vnto bzother,
Coniugaſt, and Triguill was that other.

Compendiouſly this matter to declare,
To ſaue the commons ſtode in defence
Foz life noz death he lyſt nat foz to ſpare,
To withſtand of tyzantes the ſentence:
King Theodozike of cruell violence,
Baniſhed him by hatefull tyzanny,
He and his father to abyde in Pauy.

Afterward Theodozike of cruell haterede,
Like a falſe tyzant, of malice and enuy
Gaue iudgement that both two were dede:
But touching Boes as bokes ſpecify,
Wzote diuers bokes of Philoſophy,
Of the Trinyte matters that were diuine,
Martyzed foz Chziſte, and called Seuerine.

The.xxv.Chapter.

Of king Arthur & his cõqueſtes, and of the commodities of England, & how he was diſtroied by his colin Mozdzede.

Mas neuer pzice might him ſelf aſſure
Of foztune the fauour to reſtrayne:
Like his deſyze his grace to recure
To abide ſtable, and ſtand at certaine:
Among all other reken Arthur of Bzetayne
Which in his time was hold of euery wight,
The wyleſt pzince and the beſt knyght.

To whom Bochas gan his ſtyle dzeſſe
In this chaptre, to remembze bliue
His great conqueſt and his highe nobleſſe,
With ſingler dedes that he wzought i his liue
And firſt he ginneth bzeuely to diſcryue
The lite of Bzitaine, and of that countre,
Whiche is encloſed with a large ſee.

Set farre weſtward as ye ſhal vnderſtand,
Hauing Spayne ſet in the oppoſite
Of a ſmall Angle called Englande:
Fraũce about hi diſcryuing thus his ſight,
With many a riuere pleſaunt of delite,
Bothe bathes and welles there be founde,
Diuers mynes of metalles full habounde.

Abonte whiche ronneth the Occian
Right plentuous of all maner of vitaile,

The name of which at Brutus fyrst began,
London hath chyppes by the sea to saple:
Bachus at Wynchester gretly doth auaile,
Worcestre with frutes haboundeth at the full,
Herford with beastes, Cotswolde with wul.

Bathe hot bathes holsome for medicine,
Yorke mighty timbre for great auauntage,
Cornwall mynes wherin to myne,
Salisbury beastes full sauage:
Whete, mylke, & hony, plente for euery age,
Kent and Canterbury hath great cõmodite
Of sondrie fyshes, there taken in the see.

Bochas reherseth there is eke in Bretayne
Founde of Gete a full precious stone
Blacke of colour, and vertuous in certayne
For sickenesses many mo than one:
The poudre of whiche wyll dissure anone,
If it be dronke (though it be secre)
Of maydenhede broken chastite.

Ther ben of peerles founde in muskil shelles,
And the best that haue most whitenesse:
And as the boke of Brutus also telles,
How king Arthure to speke of worthynesse,
Passed all kinges in marciall prowesse:
Touchyng his line, his royall kynrede
Who that lyst se in Brutus he may rede.

His father called Uter Pendragon
A manly knight and famous of corage,
Right notable in his actes euerychon:
Arthur but ponge and tendre of age,
By full assent of all his baronage,
By succession crowned anonright,
Called of Europe the moste famous knight.

Curteys, large, and manly of dispence,
Myrrour called of lyberalite,
Hardy, stronge, and of great prouidence,
And of his knightly magnanimite
He droue Saxons out of his countre:
Conquered by prowesse of his mighty hand,
Dracadoys, Denmarke, and Holande.

Irland, Gaule, Norway, Scotlãd, & fraũce,
As Martes son to the werres mete:
Wrought by counsaile and by ordinaunce
Of prudent Marlyn, called his prophete:
And as I fynde, he let make a sete
Among his Britõs, most famous & notable,
Through all the worlde called ỳ roũde table.

Most worthy knightes proued of their hand
Chosen out by Arthur, this order was begõ,
Their famous nobles through euery land
Shone by report, as doth the midday sonne,
To Fames palays the renome is vp ronne,
Statutes set, by vertuous ordinaunce
Under profession of marciall gouernaunce.

The first statute in the regestre founde,
Fro which they should nat decline of right,
By full assuraunce of othe & custome bounde
Aye to be armed in plate forged bright,
Except a space to reste them on the night,
Seke auentures, and their time spende,
Right ful quarell to sustene and defende.

The febler partye, if he had right,
By theyr power manly to supporte
If that they were required of any wight,
Folke disconsolate to beare vp & comforte:
At all times men may of him reporte
No maner wyse they do no violence,
And again tiraũtes make knightly resistẽce.

That widowes & maidens suffre no domage
By false oppression, and hateful cruelte,
Restore childzen to their true heritage,
Wrongly exiled folke to their countre:
And for holy churches liberte
Redy euer to make them selfe stronge,
Rather to die than suffer them haue wronge.

For cõmon profyte as chosen champyons,
Pro Republica defending their countre,
Shewe aye them selfe hardy as lyons
Honoure to encrece, chastise dishoneste,
Releue al them that suffre aduersite:
Religious folke haue them in reuerence,
Pylgrimes receiue ỳ faile of their dispence.

Called armes seuen dedes of mercy,
Buryed soudiours that fayle sepulture,
Folke in prison deliuere them graciously,
Suche as poore be their raunsome to recure,
Wounded people that languysche & endure
Which pro republica mãly spent their blood,
By statute bounde to do suche folkes good.

To put them selfe neuer in auenture
But for matters that were iust and trewe,
Afore prouided that they stode sure
The ground wel know, were it olde or newe:
And after that the matter whan they knewe,
To prorede knightly and nat fayne,

12431.4

As ryght required theyr quarel to darrayn.

A clerke there was to cronicle theyr dedes
By purciuauntes made to him repozte,
Of their explopte and their good ſpedes,
Rad & ſonge to folke gaue great comfozte:
Theſe famous knightes making their reſozte
At hygh feaſtes, eueriche toke his ſete,
Lyke to their eſtate, as was to them mete.

One was boyde called the ſee perilous,
As Sanke royall doth playnly determyne,
None to entre but the moſt vertuous
Of god pzouided to be a pure vyzgine,
Bozne of diſcente to accomplyſhe & to fyne
He alone, as cheſe and ſouerayne
All auentures of Wales and Bzetayne.

Amonge al kynges renomed moſt famous,
As a bzyght ſonne ſet amyd the ſterres:
So ſtode Arthur notable and glozious,
Lyke freſhe Phebus caſt his lyghte aferres,
In peace like Argus moſt marcial in werres
As Ector hardy, lyke Ulixes tretable,
Called amõge chziſten, king moſt honozable.

His roial courte he dyd ſo ozdayne
Thzough eche coũtre ſo fer ſpzed out the light
Who that euer came thider to complaine
By wzonge oppzeſſed, & required of right,
In his defence he ſhulde fynde a knyght
To hym aſſigned, finally to entende,
By marciall dome his quarell to defende.

If it fell ſo that any ſtraunge knyght
Sought auentures, & thyder came fro ferre,
To do armes his requeſt made of right,
His chalenge ſene were it of peace oz werre
Was accept, to the courte came nerre:
Lyke as he came wyth many oz alone,
They were deliuered, foz ſake was neuer nõe.

There was the ſchole of marcial doctrine,
Foz yonge knyghtes to lerne al the gyſe,
In tendze age to lerne ful diſciplyne,
On hozſe and fote, by notable exercyſe:
Thing take in youth doth helpe in many wiſe
And ydelnes in grene yeres gonne,
Of al vertues clypſeth the clere ſonne.

Wydowes & maidens oppzeſſed folke alſo,
Of ertozte wzonges wzought by tiranny,
In that countre what nacion came therto,
Receyued were, there lyſt no man denye,
Of their complayntes founde ſone remedy:
Made no delay but fozth anone ryght,
Them to defende aſſigned was a knyght.

Eke by their ozder they bounde were of troth
By aſſuraunce and by othe ſwozne,
In their empziſes let foz no ſlothe
Playnely to tell howe they haue them bozne:
Their auenture of thinges done befozne,
Right as it fyll, & ſpare in no manere
To tel eche thinge vnto theyr regyſtrere.

Thynge openly done oz thinge that was ſerre
Of auenture as betwene twayne,
Oz any quarel take of volunte
Trewly repozte, and platly not to fayne:
Them to be ſwozne the ſtatute dyd ozdayne,
Not conceled of wozſhyp noz of ſhame
To be regeſtred, repozte the ſelfe ſame.

And to conclude the ſtatute hath vs leared
Euery quarel grounded on honeſte,
In that courte what knyght was requyzed
In the diffence of trouth and equyte,
Falſhed excluded and duplicite,
Shall aye be redy to ſuſtayne that party,
His lyfe and hys body to put in ieoparty.

Thus in Bzetayne ſhone ỹ clere light
Of chiualrye, and of hie pzoweſſe, (bzight,
Which thzough the wozld ſhad his beames
Wel of wozſhyp, condite of al nobleſſe,
Imperial courte all wzonges to repzeſſe,
Head ſpzig of honoz, of largiſe cheſe ceſterne,
Myzrour of mãhod, of nobleſſe the lanterne.

Yet was there ſene neuer ſo bzyght a ſonne
The ſommers day in the mydday ſpere,
So freſhly ſhyne, but ſome ſkyes donne
Might percaſe curtaine his beames clere:
Oft it falleth whã foztune maketh beſt there,
And fallly ſmyleth in her double wede,
Folke ſene expert than is ſhe moſt to dzede.

Thus whan the name of the wozthy kyng
Was fertheſt ſpzade by repozte of memozy,
In euery realme his nobleſſe moſt chinynge,
All his empziſes concluding on victozy:
This double goddeſſe enuied at his glozy,
And caſt meanes by ſom maner traine,
To cliple the light of knighthode in Bzitaine.

Thus whyle Arthure ſtode moſt honozable
In his eſtate, flouringe in his age,

Among his knightes of the rounde table,
Hyest of princes on fortunes stage,
The Romains sent to him for truage,
Gan make a claime frowarde & outragious,
Takyng their title of Cesar Julius.

The same time this mighty kyng Arthur
Conquered had Gaule, and also Fraunce,
Outrayed Frolle lyke a conquerour,
Brought Paris vnder obeysaunce:
Toke them to grace & with hys ordinaunce
Gate al Anioue, Angory, and Galcoine,
Poitowe, Nauerne, Berry, & Burgoyne.

Ceced not but dyd his busy payne,
Most lyke a knight helde forth hys passage,
Gate all the lande of Poyters & Tourayne,
Their cite yolde to hym they dyd homage:
To be rebell they founde none auauntage,
Sojourned in Fraunce as sayth ỹ Cronicler,
Helde possessiou the space of nyne yere.

Helde a feast full solempne at Paryse,
All the countreis whyth he gate in Fraunce,
Lyke a prince full prudent and rightwyse,
Which had of fredome full royall suffisaunce:
Of all his cõquest the countreis in substaunce
For his princes and barons so prouided,
Lyke their deserres he hath them deuided.

To his Seneschal that called was Kay
Anioue and Mayne he gaue all the party,
To his butler was made no delay
Called Bedwere he gaue Normandye,
To a baron nye cosyn of alye
A manly knight which named was Berell,
Gaue the duchy of Burgoyne euery del.

Thus he departed lordeshyppes of that lande
There he thought was most expedient,
Some he reserued in hys owne hande,
Againe to Britayne retourned of entent:
Sent out letters helde a greate parliament,
After which he made a feast anon,
In the countre called Gloumorgon.

At a great cite called Carlion,
As is remembred by olde wrytinges,
Came many a prince & many a freche baron
In nombre I fynde, there were .x. kynges,
Redy to obey Arthur in al thynges:
Present also as was mele sene,
There was of erles reckened full thurtene.

Al the knightes of the rounde table
Feast of Pentecost as feest principall,
Many estates famous and honorable,
Of princes barons borne of the blode royal
Were present there, and in especiall
All that were by othe and promyse bounde,
To ỹ brotherhede of the table rounde.

And it fell so whyle that kyng Arthur
As appertayned late in hys estate,
There came .xii. sent downe by great laboure
Of olde men, chosen of the Senate,
Sad of their porte, demure and temperate,
Richely clad, of loke and of vysage,
Gray heared, sempt of right great age.

First connyngly as they thought it due,
Cause of their cõmyng & playnly their entent
Fyrst of assent the kyng they dyd salue,
Next after that they tolde who them sent,
And their letters mekely they present:
Concludyng thus, to speke in breue langage,
Howe the Romains alke of hym truage.

Customed of olde syth gone many a day
Whan that Cesar conquered first Britayne,
The kynge requiring to make thẽ no delay.
Arthur abode, lyst nothinge to sayne,
But all the courte gan at them dysdayne,
The proude Britons of cruel hasty blode,
Wolde haue slayne thẽ cuyn there they stode.

Nay quod Arthur to al his officers,
Within our courte they shal haue no domage,
They entred bene and come as messangers,
And men also greatly sal in age,
Let make them chere wyth a glad visage:
Toke his cõsaile with such as wer most wise,
With this answere sayde in curteyse wyse.

Your letters red and plainly vnderstande,
The tenure hole remembred in this place,
Touching ỹ charge that ye haue take on hãde
To yeue answere, reherced in short space,
By worde & writyng ye greatly me manace,
How ye purpose wyth many strong battayle,
Passe the moũtains me felly for to assayle.

It nedeth not such conquest to alledge
Agayne Britons, of none olde truage,
Of your coming down ỹ way I shal abredge,
Wyth goddes grace short your passage:
Make you no delay but with my baronage
Passe the see, without long tarying,

To

To mete Romaines at their downe cõmyng.

This was the answer youe to the messãgers,
At their departing bare w̃ them great riches,
As he bade also vnto his officers:
Agayne to Rome anone they gan thẽ dresse,
Plainly reporting the plentuous largesse
Of worthy Arthure, considred all thynges
Of christendome he passed al other kinges.

Arthurs courte was the sours and well
Of marciall prowes, to Lucius they tolde,
And howe that he al other dyd excel
In chyualry, wyth whom they were whold:
The chosen knyghtes both yonge & olde
In all Europe who can considre arighte,
Of all nobilesse the torches be there lyghte.

He cast him not to paye no truage,
Sayde of the Romaynes he helde no londe,
Which to defende he wyl make his passage
Of your claymes to breake a two the bonde,
And knyghtly preue with his honde
Ye haue no tytle, ye, nor your cite
Agayne Britons, whych euer haue stand fre.

With ỹ al the kingdoms subiect to Rome toun
Kynges Princes aboue the hie mountaines,
With Lucius they be discended downe,
To mete Britons vpon the large playnes:
Arthurs comming greatly he disdains,
Bycause he had plainely to dyscriue,
In multitude of people such fyue.

At Southhamptõ Arthur toke the see
With all his knightes of the rounde table,
Behinde he left to gouerne the countre
His colin Mordrede, vntrusty & vnstable,
And at a prefe false and discrepuable:
To whom Arthur of trust toke al his lande,
The crowne except, whych he kept in hande.

Fro Southhampton Arthur gan to sayle
With all his worthy lordes of Britaine,
At Harflue londe good ariuaile,
He & his princes their passage dyd ordaine
Thrugh Normãdy, Fraũce, & eke Burgoine:
Up to a cyte called Augustence,
Wher he first londe of Lucius the presence.

So large a felde nor such a multitude
Of men of armes, assembled in a plaine,
Upon a day shortly to conclude
Togider assemble afore was neuer seine:
Lucius had on his party certaine
Eastwarde the worlde all the chiualrye,
Brought by ỹ moũtains down to Germany.

Their wardes set in ech a great battaile,
With their capitaine to gouerne & to gye:
Arthur w̃ britons the Romains did auaile,
Fond many Sarazins vpõ that party:
The Briton Gaulfride doth plainly specify,
As he of Arthur the prowes doth discriue,
He slewe that day of Sarazins kynges fyue.

The great slaughter, the effusion of bloude
That was that day on outher syde,
Ech againe other ỹ furious were & wode,
Lyke for the felde as fortune lyst prouide,
That if I shoulde longe theron abyde,
To write the deth, the slaughter & manere,
Touching the felde were tedious to here.

To conclude and leaue the surplusage,
In that battayle dead was manye a knight,
The Cõsul Lucius slaine in that rage,
The proude Romains by force put to flighte,
Of gentilnes Arthur anone right
Let the body of Lucius be caried,
Againe to Rome, it was no lenger taried.

The worthy princes & lords that were dead,
And manly knightes abidynge wyth Arthur
Like a king solempnly toke hede
That they were buried by diligẽt labour:
And in this whyle lyke a false traitour,
His cosyn Mordrede dyd his busy paine,
To take from him the kyngdom of Britayne.

So as the story plainly maketh minde,
Mordrede falsly to his auauntage
Entreted them that were left behynde
Under colour of fraudulent langage,
Gaue thẽ gret fredõe, & they did him homage:
That by his false conspiracion,
Brought al Britaine in to rebellion.

By faire behestes and many frendly signe
Drewe the people to hym in sondry wyse,
Shewed him outwarde goodly & benygne,
Gaue lybertees and many great fraunchyse,
To make Britõs their soueraine lord dispise:
And purueiaunce he gan make blyue
To kepe the portes, he shoulde not arriue.

Whan king Arthur had knowledgyng
Of this false treason, and al the purueyaũce:

That

That Mordrede made, he lyke a manly kyng
Left Burgoyne and al the lande of Fraunce,
Cast on Mordrede for to do vengeaunce:
Toke the see wyth great apparayle,
Cast at Sandwiche to make his ariuaile.

Mordred was redy w̄ knightes a gret nōbre,
Made a strōg felde to mete him on the plaine,
In purpose fully Arthur to encombre:
At which arriuayle slayne was Gawayne,
Colyn to Arthur, a noble knight certaine:
Eke Aguisel was slayne on the stronde,
Kyng of Scottes or he came to londe.

Maugre Mordrede Arthur dyd arryue,
The grounde recured lyke a manly knighte,
For feare of whom anone after blyue
The sayde Mordred toke hym to the flyghte,
And towarde London toke hys way ryghte,
The gates shyt and kept was the cite
Againe Mordred, he myght haue none entre.

In al haste to Cornwayle he fled,
The sworde of Arthur he durst not abyde,
Lest he shoulde lay his life to wed:
Yet for him selfe thus he gan prouide,
With multitude gathered on his syde
Put life and dethe that day in auenture,
There to dye, or the felde recure.

In fortune there may be no certayne,
Upon whose whele al brotilnesse is founded,
Mordred that day in the felde was slayne,
And noble Arthur to the deth was wounded:
By which the felde of britons was confounded
Of so great slaughter & good knightes lorne,
Upon a day men haue not sene beforne.

After the battaile Arthur for a whyle
To staunche his wōdes & hurtes to recure,
Borne in a lytter came to an yle
Called Aualon, & there of auenture
As the sayd Gaulfride recordeth by scripture,
How kyng Arthur flour of chiualrye,
Was fet w̄ his knightes & liueth yet in fairy.

Thus of Britayne translated was that sonne
Up to the ryche sterry bryghte dongeon,
Astronomers wel reherce konne.
Called Arthurs constellacion,
Wher he sit crowned in the heuenly mancion,
Impd the palaies of stones cristalline,
Tolde among christen of the worthies nyne.

This errour abideth yet among Brytons,
Which founded is vpon the prophelye
Of olde Marlyn, lyke their opinion,
He as a kyng is crowned in fairye,
With sceptre & sworde and with his regalye,
Shal resort as lorde and soueraine,
Out of fairy and reigne in Britayne.

And repaire againe the rounde table,
By prophesy of Merlyn set the date
Among princes kyng incomparable,
His sete agayne to Carlion to translate:
The parchas susterne spon so hys fate,
His Epitaphe recordeth so certayne,
Here lieth kyng Arthur ỹ shal raigne agayne.

Unto Bocas I wyl agayne retourne,
Afore rehersed parcel of hys prowesse,
Theron to abyde me lyst no more sotourne,
But to remembre the great vnkyndnesse,
The conspiracion, the treason, and falsnes,
Done to kyng Arthur, by his colyn Mordred,
Make a Lenuoy that al men may it rede.

Lenuoye.

This tragedy of Arthur here folowing,
Byddeth Princes all beware of false treason:
For in erth is none so perillous thynge
As trust of fayeth where is deception,
Hyd vnder curtayne of false collusion,
For which me shuld I holde the counsel good,
Beware afore euer of vnkinde blode.

The world diuers, fortune aye chaungeable,
In euery countre and euery region
In a straite nede fewe frendes abyde stable,
Long absence causeth dilcencion:
And if princes by false diuision,
Nygh of alye the we two faces in one hode,
Let men beware euer of vnkynde blode.

Who was more hardy of princes here reignig
Or more famous of marciall renoun,
Thā whilom was his enemies outrainge,
Arthur, chefe sonne of Brutus albion:
But for al that the dispolicion
Of fate and fortune most furious & wode,
Caused his distruccion by vnkynde blode.

What more cōtrarious to nature in shewinge
Than fayre pretence double of entencion,

Great

Great aliaunces frowardly wozkyng
Hid vnder floures a serpent cast poison,
Bzyght liluer scaled domageth the dzagon,
Eche wozme lõe party tarageth of his bzode,
And what moze perilous than vnkinde blode

Noble pzinces on Arthur remembzinge,
Deme the day of Phebus going doun,
Al is not golde that is clere shininge,
Afoze pzouided of your inwarde reason,
Falle vndermining and supplantacion:
Remembzing aye with Arthur how it stode,
By conspiracion of vnkynde blode.

☞ An exclamacion of Bochas agayne kynredes vnkynde.

AGayne kynredes and vnkynde alyaunces,
Bochas maketh here an exclamacion,
Upon Mozdzede whyche wyth hys ozdinaunces
Cauled of Arthur finall distruccion,
The fame eclypsinge of Bzutus albyon:
Not wythstandyng plainly to discriue,
He trusted him aboue al men alyue.

It is a meruayle and vncouth to deuyse
By what occasion, oz by what cozrage
That a man shoulde in any maner wyse,
Be founde vnkinde vnto his linage,
Hateful to god, that in any age
Blode agayne blode bozne of one kynred,
Conspire should of malice and hatrede.

In this matter it were but bayne to tary,
The stozy knowe of Arthur and Mozdzede
By blode alied in wozkyng most contrary
Which made many a Bziton knyght to blede:
Foz by vsurpyng conspiracion & falshede
Of the sayd Mozdzede most infoztunate,
Cauled al Bzitayne to stande desolate.

Fyzst desolate by absence of their kynge,
Called in his tyme of kynges most notable,
The desolacion of knyghtes abydynge
Whilome in Bzitaine, famous & honozable,
Bzethern echone of the rounde table:
Which by Mozdzed ỹ falle fozswozn knight,
Stode longe eclipsed & dyzked of his lyghte.

The light of noblesse ỹ shone in Bzitaine
By falle Mozdzed was dirked of his bemes,
The monarchye departed was on twayne
That stode first one with his marcial stremes:
But afterward the bzightnes of hys beames
Dzough to decline, by falle diuision
Which hath distroied ful many a region.

Al the pzocesse vpon a duplicite
Plainely concludeth, & that is blode vnkynd,
Adue welfare and all pzosperite
Where peace and concozde is left behynde,
Trees may not thziue departed fro the rinde,
Iplaine example in Arthur & Mozdzede
Who can conceyue and lisk the stozy rede.

The.xxvi.Chapter.

☞ Of Gisiuill kynge of Uenandze and of thzee other kinges, and howe they were distroied.

AFter all these straunge vncouthe thynges
Tofoze Jhon Bochas as made is mention,
There came foure myghtye kynges,
Foz to complayne their desolacion:
Fyzst Gisiuill kyng of the region,
Called Uenandze, in werres ful contraire,
Unto a pzince called Belisaire.

And to this laide noble Belisaire
Full renomed that tyme in chiualry,
The kyng of Gothes was also aduersayre:
And both atones of hatred and enuy,
Assented fully to holde champerty
Gayne Belisaire, which thzoughe his hie re-
Toke thẽ both & cast thẽ in pzison. (noun.

There is no moze of thẽ in Bochas founde,
But after them in ozder by wzityng
Came Amarales wyth many blody wound,
Which in his tyme was of Mawres kynge,
Without cause oz title of any thynge (right,
Upon Jane Sanguin gan werray agayne
Which thzough Affrik was one ỹ best knight.

The sayde Jane armed in plate and mayle
Met Amarales in Affrike on a sande,
And helde with him a mighty strong batayle,
And lyke a knight slewe hym wyth his hand:
Dzoue al his people pzoudly fro that lande,

And

That Mordrede made, he lyke a manly kyng
Left Burgoyne and al the lande of Fraunce,
Cast on Mordrede for to do vengeaunce:
Toke the see wyth great apparayle,
Cast at Sandwiche to make his arriuaile.

Mordred was redy w̄ knightes a gret nōbre,
Made a strōg felde to mete him on the plaine,
In purpose fully Arthur to encombre:
At whiche arriuayle slayne was Gawayne,
Colyn to Arthur, a noble knight certaine:
Eke Aguisel was slayne on the stronde,
Kyng of Scottes or he came to londe.

Maugre Mordrede Arthur dyd arryue,
The grounde recured lyke a manly knighte,
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Upon a day men haue not sene before.

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With sceptre & sworde and with his regalye,
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Afore rehersed parcel of hys prowesse,
Theron to abyde me lyst no more sojourne,
But to remembre the great vnkyndnesse,
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Make a Lenuoy that al men may it rede.

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Hyd vnder curtayne of false collusion,
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In euery countre and euery region
In a straite nede fewe frendes abyde stable,
Long absence causeth discencion:
And if princes by false diuision,
Nygh of alye shewe two faces in one hode,
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Or more famous of marciall renoun,
Thā whilom was his enemies outrainge,
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Of fate and fortune most furious & wode,
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Be founde vnkinde vnto his linage,
Hateful to god, that in any age
Blode agayne blode bozne of one kynred,
Conspire should of malice and hatrede.

In this matter it were but vayne to tary,
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By blode alied in wozkyng most contrary
Which made many a Bziton knyght to biede:
Foz by blurpyng conspiracion & falshede
Of the sayd Mozdzede most infoztunate,
Cauled al Bzitayne to stande desolate.

Fyzst desolate by absence of their kynge,
Called in his tyme of kynges most notable,
The desolacion of knyghtes abydynge
Whilome in Bzitaine, famous & honozable,
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The monarchye departed was on twayne
That stode first one with his marcial strems:
But afterward the bzightnes of hys beames
Dzough to decline, by falle diuision
Which hath distroied ful many a region.

Al the pzocesse vpon a duplicite
Plainely concludeth, & that is blode vnkynd,
Adue welfare and all pzosperite
Where peace and concozde is left behynde,
Trees may not thziue departed fro the rinde,
A plaine example in Arthur & Mozdzede
Who can conceyue and list the stozy rede.

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Tofoze Jhon Bochas as made is mencion,
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Foz to complayne their desolacion:
Fyzst Gisiuill kyng of the region,
Called Uenandze, in werres ful contraire,
Unto a pzince called Belisaire.

And to this saide noble Belisaire
Full renomed that tyme in chiualry,
The kyng of Gothes was also aduersayre:
And both atones of hatred and enuy,
Assented fully to holde champerty
Gayne Belisaire, which thzoughe his hie re-
Toke thẽ both & cast thẽ in pzison. (noun.

There is no moze of thẽ in Bochas founde,
But after them in ozder by wzityng
Came Amarales wyth many blody wound,
Which in his tyme was of Mawres kynge,
Without cause oz title of any thynge (right,
Upon Jane Sanguin gan werray agayne
Which thzough Affrik was one ỹ best knight.

The sayde Jane armed in plate and mayle
Met Amarales in Affrike on a sande,
And helde with him a mighty strong batayle,
And lyke a knight slewe hym wyth his hand:
Dzoue al his people pzoudly fro that lande,

And

And in my boke there is none other mynde,
To be remembred of him that I can fynde.

Than Synduall of Bretaine lorde & kyng
Tofore Bochas put him selfe in prees,
Gan shewe his mischefe pitiously wepyng,
Whan he helde werre wylfull & recheles
Agayne a prince, called Narsates:
A Romayne knyght feirse, hardy, & stronge,
In his defence whā men wold do hym wrōg.

This Narsates, of case or auenture,
Though he in dede was a manly knyght,
He fayled membres in sothe of engendrure,
His aduersaries echon he put to flight:
Toke their king & forthwith anone ryght
As the cronicle playnly doth recorde,
Hye on a galowes he hinge him with a corde.

Of Narsates after this victory,
Kyng Totila had full great disdaine,
With a great host most pōpous in his glory,
Came vpon him, and met hym in a playne,
With multitude though he were ouerlayne,
Turnyng Totila which many man beheldē,
Of Narsates was slayne in the felde.

In order next Bochas doth write
Of Gepidoys, howe king Trusmonde
Required him that he woulde endite
The gret aduersites in which he dyd habōde,
And of his doughter called Rosamounde,
The vnhappy chaunce to make a discrye:
To whom fortune was contrary al her lyue.

Albuinus king of Lombardy
Which many a lande helde in subiection,
Conquered Beme, Prage and Hungery,
The land of Gepedois with manye a region:
Fought with their king as made is mencion,
Slewe in battaile the said Trusmonde,
Wedded after his doughter Rosamonde.

Wyne auctour gretly comendeth her beaute,
And writeth also she was but young of age,
Whole story first whan I dyd se,
Howe vngracious also was her mariage,
I gan wexe pale and dead in my visage
Greatly astoined confuse of very shame
To write the story, in hindring of her name.

I wyll forbeare and lightly passe here,
The surplusage lightlye ouerpasse
For by and by to tel all the manere
Of felonies that dyd in hertes brace,
It shoulde blot this boke, and eke deface:
For which I cast truely and not fayle
Touching her story, to make rehersaile.

The.xxvii. Chapter

Howe Albuinus was murdred by hys wife, and howe she moste vycious was after murdred also.

KInge Albuinus as ye shall vnderstande,
After many a conquest and victorye
Whyche he hadde bothe on see and lande,
To put his triumphes in memory
Let crye a feast, to his encrese of glory,
At whiche feest solempne and principall,
So as he sate in his estate royall,

Parcell for pride, parcel for gladnesse,
The quene present the sayd Rosamonde,
Take & suppriled he was wyth dronkenes,
Of stronge wynes, whych ỹ day did habound:
Sent a Goblet of golde as it is founde,
Unto the quene with licour full pleasaunt,
Bad to her father she shoulde drinke a taunt.

She dempt it was a maner mokery,
First her name and worshyp to confounde,
To byd her drinke ataunt for her party
To her father, this sayd Trusmounde,
Slaine afore wyth many blody wounde,
By Albuinus through his vnhappy chaunce,
Of whych rebuke she cast to do vengeaunce.

She bare the rancour ful long in her entent,
Whiche day by day gan renewe & encrease:
A certayne squier she made of her assent
It to accomplyce she woulde neuer cease.
And on another squier she gan preace,
Called Perdius, accorded all in one,
This false murdre to execute anone.

The daye was set, whyle he lay a slepe
Fyll vpon him wt sharpe swordes grounde,
Her lorde was slayne alas he toke no kepe:
Or he died of fortune he hath founde
A speares head to a tronchon bounde,

Him

Him selfe defending in that mortall strife,
But slaine he was by treason of his wife.

After this murdre to escape fro daunger,
This Rosamonde fled awaye by night,
With her went Melchis her squier,
Toke a shyp sayled by sterre light:
To Rauenne they toke the waye ryghte,
Led with them for refute and socour,
Of Albuinus al the hole treasour,

After she was wedded to Melchise,
Man of this worlde stode most in her grace,
Her loue appalled, set of him no prise,
For she not coude be content in one place,
Her ioye was euer newe thing to purchace:
To assaye many neuer pleased with one.
Tyll by experience she preued had echone.

Prouost of Rauenne and chefe gouernour
For the excellence of her great beaute,
Aboue al women loued her peramour,
Whan she entred fyrst that cite:
And through her fraude and duplicite
She cast to murdre, in her frowarde auyce,
Her newe husband that called was Melchis.

The hote sommer in lusty freshe May,
The same Melchis for hete and werines
Him selfe to bathe went a certayne day,
Caught a great thurst of very fayntnes,
And Rosamonde of infernall falsnes,
Toke a goblet with licour great foison,
Gaue him to drinke wine medled with poiso.

He dranke vp halfe and therwithal he gan,
Brest and belly to swell and to aryse,
Intoxicate wext deadely pale and wan:
And whan he dyd her treason aduertise,
He made her drinke in the same wise,

Maugre her wyll she might it not restrayne,
Guerdon for murder, they died bothe twayne.

In this chapter but litle fruite I fynde,
Saue onely thys, to put in remembraunce
That folke shoulde call agayne to mynde
Murdre afore god requyreth aye vengeaunce:
This funeral story waped in balaunce,
Wrought by Melchis compassed and founde,
By false treason of cursed Rosamounde.

Slewe first her lorde Albuinus as I sayde,
Two of her squiers dyd execucion
Out of his slepe whan he dyd abrayde:
Let counterpayse what was her guerdon,
Ech murdred other by drinking of poison,
Melchis dranke first, & next drāke Rosamoūde,
At them it gan & to thē it dyd rebounde.

Counterpayled one murder for an other,
Albuinus slayne by Rosamounde hys wyfe,
By assent of Melchis, & after eche to other
The poison parted, there gan a fatall strife:
Murder for murder, they both lost their life.
Who vseth falsnes ful wel affirme I dare,
Shal with falsnes be quit or he be ware.

As they departed, such part againe they toke,
As men deserue suche shall be their mede,
This frowarde storye ende of the eight boke,
Of Rosamonde & Melchis wrought in dede,
For short conclusion byddeth men take hede:
They shall agayne receiue such measour,
As they measure vnto their neighbour.

☞ Thus endeth the eyght boke and herafter foloweth the nynthe.

¶ Howe the Emperoure Mauricius

hys wyfe and hys chyldren were slayne at Calcidony.

¶ The fyrst Chapter.



NO Frances Petrark as Bochas vndertoke,
In eschewyng of slouth ful ydelnes,
As he began taccõplysh vp his boke
Assurance made hym do his busines:
Which thinge remẽbred gan his pen dresse
The nynth boke, so god wold gyue him grace
It to perfourme if he had lyfe and space.

At the beginnyng sothly of his labour,
In his study there dyd to hym appeare
Mauricius, the myghty Emperour,
Which complayned rehersynge the manere
Howe he by Phocas cruell of loke & chere,
Distroied was, wyfe, childrẽ, and kinrede,
The slaughter couth, who lyst the storie rede.

The sayd Maurice as write Bochas Jhon,
Was by Phocas brought to distruccion:
His wyfe and children were slaine echone,
At Calcidony, as made is mencion.
After whose deth he toke possession
The sayd Phocas, as put is in memory,
Gaue Pantheon to saynt Gregory.

Whyche was a temple of olde foundacion
Ful of ydols, vp set on hye stages,
There, throughe the worlde of euery nacion
Were of theyr goddes set vp great ymages:
To euery kingdom direct were their vilages,
As Poetes and Fulgens by hys liue
In bokes olde plainely doth discriue.

Euery ymage had in his hande a bell,
As appartayneth to euery nacion,
Which by craft some token shoulde tel
Whan any kingdome fil in rebellion,
Or gan maligne agayne Rome toun:
Which to redresse w strong & myghty hande,
Sent a prince to chastice al that lande.

The saide temple builded of lime and stone,
Pope Boniface as bookes specify,
Wher it was first called Pantheon,
Set vp crosses vpon eche partye,
Halowed it to martirs and to Mary:
Yere by yere gynnyng of Nouembre
The feast hold the martiloge doth remembre.

In Asia this Emperour Maurice was slain,
In the cite that called is Calcidony,
Al his houshold and many good Romaine
By Phocas & percies (as had is in memorye)
And Phocas after for his baynglory
Slaine by Heraclius, he thã was Emperour
Four & twenty wynter he was gouernour.

The.ii. Chapter

¶ Of Machomet the falle prophet, and how he beyng dronke was deuoured amonge swine.

AFter the deth of Phocas as I tolde,
Whã Heraclius to raine first began,
Came Mahomet, in his time yhold
A false prophet and a magician,
As bokes olde well reherce can
Borne in Arabia, but of low kynred
All his life worshipped ydols in dede.

And whan that he grewe in to great age,
Discrecyuable in many sondrie wyses,
with Camels vsed fyrst his cariage
False and double, and subtle in his diuises
He went to Egipt and sette marchandises,
To Jewes & christen he sondrie times sent,
Learned the olde and the newe testament.

As bokes olde recorde in that partie,
Thys Mahomet, this cursed false man
Out of Egipte fast gan hym hye
Towarde a countre called Corosan,
With a lady that hight Cordian:

Thzough his subtill false daliaunce
By crafte he fyll in to her acquaintaunce.

He wzought by his enchauntementes
And by false meanes of nygromancy,
Her enclyning towarde his ententes,
Foz both he coude flatter wel and lye:
Sayd openly that he was Messy,
Iewes abiding vpon his cõmyng,
As greatest pzophet & their souerayne kyng.

Thus the people he bzought in great errour
By his techyng and his false doctryne,
He wext among them a great gouernour:
The saide lady also dyd to him enclyne,
As to a pzophet whych that was diuine,
Sent from aboue as she dyd vnderstande,
Foz whyche she toke him to her husbande.

His lynage gan at Hismaell,
Had a syckenesse, full ofte sithe fyll doun,
In his excuse saied that Gabziell
Was sent to him fro the heauenly mancion,
By the holy gost, to his instruction:
And foz the Angell shewed him selfe so shene,
To stande vpzight he myght not sustene.

On his shoulder were oft tymes seyne
Whan he to folke shewed his pzesence,
Wilke white doues which that piked greine
Out of his eares, affirmyng in sentence
They came by grace of gostly influence
Him to visite, to shewe and specifye
He was the pzophet that called was Messy.

Newe lawes also he dyd ozdaine,
Shewed signes by false apparence,
Lyke Moises him selfe he dyd feyne
A pzophet of most excellence,
And therupon to shewe an euidence
Smal pottes wyth mylke and hony bozne
On a great bull were hanged on eche hozne.

He made the people gyue credulite
To his doctrine and froward teachyng,
By mylke and hony figured was plente,
By the merite of his gostly wozkyng:
And thus he was at his beginnyng
Take of Saracis, as they gan to him dzaw,
Whych by false errour bounde thẽ to his law.

A clerke of his called Sergius
Wzote his lawes, and these miracles thze:
First of the doues howe they came to hi thus
As here tofoze rehersed was by me:
Howe mylke & hony were tokens of plente,
And of the Bull afoze by craft made tame,
By falle dilceytes to gete hym a name.

Of Arabiens and Saracins as I rede,
And of Turkes made pzince & gouernour,
With Hylmaelytes & folke of Perce & mede
He gadered people gan were a warriour
Agayne Eraclius the myghty emperour:
And vlurped to ride in the contrees,
Gate Alisandzy wyth many mo citees,

Of tho parties desirous to be kynge.
Of that purpole whan he was set alyde,
The people falsly dyssimulynge
Tolde he was sent pzophetes to pzouyde
Foz tho coũtrees, foz to be their gyde:
And foz he was lecherous of cozage,
He made of Uenus to set vp an ymage.

Made Sarazins to wozship the friday,
Semblably hys stozy dothe expzesse,
So as the Iewes halowed the saturday:
All his wozkes concluding in falsnes.
Whan he dzanke wyne fyl in dzonkẽnes,
Taught the people like a false pzophet,
To dzinke water and good wyne to lete.

As I sayd the heretyke Sergius
With him of counsaile, frowarde & contrary,
Fone to our fayeth he and Nestozius
From holy churche greatly they gan vary:
On whole errours Bochas list not tary,
Myze to wzite of this Machomete,
A nygromancian and a false pzophete.

Who list to se his lawes euerychon
Yeue to Sarazins, his boke cã bere wytnes,
As they be set in his Alkeron,
Echone in ozdze grounded on falsnesse:
Lyke a glotton dyed in dzonkennesse,
By excesse of dzinkynge moch wyne,
Fyll in a podell, & deuoured among swyne.

Thys was the ende of false Machomete,
Foz all his craftes of nigromancy,
The funerall fine of this saide pzophete
Dzonklewe of kynde, called him selfe Messie,
Whom Sarazins so gretly magnifye,
Iho Bochas let be foz a quene of Fraunce
Myze of his errour to put in remembzaunce.

The. iii. Chapter.

Howe

¶ Howe Bzounchylde a quene of Fraunce
ſlewe her kin, bzought the land in diui-
ſion, and after was hanged
& hewen in peces
ſmall.

SShe came arayed nothynge lyke
a quene,
Her heer vntreſſed, Bochas toke
good hede,
In al his booke he had afore not
ſene
A more wofull creature in dede,
With weping eyen, to torne was al her wede,
Rebuking Bochas cauſe he had left behynde
Her wzetchednes foz to put in mynde.

Unto myne auctour ſodaynly ſhe abzayde
Like a woman that were with wo chekmate
Firſt of al thus to him ſhe ſaide:
Sometyme I was a quene of great eſtate
Crowned in Fraunce, but nowe all diſolate
I ſtand forloth, Bzoũchilde was my name
Which to reherſe I haue a maner ſhame.

Thou were buſy to wzite the wofull caas
Within thy boke of Arcinoe,
Dyddeſt ſeruice to quene Cleopatras,
Of Roſamonde thou wzote alſo parde,
And amonge al thou haſt forgoten me
Whereby it ſemeth thou doeſt at me diſdayne
Liſt no parcell to wzite of my paine.

Whan Bochas herd this of chere he wext ſad,
Knowyng nothyng of that ſhe dyd endure,
I wyſſe (quod he) afore I haue not rad
In no cronicle nor in no ſcripture
Of your frowarde wofull auenture,
No (quod ſhe) I pzay you take good hede
So as they fyll I wil reherce in dede.

Bochas with Bzounchilde gan debate anon
Sothly (quod he) this is the condicion
Of you women almoſt euerychone
Ye haue thys maner wythout exception,
Of your naturall inclinacion,
Of youre declaring thys obſeruaunce to kepe
Nothynge to ſay contrary to your wozſhepe.

Nature hath taught you all that is wzõge to
Under a curtaine al thig for to hyde, (excuſe,
With litel graine your chaffe ye can abuſe,
On your defautes ye lyſt not forto abide,
The gaule touched al that ye ſet aſyde
Shewe roſes freſhe wedes ye let paſſe,
And faireſt chere there ye moſt treſpaſſe.

And if ye ſhall tel your owne tale
Howe ye fil fro fortunes whele,
Ye wyl vnclooſe but a litel male,
Shewe of your vyces but a ſmal percele:
Bzotle glaſſe ſheweth bzighter than ſtele,
And though of vertue ye ſhew a faire pzetẽce,
Ye is a fole that yeueth to you credence.

Quod Bzounchilde I do ryght well eſpye
Thou haſte of women a falſe opinion,
Howe they can flatter wele and lye,
And ben diuers of diſpoſicion,
Thou myghteſt haue made an excepcion
Of hie eſtates and them that gentle beue,
Namely of me that was ſo great a quene.

Your hye eſtate by kynd hath no power
To chaunge in nature nouther cold nor hete,
But let vs paſſe and leaue this matter
Theron to abyde or any more to plete,
Of your complaint ſay to me the greate:
By way of ſeruyce to you I ſhall me quyte
As ye declare take my penne and wzite.

Take hede (quod ſhe) and with good auice
Fro the trouthe beware that thou ne varye,
Whilom in Fraunce reigned kyng Clowiſe
Had a ſonne that named was Clothary,
Clothar had an heire ỹ named was Lotarye,
And this Lotary named the ſeconde,
Had ſonnes four in ſtozy it is founde:

To the cronicle who can take hede
As it is put in remembzaunce,
Whan their father the mighty kig was dead,
Atwene theſe foure was parted all Fraunce:
Eche by him ſelfe to haue gouernaunce
By one aſſent as bzother vnto bzother,
Wearing their crownes ech quit thẽ to other.

The ſame time I called Bzounchylde
Me lyſt not varye from the olde wzitinge,
Had a father named Leuechylde,
Of all Spayne ſoueraine lozde and kynge:
My ſayd father to ful great hyndzing
Of bothe realmes, the fame ranne ſo ferre
Twene Spaine & Fraũce gan moztal werre.

The brethern four in Fraūce crowned kings
Agayne my father made strong defence,
Of marcial pride and fortunat chaungynges
Whan they met by mortall violence
Of lodayne slaughter fyll such pestilence
On outher partye, the felde like a great flode
With the terrible effusion of blode.

To both realmes ꝑ werres were importable
Causyng of deth passyng great domage,
Sought meanes, wert by assent tretable,
Of blode shedyng to appease the wofull rage,
By one accorde I was yeue in mariage
To Sigebert reignyng tho in Fraunce,
Twene both realmes to make alliaunce.

Nay (quod Bochas) I deme it was not so,
Twene you ⁊ me there must begyn a strife,
Be aduised take good hede therto
The first assuraunce of mariage in your lyfe,
Of Chilperik ye were the wedded wyfe,
Cronicles sene what euer ye expresse,
In this matter wil beare wtne wytnes.

Though some bokes reherce and so sayne
Lyke as ye haue made here mencion,
Their reherssaile stande in no certaine
For by the assent of outher region
Spaine and Fraunce in their conuencion,
Ordained so, in my tendre age
To Sigebert I was yeue in mariage.

Imeneus was not there present
Whan he toke our chambre towarde nyght,
For Thesiphone her susterne of assent
Infernall goddesses bare the torches lyght,
And as the torches shewed derke and bryghte
Thereby the people present one and al
Dempt of the mariage what should befal.

This custome bled of antiquite
From their temples of goddes ⁊ goddesse,
At mariage of folke of hye degree (nes
Torches were borne, of whom men toke wit-
As they were dercke or shewed their bryght-
The difference sene in eche estate, (nes
If it were towarde or infortunate.

Of this mariage short processe to make
The torches brent, ⁊ yet they were not bryght
Shewed out combrous smokes blake,
Of consolacion lost was al the lyght:
Thus in derknes wasted the fyrst nyght,
Their verse songe of goddes, and goddesses,
Were all togither of sorow and heynesses

These were the tokēs the night of mariage,
Pronostikes of great aduersyte,
Yet of nature I had this auauntage
Of womanhead and excellent beaute,
And like a quene in stones and perre
I was arayed, clad in purple wede,
With a crowne of golde vpon my head.

Solempnely crowned quene of Fraunce,
Which for to se folke fast gan repayre,
Of all welfare I had suffysaunce,
Clombe on fortune full hie vpon the stayre,
I sonne I had called Clotayre,
By Sygebert by record of writing
Thyrde of the name in Fraūce crowned kig.

So wolde god that day that he was borne
He had be put in his Sepulture,
In saluacion of blode shede here tofore,
Cauled the death of many a creature
As diuers bokes reporte in scripture:
Ground ⁊ ginning as made is mencion,
Within this lande of great diuision.

He with his brethern of whom I spake late,
At him began the first occasion.
Nat so (quod Bochas) ye fayled of your date
Who was chefe cause of diuision:
Sothly (quod che) in myne opinion
Among them selfe I dare well specify
Chefe ginnyng was fraternall enuy.

Kepe you more close in this matter ye do faile
Folowing the traces of your condicion,
Ye halte foule in your reherssaile:
For of your owne ymaginacion
Ye sewe the sede of this dissencion,
Amonge these kynges if ye take hede,
By which in Fraunce many man was deade.

Than Brounchilde gan to chaunge chere
To Bochas sayde with face full cruel:
Not long agon thou knewest not the manere
Of my liuing but a small parcell,
Me semeth nowe thou knowest euery del,
So that ye may without lenger strife
Syt as a iudge that knoweth so wel my life.

Whan these bretherne stode at discorde
Eche agayne other by mortall violence,
Under a colour to treate of accorde
With many a maner fayned diligence,

Chilperik

Chilperik there beyng in preſence
Whylom brother to Sigebert the king,
Was ſlaine among thē by falſe conſpiring.

On whoſe death auenged for to be
As Sygebert did hym ſelfe auaunce,
Among the preace he ſlaine was parde:
Nat ſo(qd Bochas)but of falſe gouernaūce
Of your miſliuing fyl this vnhappy chaunce,
That Sygebert was murdred in ſothneſſe
Onely by occaſion of your doubleneſſe.

Folowing the traces of newe fangylneſſe
Gaine Sygebert ye wrought full falſly,
Whan ye loued of frowarde doubleneſſe
Landrike the erle of Champayne & of Bry,
For by your outrage and your grete foly
The king was ſlayne, and ye dyd aſſent
In a foreſt an hunting whan he went,

Which called was the foreſt of Compyne,
Alas(quod ſhe)& brake out complaining
Bochas, Bochas, thou doeſt ſore vndermyne
All the ſurfetes done in my liuing,
Thou knoweſt the death of Sigebert ꝑ kig,
Whiche ꝑ was wrought alas by mine aſſent,
Howe knoweſt thou & were nat there preſēt

Of theſe debates and of all the werre
With rebukes reherced here in vayne,
In reherſaile greatly thou doeſt erre,
For I caſte be right wele certayne
In my defence to reply agayne
It was nat I ſhe that thou doeſt mene,
It was Fregundis the luſty yonge quene.

This Fregundis thou ſhalt vnderſtande
Right womanly and fayre of her viſage,
Chilperik was whylom her huſbande,
For her beauty toke her in mariage
By her traines and her great outrage
He was after(the ſtory who liſt rede)
At miſcheſe ſlaine, thou ſhalt ſo finde in dede.

Though ye by langage make ſtrong defence
In theſe matters, which cauſe me to muſe
I haue againe you loſt my patience,
That ſo ſubtelly wolde your ſelfe excuſe
Contrariouſly your traynes ye abuſe:
For Clotayre I haue ſo red parde
Was not engendred of Sigebert, nor of the.

I remembre full wele that I haue rad
That Chilperyk though ye therat diſdain,
Recorde of auctours that prudent be & ſad
He in trouth was gendred of you twayne:
Which in his dying me liſt nat for to fayne
Left ſonnes two, the ſtory ye may rede,
Theobarte and Theoderyke to ſucrede.

Bochas(qd ſhe)though thou turne by ſo doū
The ſaid ſtories reherced here in dede,
Folowing the malice of thyne opinion
Maugre thy wil for the I wyll procede
As I began, take therto good hede:
The fyrſt Theoderik thou ſhalt vnderſtande
Coſin Germaine was to my huſbande.

King of Burgoine that time, and another,
He of hatred and indignacion
Slewe Theobart, whiche was his brother,
His wyfe and children, for ſhort concluſion
Which in the mighty famous region
Of Entralie reigned as lorde and kyng,
What euer thou ſaieſt this is trouth & no leaſinge.

Nay nay(qd Bochas) it was all other wyſe,
I may nat ſuffre howe ye go there amonge,
All this langage of newe that ye deuiſe
Brought to a preſe concludeth vpon wronge:
What ſhold we lenger this mater draw alōg
Your ſelf were cauſe wher ye be loth or faine
By Theodorik ꝑ Theoberte was ſlaine,

The grounde herof gan percell of enuye
By your froward brennyng couetiſe,
Which ye had onely to occupie
To rule the lande after your owne gyſe:
And if I ſhall plainly here deuiſe
Of theſe miſcheues reherced. god do bote
Ye were your ſelfe ground, cheſe crop, & rote.

Quod Brounchylde I conceiue wel and ſe
Ye of your partie haue loſt all reuerence,
Your ſelfe enarmed to ſhewe your cruelte
Againſt me, touching the violence
Of two ſlaughters reherced in ſentence:
Firſt how Theodrik his brother ſlew i dede,
Called Theobarte a pitous thing to rede.

Him ſelfe after ſtrangled with poyſon,
His wife, his children, hewe in peces ſmale.
As ye(quod Bochas)make here mencion
Some parte is trewe but nat al your tale:
For I ſuppoſe ye ſhould wexe pale
For ſhame of thing which ye can nat excuſe,
Whan Theoderik beginneth you to accuſe

He put on you the crime of falſe treaſon,

ye slewe his wife and childzen also,
Himselfe also ye murdzed by poison:
I would wete what ye coude say hereto:
Alas(qd she)what should I do,
Was neuer woman in hie noz lowe estate
All thing considzed moze infoztunate.

Foztune of me set now but lyttell pzice
By her frowarde furious violence
Turnyng her whele and visage of malice,
Causeth to me that no man yeueth credence:
Had in dispite,voide of reuerence,
And by foztunes mutabilite
Sole,abiecte,and fall in pouerte.

O Bochas John foz shozte conclusion
Thou mayest againe me thy style auaunce,
I haue deserued to haue punicion:
And al the pzinces & barons now in Fraũce
Crie out on me and aske auengeaunce,
Refuge is none noz recure in this thing
Tho wt Clotarie my selfe be crowned king.

Foz my defautes foule and abhominable
Cofoze the iudges of all the parliament,
I was foziudged & founde also culpable,
Of euery crime committe by iudgement:
Wyne accusours there beyng pzesent
Of one and other standing a great route,
Marked wt fingers of folke þ stode aboute.

Foz very shame I did mine eyen close
Foz thẽ that gaured & cast on me their sight,
But as folke may by tokens wele suppose
Mine eares were nat stopped halfe a ryght,
Taken by foze lad fozth by might
By the hangman dzawe ouer hill and vale
Dismembzed after,& hewe on peces smale.

With my blode the pament al besprayut
Thãked by foztune,such was mine auẽture,
The soule parted the body was so fayut:
Who red euer of any creature
That muche moze turment did endure:
Prayde Bochas to haue al thing in mynde,
Wzite her life and leaue nothing behynde.

¶ Lenuoy.

THis tragedy of Bzouchild þ quene,
Loke her stozy who list yeue attendaunce
Froward to red,cõtagious to sene,
And contrary to all good gouernaunce,
Bozne in Spaine,crowned quene of Fraũce
Double of tonge,vpfynder of treason,
Caused al that lande stande at deuision.

From tho traines there coude no man flene,
Sourse & headspzing of sozow & mischaũce,
Shed hony first,stange after as do been,
Her myxre medled wt sugred falle plesaunce:
What she said encluded in variaunce,
Maystresse of murdze and of discencion
Caused all that lande stande at deuision.

Pzinces of Gaule might nat sustene
Great outrages,noz the great greuaunce,
Noz the surfetes done in their yeres grene,
Bzought þ kingdome almost to vttraunce:
All of assent cried on her vengeaunce,
The fame arose howe all that region
In her fallnesse stode at deuision.

The knyfe of murdze grounde was so kene
By her malice of longe continuaunce,
Her cozage fret with infernall tene
Spared nouther kyn noz alyaunce,
Payled her fozfetes and wayed in balaunce,
As Bochas wziteth she was the occasion
Which made al Fraunce to stand at deuision.

¶ Bochas marueyling of the malice and cruelte of Bzounchylde wziteth thus.

BOchas astonied gñ inwardly marnayle,
Fyll in a maner ambyguyte
Of Bzounchyldes marueylous reherssayle.
Howe any woman of reason should be
So ful of malice and of cruelte
To slee her kyn,and set at distaunce
By deuision all the realme of Fraunce.

Bochas dempt it was nat credible
That a woman should be so vengeable,
In her malice so venymous and terryble
Of slaughter and murdze to be culpable,
The stozy sulperte helde it but a fable:
Onely excepte that she dyd him exite
With great instaunce her stozy foz to wzite.

Her crie on Bochas was very impoztune
To set in ozdze her felicitees,

With

12431.4

With her vnhappy chaunges of fortune
Her diſclaundred great aduerſitees,
With her diffame reported by countrees,
No very grounde found in bokes olde
But of confeſſion that ſhe her ſelf tolde.

That mine auctour reherced w̄ ſolēpne ſtyle
Reherce ſhoulde her wordes diſclaundrous,
Her flouring yeres, alſo for to compyle.
Medled with her daies ẏ were contrarious:
Her fatall ende froward and furious,
Wherof encombred of very werynesſe
Towarde Eraclius he gan his pen dreſſe.

The.iiii.Chapiter.

Howe Eraclius the Emperour ſuſtayned hereſy, fyll in to dropſye and ſickneſs vncurable, & ſo died.

After Phocas with great honoure and glory
Crowned emperour of Rome the cyte,
In whoſe time as ſaith the ſtory
The Romains ſtode in great perplexite,
By them of Perce, that roſe with Coſdroye,
Whiche toke vpon him to be lord and ſyre
As a tyraunt trouble the empyre.
(Reiem
Gate many a prouince & many a famous
Through all Aſie, as the cronicle ſaythe,
Gan approche toward Jeruſalem,
Afore the towne proudly a ſiege he laythe,
As a tyraunt frowarde to Chriſtes faythe,
But Eraclius maugre all his might
Smyt of his head, ſlewe him like a knight.

And by grace, whiche that is deuine,
This famous prince this Eraclius
In his beginning ſlew many a Sarazyne,
Holde in tho daies notable and glorius:
And in his conqueſt paſſing famous,
Dyuers relykes of the croſſe he ſought
And frō tho coūtreis many of thē he brought

Was none ſo famous holde in his dayes
As Eraclius the empyre for to gye,
Nor more manly found at all aſſayes
Of hie prowesſe nor in chyualrye:
But whan he gan ſuſtaine hereſye
God toke from him within a littel ſpace
His hap & welfare his fortune & his grace.

He gan ſuſtene and folowe certaine rites
Of wylfulneſſe and frowarde fantaſy,
Of a ſecte called Monacholites
Which was a ſect of frowarde hereſy,
And lith that he drewe to that party
The ſtory telleth for all his high eſtate
This Eraclius was neuer fortunate.

Where he was firſt drad on the ſee and land,
Namely of Sarazins, for al his chyualry.
Grace & fortune from him wdrew her hand:
For whan he fyll in to hereſy
He was trauailed with ſuch a dropſy
That therwithal he had a frowarde luſt,
Euer to drinke and euer he was a thurſt.

In tho dayes founde was no leche
Albe that they were ſought on eche partye,
The ſayd prince that coude wyſhe or teach
Him to releue of his dropſye,
Made faint & feble wyth a great paulſye:
Thus in ſickenes he hath hys dayes ſpent,
By vengeaūce ſtayne w̄ infernall turment.

Of Eraclyus this was the wofull ende
As is reherced, ſtayne with ſickneſs,
Out of this worlde whan he ſhould wende
Al hole the empyre ſtode in great dyſtres:
Force of Sarazins dyd them ſo oppreſſe,
And day by day drewe to decline
By his ſonne called Conſtantine.

The.v.Chapiter.

Howe Conſtantine the ſonne of Eraclius ſupporting errours and hereſy was murdred in a ſtewe.

Whiche was his ſucceſſoure as made is mencion,
In whoſe time throughe his greate foly
Saraſins did great oppreſſion
Spoyling the countreis of all Lumbardy:
And Conſtantine of wilfull flogardy
Waſted his daies, till he hath brought
All the Empyre almoſt to nought.

Gaine Chriſtes faythe in eſpeciall
He gan of malice his wyttes to applye,
And was therto enemy full mortall
And chefe ſupportour of falſe hereſie:
And towarde Rome faſt he gan him hie,
Spoyled temples of many ryche ymage,
And by water after toke his paſſage.

To Conſtantinople faſt he gan him hie,
By Sicil the way was al moſte mete,

At

At Syracuse I fynde that he did ariue,
And for the season was excessyue of hete
Which in his labour made him for to swete,
And secretly he gan him selfe remue
To be bathed in a pryuy stue.

Of euny there he was espyed,
His owne knightes like as it is founde
By conspyracion certayne of them alyed
Fil vpon him with sharpe swordes grounde
And mercilesse with many mortal wounde
They slewe him there on him they were so
Amid the stewe naked as he stode. (wode,

After whole death they dyd thē selfe auaūce
To chose a knight borne in Armenye,
Of the empyre toke the gouernaunce
And to suppozte fally their partie:
But Constantine succeding of alie
Beyng next heyre the trouthe for to sue,
To him that was murdred in the stewe.

Called Constantine as his father was,
Right notable in actes marciall:
More wysely gouerned stode in other cas,
Lyke a prince by iugement royall,
Of manly herte and corage naturall
The conspyratours first of all he slethe,
That were assented to his fathers deathe.

To great encreace of his famous renoun
Grace of god did him enlumine
Constantinople in that royall town
Olde heresie to cease and to fyne
Two hundred bishoppes & eke also nyne
He made assemble to stande at defence
Of Chrystes fayethe, of manly prouidence.

He was eke busy churches to restore
All heretikes manly to withstande,
Their opinions examined well before:
And whan the trouth was well vnderstonde
Like Chrystes knight list for no man wonde
To punish them iustly by rigour
Without exception of person or fauour.

Of him in Bochas litel more I rede
Nor of his empire I fynde none other date,
Spared no heretikes for golde nor mede,
At Constantinople he passed in to fate
Whan Bulgarence gan with him debate,
A frowarde people wilfull and recheles
Gaue them a tribute for to lyue in pees.

The.vi.Chapter.

¶ Howe Gisulphus was slaine & his wyfe ended mischeuously in lechery.

Next came Gisulphus to Bochas on the ring,
A famous duke and notable in hys lyfe.
With weping eyen pitously plaining
With whome also came Rimulde his wyfe,
Which that liued euer in sorow & strife:
Yet was she both of byrthe and of lynage
Right excellent, and fayre of her vilage.

Sixe childzen had this famous quene
By Gisulphus gotten in mariage,
Wonder semely and goodly vnto sene,
And fortunate by proceesse of their age,
Albe theyr father felt great domage
By the werres he had in his liuing
With Cathamus, that was of Marces king.

This Cathamus with many strong batayle
Is discended, and take the way right
Of duke Gisulphus the landes to assayle,
Togither met in stele armed bright:
Gisulphus slaine, his people put to flyght,
And Cathamus wt stronge & mighty hande,
Toke possession & conquered all his lande.

After whole death Rimulde the ducheesse
Greatly astonied, pale of her vilage
To the castell of Forgoile gan her dresse,
With her knightes of stronge & fel corage:
Cathamus made after his passage,
Layde a siege, cast him to ieoparte,
His lyfe and body rather than departe.

About the castell armed as he stode
Like a prince sate knightly on his stede,
Upon the walles as Rimuldis abode
Freshly belene in her purple wede,
And of the siege gan to take hede:
Her loke vnwarely as she cast aslyde
She sawe the king afore the castel ryde,

So like a prince and a manly knight,
She gan on him loke wonder narowe,
The god of loue perced through her sight
Unto her hearte marked with his arowe:
That of the siege she toke but litell sorowe,
Made the foyle so pryaunt of her thought,
And of her castell she set almost right nought.

And

And for to accomplisshe the hole entencion
Of her falſe luſt in any maner thing,
She is agreed by compoſicion
To yelde the caſtell in haſte vnto the kyng,
She for to come without more tarying
Lyke a duchelle her ſelfe to preſent
Where as the king ſate armed in his tent.

The people within priſoners take,
Her four ſonnes toke them to the flight,
Loue cauſed that ſhe hath forſake (right;
Her blode, her kyn, where it were wronge or
And Rimulde the ſpace of al a nyght
With Cathamus had all her delite,
And euer after he had her in diſpyte.

And by the kyng whan ſhe was refuſed,
Twelue in nombre ꝑ dwelled in his houſe
Moſt frowardly her beauty hath abuſed,
Of her nature ſhe was ſo lecherous,
And to reherce it is contagious
Howe ſhe wext after ſo abhompnable
To be aquainted with gromes of ꝑ ſtable.

It were but vayne to tary on this mattere
Or any longe proceſſe for to make.
Her ſtory is contagious for to here
But fynally at myſchefe ſhe was take,
For a ſpectacle fetched on a ſtake:
Set vp alofte myne auctour telleth ſo,
Died in diſtreſſe for conſtraynt of her wo.

The.vii.Chapiter.

¶ Of Juſtinian the falſe extorcioner exyled by Patrician, after both nole and eyen cut from his head.

By example ſo as freſche armure
Through longe reſtinge leſeth hys brightneſſe,
Fret with olde ruſt gadreth greate orrdure,
Is diffaced of his freſh clereneſſe:
Semblably the Romains hie proweſſe
Gan for to appal(alas and that was routh)
Whan they gaue them to negligence & ſlouth.

Who in knighthode lyſt haue experience
Muſt eſchewe ryotous ydelneſſe,
By prudent and entyre diligence
Large with diſcrecion, manly & gentilneſſe,
To hygh empriſes his corage dreſſe,
And be well ware on eche party
Him to preſerue from all ſlogardye.

The which greatly hath appayred
As it is remembred of olde antiquite,
Cauſed Romaynes to be diſpayred
By froward luſtes hyndring their cyte,
And appalled their old proſperite,
Of whiche defautes came to playne blame
To John Bochas emperours fame.

As many kinges of the ſame nombre,
Which by ſlouth were afore oppreſſed,
Whom that ſlouth whylom did encombre:
Their names by and by here expreſſed
To mine auctor they haue their cours dreſſed
Like their degrees to ſpeke in wordes fewe,
Juſtinian firſt gan his face ſhewe.

Nat Juſtinian whylom ſo vertuous
And of prudent gouernaunce ſo notable,
But Juſtinian Temerarius
Double of his dedes, falſe and diſceiuable,
Of his promyſe diuers and vnſtable,
Whylom exiled by Patrician
For extorcions that he in Rome began.

His nole & eyen Patrician gaue in charge
To be cut of by furious cruelte,
And of the empyre that was ſo wyde & large
Leoncius next gouerned the cite,
And through fortunes mutabilite
The ſame Leonce by Tibery was caſt doun,
His eyen put out, and died in priſon.

Tiberius after ſerued of the ſame,
His nole cut of, from his ſee put doun,
For a rebuke and a perpetuall ſhame
To a cite that called was Cerſon,
Without merey fauour or raunſon
Exiled he was, priſoned as a theefe
By longe turment dyed at miſchefe.

The.viii.Chapter.

¶ Howe Philippe the Emperour died at miſchefe.

Next to Bochas came Philip on the rynge
Whoſe Empyre no whyle dyd endure,
Lyke an heretyke curſed of liuynge,

And

And odious to euery creature
Bete down ymages, and many fresh picture
Of holy sayntes, which in their tēples stode
Wherby Romains dempt ỹ he was wod.

Pursued he was by a manly knight
Called Anastase, and put out of his place:
And in Cecile of very soze and might
He did his eyen out of his head arace,
By iudgement his bylage to disface,
Semblably as he by great outrages
Of Chzistes saythe dissaced the ymages.

Died at mischefe dyzked with blindnesse,
Than Anastase toke possession,
In whose time bokes beare witnesse
And cronicles also make mencion,
Of the empyze was made deuision,
That first was one parted in to twayne
Wherof mine auctoz in maner doth cōplaine.

The.ix.Chapter.

Howe Anastase was compelled to leaue the empyze to be a pzeest and liue in pouerte.

As he reherceth in his opinion
And therupon doth a grounde deuise,
Cause and rote of their deuision
Toke oziginall of false couetise,
And ceriously he telleth here the gise
In to ỹ church whā riches bzought in pzide,
All perfection anone was set alyde.

The poze staffe, and potent of doctryne
Whan it was chaunged and list nat abyde
In wylfull pouerte, but gan anone decline
On stately palfrays and hie hozses to ryde,
Shoztes of heer were also layde alyde,
Turned to copes of purple and sanguine,
Gownes of scarlet furred with hermine,

Slendze fare of wyne and water clere
With abstinence of bzeade made of whete,
Chaunged tho dayes to many fat dinere
With confect dzinke and ypocras swete,
All sobernes did his boundes lete,
Scarsnesse of fode left his olde estate,
With newe excesse gan were delicate,

Gostly liuing in the churche appalled,
Caused Grekes withdzaw them in sentence
From the pope, in Peters place stalled,
And list to him do none obedience:
False auarice caused this offence
That the Grekes did them selfe deuide,
Fro the Romains foz their great pzide.

Thus couetise and false ambicion
Did first great harme in the spirituall,
Bzought in discozde and diuision
Amonge pzinces in their estate royall:
Who clibeth highest most perilous is his fall.
Recozde I take of the fozesaid Anastace
By Theodosie put out of his place.

This Theodosie dyd his busy paine
On Anastase such werre foz to make
That maugre him he did him so constrayne
That he was fayne the empyze to fozsake:
Foz feare and dzede he dyd vpon him take
The ozder of pzesthod from ỹ imperial se,
Content with littel liued in pouerte.

The.x.Chapiter.

Howe the head of Lupus king of Lombardy was smyt of by Grimaldus.

After these chaunges remēbzed by wzitinges
Like as I haue tolde here in partye,
Came to Bochas four mighty kinges
Reigning echone of olde in Lombardie,
After the maner and gyse in Barbarye:
They were arayed in their passage
With hear frogrowen body and visage.

Their berdes raught to their nauil doun,
Their garnementes of colours manyfolde
With bzod baudzikes enbzaced enuyzon
Large buckles & pendauntes of fyne golde,
Theyz bzech enbzoudzed after ỹ gyse of olde
Fret with perle legge stocked to the kne,
Playnynge to Bochas of their aduersite.

Their shone were raced freshly to the tone
Richely transuersed with gold wyze,
And theron set many a stronge stone
Sayne Phebus light shone bzight and clere,
These lombarde kinges gan tapzoch nere:
The fyzst of al the king Lupus
Unto Bochas gan to complaine thus.

Bochas (quod he) as foz my party
Foz to reherce by shozt conclusion

1431.4

One Grymaldus a prince of Lombardy,
Hath me enclosed out of my region,
And cruelly enchayned me in prison
And after that did a sergeaunt sende,
Smyt of myne head & there I made an ende.

The.xi.Chapter.

Howe the heade of Alexius was smit of by Comperton.

After this end reherced of Lupus
For to declare his mortall heyneſſe,
Next in ordre there came Alexius
A lõbard king, famous of richeſſe,
Which toke on him of surquedous prowesse
For to compaſſe the diſtruction
Of a prince called Comperton,

Which ware also a crowne in Lombardye:
Atwyxt both was werre and great diſtaũce,
But all the people and lordes of Pauie
With mighty hande & marciall gouernaunce
The said Alexius brought vnto miſchaunce:
And Comperton eſcaped from all drede,
Of mortal vengeaunce let smite of his heade.

The xii.Chapiter.

How Ariperton was drowned with his ryches.

After whoſe death pitouſly playning
Toforе Bochas came Ariperton,
Of Lombardy whilom lord and king
Whiche like a fole of high preſumpcion
All cauſeleſſe toke occaſion
Of volunte, there is no more to ſay,
Againe the duke of Bagaroys to werrey.

Theſe princes twayne taken haue the felde,
And of Ariperton the party gan apayre,
His aduerſary anone as he beheide
His cowarde herte gan fall in diſpayre,
Into Pauie for feare he gan repayre:
Toke his treaſour in purpoſe anonright
For very drede to take him to the flight.

Toke a veſſell and entred is the ſee
With ſodaine tempeſt aſſailed & derkneſſe,
His barge periſhed by great aduerſite,
And was drowned wt al his great rycheſſe:
Lo here the fyne of worldly wretchydneſſe,
Namely of them to get great treaſours
That gyn werre agayn their neighbours.

The xiii.Chapter.

Howe Dediere by Pope Adrian and Charles of Fraunce was put to flight, & died at miſchefe.

Nexte, to Bochas with heuye loke and chere
King of Lombardy ſhewed his preſẽce,
Called in his time noble Dediere,
Notable in armes and of great excellence,
And where his father had done offence
To the Pope and full great dureſſe,
This king caſt the domages to redreſſe.

Agiſtolphe was his fathers name,
Whiche to the Pope did great aduerſite,
For whiche his ſonne to encreace his fame
Of royall fredom and magnanimite
And of benygne lyberalite,
Gaue to the Pope with humble reuerence,
A ſtately cite that called is Fagence.

Therwith he gaue treaſour and great good
As he that liſt of fredome nat to ſpare,
A mighty caſtell whiche on Tybre ſtod
Within the boundes & lordſhyp of Ferrare:
Whiche is a cyte playnly to declare
Of antiquite myne auctour telleth ſo,
And ſtant vpon the ryuer of the Poo.

This Dediere reigning in Lombardy
Gan were famous at his beginning,
Had a great name vpon eche party:
But in the erthe is nothing abyding,
All ſtant on chaunge, & fortune in worbyng
Is founde vnſtable & double of her vyſage,
Which of this king chaunged the corage.

There he was large on euery ſide
Lyberal founde in many ſondrye wyſe,
His goodlyhede was chaunged in to pryde
And his largeſſe in to couetyſe,
Of doubleneſſe he gan anone deuyſe
To clayme agayne (as ye ſhall vnderſtand)
His ſaide gyftes out of the Popes hande.

Whiche Dediere had made aliaunce
As the cronicle maketh mencion,
With king Pepin reignyng tho in Fraunce,
After whole death to haue poſſeſſion
And full lordſhyp of all that region

He gan of newe fall at diſtaunce,
Both vb the Pope & with the king of Fraũce,

Of preſumpcion theſe werres he began
Againe his promiſe, of double variaunce,
Pope in tho daies was holy Adrian
Which to ſtynt the troble & gret miſchaũce,
Required helpe of the king of Fraunce:
And great Charles in Bochas as I rede,
Came to the Pope to helpe him in this nede.

Charles that time was chefe protectoure
To holy churche their pauis and defence,
Whiche of hole hert and dyligent labour
With Dediere by manly violence
He met in Tuſkie of knightly excellence,
Had a batayle to preue their might
Charles victor Dediere put to flyght.

As I fynde he fled in to Pauie,
Worthy Charles layde a liege afore
Conſtrayned them vpon eche partye
For lacke of vitaile they were almoſt lorne,
They wanted licour grayne and corne,
By ſodayne conſtraynt & great aduerſyte
To king Charles they yelded vp the cyte.

Kyng Dediere was ſent in to Fraunce
With mighty chaynes fettred in priſon,
Like a wretche in ſorow & great penaunce
Died at miſcheſe there gayned no raunſon,
Whych had afore ſo great poſſeſſion,
After whoſe day by olde writing
Among lõbardes was neuer crowned king.

The.xiiii.Chapter.

¶ Of Pope Johan a woman with childe and put downe.

After the Princes reherced here tofore,
Drowned in teares came a creature
Like a byſchop rounded and yſchore,
And as a prieſt he had abrode tonſure:
Her apparayle outwarde and veſture,
Being a woman wherof Bochas toke hede,
Lyke a prelate ſhape was her wede.

She was the ſame that of yore agon
Unworthely ſate in Peters place,
Was afterwarde called Pope John
Aberdleſſe prelate no heare ſene on her face,
Of her birth named was the place
Maience a cite ſtanding in Itaile,
Upon the Reen full famous of vitayle.

In her youth and in her tendre age
Forſoke her kyn, and in eſpeciall
Caſt ſhe would for her auauntage
Geue her to conning, body, hert and all,
And in the ſciences called lyberall
In all ſeuin by famous excellence
By great ſtudy ſhe had experience.

Her name couthe in many a diuers lande
To ſhew her cõning firſt whan ſhe began,
Serchyng prouinces came to Englande,
No wight ſuppoſing but þ ſhe was a man:
Came to Rome her ſtory tell can,
Taught Grammer, Sophiſtry, and Logike
Red in ſcholes openly rethorike.

In the tyme of themperour Lotarye,
After the death as made is mencion,
(Fro mine auctour if I ſhall nat varie,)
Of the Pope which called was Leon,
The ſaid woman by election
Iſtalled was, no wight ſuppoſing than
By ns token but that ſhe was a man.

The boke of Sortes after that anon
Of auenture tourned vp ſo doun,
She was named and called Pope John:
Of whoſe naturall diſpoſicon
Fyll by proceſſe in to temptacion,
Quicke vb childe the hour came on her than,
Was deliuered at ſaynt Jhon Lateran.

After put downe for her great outrage,
I wyll on her ſpende no more labour
But paſſe ouer all the ſurpluſage,
Of her liuing and of her great errour:
Turne my ſtile vnto the emperour
Called Arnolde, & write his pitous chaunce
Sonne to Charles þ great king of Fraunce.

To this Charles as bokes determine
He was ſonne nat borne in maryage,
But begotten on a concubine,
Toke vpon him of furquedous outrage
Without title, byrthe, or lynage
To ſuccede by fraude and falſe labour
Among Romains to reigne as emperour.

He was vngracious ſitting in that eſtate,

1243.4

In mischefe spent his dayes euerychone,
With lyce and wormes made infortunate,
Through skyn and flesche fret vnto the bone:
Craft of medicine nor socour was ther none,
So depe he was fret in his entrayle,
Died in distresse no leche might auayle.

¶ Here Bochas counsayleth princes to remembre on Arnolde.

Ayne auctour Bochas stynte here a while,
Sharped his penne of entencio,
Gan for anger to transporte his style
To write of tyrauntes the transgression,
More wode and fell than any Scorpion:
Them counsailing whan they be most bolde
For to remembre of this proude Arnolde.

He ne was nat in his pride assayled
With wolues, Tigres, nor Lions (nayled
With raynous Beares nor wilde bores tra
Nouther with other mighty champions
Which haue conquered many regions,
But with wormes engendred of his kynde
The said Arnolde was murdred as I synde:

In suche diliopnt the said Arnolde stode
With lice and wormes fret againe nature,
That was so nie borne of Charles blode
Impotent the paine to endure,
Whiche was in sothe an vncouth auenture
That a prince might nat be socoured
Of smale wormes for to be deuoured.

A greate ensample who lyst considre and see
To princes all, for to abate their pride
Let them conlydre theyr fragylite
To se an emperour to abide (syde:
Thassaute of wormes, and ley their boste a-
In this Arnolde wysely aduertyse
How god hath power their pompe to chastise.

Death of Arnolde did my pen encombre
For the great abhompnacion,
Than to Bochas came the twelft in nombre
Called Pope Jhon as made is mencion,
Entring by fraude and false election
To goddes lawe frowarde and contrary,
Nat like a pastour but lyke a marcenarye.

Called alorne he was Octauian,
Nothing resembling Peters gouernaunce,
Fro the time in Rome that he began
To sit as Pope, he gaue his attendaunce,
To folow his lust and his flechly plesaunce,
In hauking and hunting stode his felicite
And amonge women conuersaunt to be.

Unto surfete, ryot, and glotony,
He gaue him wholy and toke of it no kepe,
Greatly disclaundred he was of lechery,
Kept in his court without shame or drede
A nombre of women, in cronicle as I rede:
Two cardinals of purpose did entende
His vicious life to correcte and amend.

And of entent these Cardinals two
The churche esclaūdred call them to redresse,
Made letters, sent them to Otho
Duke of Saxon, that he should him dresse
Toward Rome, and of his noblesse
On holy churche to haue compassion,
Make of this mischefe iust reformacion.

This Pope Jhon whan he hath perceiued
Of these Cardinals the maner of writing,
And howe the duke ỹ letters hath receiued,
He to do vengeaunce made not taryeng,
Bode no lenger this iudgement yeuing,
Cut of the nose felly of that one,
Hand of ỹ other, and both were called John.

The emperour did his letters sende
To this Pope of hole affection,
Of his defautes he should him amende:
But there was found no correction,
For which he was deposed and put doun
By Cardynals for his curstonesse,
Me list nomore to write of his wretchidnes.

For his defautes & his gret outrage (uise
This John put downe as ye haue herde de-
Mine auctour after caught a great corage
Seing this mischefe in many londry wyle
In holy churche which that dyd aryse,
Among prelates call him selfe blyue
Their defautes openly to discryue.

Of their pride and presumpcion,
And while he gan studie in this matter
He gan remembre anone in his reason
Upon a verse written in ỹ Sautere (nere.
Touche nat my prophetes ne nigh thē nat to

Nor againe the beware in dede and thought
In no wyse that ye maligne nought.

For this cause as ye shall vnderstande
Touching this matter (plainly as I rede)
Mine auctour gan withdraw his hande,
Left his purpose and forth gan procede:
To whose presence or that he toke hede
Came a prince duke Charles of Lorayne,
Him belought to write his greuous payne.

The.xv.Chapter.

Of Charles of Lorayne confounded with hunger.

THis Duke of Lorayne as ye shall conceiue
Had werre with ỹ king of Fraūce
Called Hugh Capet, and as I apperceiue
In archebyshop to do the king pleasaunce
Of hatred made his ordinaunce
Agayne this duke, & a wayte vpon him set
That he hym toke a bedde whan he slept.

The said byshop gan falsly vndermyne
This worthy duke by full false treason,
Which as I fynde was called Anceline,
And he was bishop that time of Leon,
Which by fraude and false collusion
Toke this prince ỹ was duke of Lorraine,
And to the king he brought him by a traine.

By whome he was deliuered to prison
To Orliaunce, and with chaynes bounde:
What was his ende was made no mencion
But in a pyt horryble and profounde
Mischefe with hunger did him so confounde,
That I suppose this duke of Lorraine
Consumed was for constraint of his paine.

The.xvi.Chapiter.

Howe king Salamon whylom king of Hungery was put to flight.

AFter to Bochas there came doun
Princes four, and eche for his party
Their greefes tolde, and fyrst Salamon
That whylom reigned in Hungry
Bothe fole and cowarde bokes specify,
Voyde of reason, noysed of ygnorraunce
And at a point coude no purueiaunce.

Fortune also did at him disdayne
For he was nouther manly nor corragious,
Again whom were worthy knightes twain
Herta was one with Laodillaus
Famous in armes notable and vertuous,
Bothe at ones on Salomon came doun
And made him flye out of his region.

Through his vnhappy frowarde cowardise
There was in him founde no defence,
Flight was his shelde, list in no wyse
Gaine his enemies make no resistence,
Fayled herte to come to presence
To saue his lande, he dre de him selfe so sore,
Of whom Bochas writ in his boke no more.

The.xvii.Chapter.

Howe Petro kyng of Hungery was slayne.

ANother kynge put here in remembraūce
Called Petro reygning in hungry,
For his defautes agayne the kynge of Fraunce
ycalled Charles of malice and foly
By indignacion this was his turmentry,
His eyen put out ther was no better socour,
And after slaine by dome of the emperour.

The.xviii.Chapter

Howe Diogenes the Emperour was taken, and his eyen put out.

AFter to Bochas there came twain on the tryng
Duke of Sweue former as I rede,
Againe themperour fyrst malicyously worching,
Henry the emperour reigning tho in dede:
But for his malice this was his fatal mede,
Banyshed to dwel amonge beastes sauage
Slaine in a forest for his great outrage.

Whan Constantine departed from thys lyfe
Whiche of all Grece was lorde & gouernour,
By mariage of her that was his wife,

1243.4

A knight Diogenes was made emperour:
Foztune to him did so great fauour
Constantinople holding in his hande,
As louerayne pzince of al grekes lande.

Yet ther were some that grutched theragain
And had of him great indignacion,
The king of Perce Belset Tarquiniaine,
Fro him by foze toke many a region,
Mesopotamie to his possession
Toke by strong hand thzough his chiualry,
Maugre Diogenes & almost all Surrye.

Belset Tarquiniã made him selfe so stronge
By manly foze Diogenes to assayle,
And foz Diogenes thought he did him wzong
He gan ozdaine great stuffe and apparayle,
A day assigned they met in batayle:
Diogenes of froward auenture
He & his knightes bzought to discomfyture.

Take he was, & bzought by great disdayne,
In whom as tho there was no resistence,
To kinge Belset called Tarquiniaine:
And whan he came to his pzesence
Against him was yeue this sentence,
To lie downe plat and that king Belset
Should take his fote and on his thzote set.

This was done foz an hie dispite
Diogenes bzought fozthe on a chayne,
Without reuerence, fauour, oz respyte,
At great feastes assigned was his payne:
And alderlast put out his eyen twayne,
The whele of foztune tourneth as a ball
Sodayne clymbing asketh a sodayne fall.

The.xix.Chapiter.

Chow Robert duke of Nozmandy fought with the Turkes, was named to the crowne of Jerusalem, and died at mischefe.

A Wozthye Pzynce spoken of in manye reem
Noble Robert duke of Nozmandy,
Chose to the crowne of Jerusaleem,
But foz cause he did it deny
Foztune vnto him had enuy:
The same Robert next in ozde was
That came to playne his fall vnto Bochas.

Foz Chzistes fayth this mighty champion
This duke Robert armed in plate and maile
With manly Godfray, Godfray de Bollion,
Againe turkes fought a great batayle,
Foz Chzistes fayth that it should auaile,
To sustene the lawe in their entent
To all the kinges of the Occident.

Of Turkes & Sarazins was so gret a nõbze
Gaine Chzistes lawe gadzed in puissaunce
The fayth of Chzist falsly to encombze,
But there were made hasty ozdinaunce
By kinges of England Nozmandy & Fraũce
First to socour did their busy paine
Godfray de Bollion, ỹ was duke of Lozaine.

Which on Sarazins made a discomfyture
Maugre Turkes foz all their great might,
In which battaile Chzist made him recure
The felde that day to suppozte his right,
Where Robert was found so good a knight
That foz his noblesse by recozde of wzityng
Of Jerusalem was named to be king.

He assented nat to the election
Bycause of new that he did vnderstande
His elder bzother foz chozt conclusion,
Ycalled Willyam was dead in Englande:
Wolde in no wyse take ỹ crowne on hande
Of Jerusalem, but like a manly knight
Came to Englande foz to clayme his right

And yet oz he came he had knowledging
His yonger bzother called Henry
Had vpon him take to be crowned kyng,
Tolde his lozdes and pzinces fynally
He was next heyze, entred rightfully
As enheritour to succede in that reem
His bzother being king of Jherusalem.

God wot the cause stode all in other wyse
The said Robert duke of Nozmandye
Purposed him by marciall empzise
From his bzother to take the regalye,
Toke his pzinces and his chyualrye
Thought he wold like a manly knighte
Arryue in England, and reioyse his righte.

Both in one felde assembled on a day,
The bzethzen twayne, ech vb strong party
To darraine and make no delay
Eche with other to holde champarty:
But whan these lozdes the mischefe did espy,
They busied them and were nat recheles

Atwene the bzetherne to reformme pees.

The ſaid bzetherne were fully condiſcended
Upon this poynt foz ſhozte concluſion,
As in the accozde was iuſtly compzehended,
Henry to holde and haue poſſeſſion
Duzing his life of al this region,
And Robert ſhould haue foz his party
A ſumme of golde with all Nozmandy.

Thze thouſande poũde put in remembzaunce
Eche yere to Robert ſent fzo his region,
Of which payment to make full aſſuraunce
Was layde hoſtages as made is mencion:
But yet of new fyll a diſcencion
Atwene the bzetherne of hatred and enuy
Foz a certaine caſtell ẏ ſtode in Nozmandy.

Which caſtell longed of heritage
Unto the kinges iuriſdiction,
Of which the duke toke his auauntage
Maugre the king and held poſſeſſion,
Turned after to his confuſion:
And whan the king this thing did eſpye
With ſtronge hand came to Nozmandy.

Where the duke was layde a ſiege about,
Made ozdinaunce to recure his right,
Gate the caſtell, toke his bzother out,
Empziſoned him of very fozce and might:
Left him alone out of all mennes ſight
Fourtene yere, the cronicle wziteth ſo,
There he died in miſchefe and in wo.

Whyle Bochas was buſy in his labour
His boke tacomplyche with great diligence,
To him appered the great emperour
Called Henry, ſhewed his pzeſence,
Gan complaine vpon great offence
Done to him, the miſchefe and diſtreſſe
By his ſonnes great vnkyndneſſe.

The which ſonne was called eke Henry
Greatly accuſed of ingratytude,
Cauſe he wzought ſo diſnaturally,
Toke his father with fozce and multitude,
Entreated him boyſteouſly and rude,
And afterward there gayned no raunſon
At great miſchefe, he dyed in pzyſon.

The.xx. Chapiter.

How Joceline pzince of Rages foz pzyde, ſlouth, and lechery, dyed in pouerte.

Next in ozdze with triſt & ded viſage,
Unto Bochas to ſhew his heuines
Came Jocelyne, lozd and pzince of Rage,
Which is a cite famous of ryches:
And this pzince (mine auctoz bereth witneſſe)
Was greatly yeue to ſlouth and ſlogardy,
And all his luſt he ſet in lechery.

Left his lozdſhyp out of gouernaunce
Foz lacke of wiſdome and diſcrecion,
In fleſhly luſt ſet all his pleſaunce,
And of the countreis about him enuyzon
He was nat had in reputacion:
Certayne pzinces mine auctoz doth diſcryue
Of his lozdſhyp caſt him to depziue.

Amonge whiche the pzince of Alapy
Called Sanguyne the ſtozy who lyſt ſe,
To Joceline hauing great enuy
Layde a ſiege to Rages the cite,
He beyng ablent ferre from that countre
And thus foz ſlouthe & wylful negligence
Rages was take by mighty violence.

And Joceline commaunded to pziſon,
To him foztune was ſo contrarious,
Loſt his lozdſhyp and domination:
Lo here the fyne of folkes vicious
Slowe, delicat, pzoude, and lecherous,
Dyed in pouerte in miſchefe and in nede:
Of vicious pzinces lo here the fynall mede.

The.xxi. Chapiter.

¶ Howe the emperour Indzonicus ſlewe all that were of the blode royal, cherysched vicious people, and after was hanged.

As very heire here and trewe ſucceſſour
By election and alſo by lynage,
Came Indzonicus lozde and emperour
Of Conſtantinople, crowned king of age,
Next to Bochas with triſt and pale vyſage:
Beſechyng him to do his buſy cure
To remembze his woful auenture.

Amonge grekes by ſtozy and ſcripture
This Indzonicus gouerned nat aright,
Againe lawe and eke agayne nature
Founde with his ſuſter fleſhly on a night,
Bothe of aſſent toke them to the flight:

Againe

1431.4

Agayne him his cosyn was so fell
Lorde of that countre called Emanuell.

For a time stode as a man exiled
For his disceccions & many an vncouth strife,
By his princes after reconsiled
Standing in hope he should amende his lyfe:
But in the tyme that he was fugitife
He was made lorde & stode so for a whyle,
Reignyng in Pontus, of Asie a great Ile.

In this whyle Emanuell was deade
Fall in great age the story telleth thus,
Hauyng a child, and he who list take hede
Whyle he dwelled in his fathers hous
Among grekes called Alexius,
And the tutour that he was assigned to
Ycalled was Alexius also.

The same that was assigned his tutour
To se vpon him al the gouernaunce
Had ful power as lorde and Emperoure
And al the empire vnder his obeisaunce,
Princes & lordes gaue to him attendaunce:
Where that he were present or absent
Eche thing was done at his cõmaundement.

I meane as thus, he had al in hand
Constantinople, a cite of great substaunce,
But for extorcions whych he dyd in the lande
On his subiectes, and for misgouernaũce
Among the lordes it fyll in remembraunce
Al of assent in hert gan desire,
To Call Andronicus agayne to his empyre.

By assent restored and crowned Emperour
Constantinople entring the cite,
Busied him by fraudulent labour
All the bloude borne of the imperiall see
For to be slayne by vengeable cruelte,
By iudgement of this Andronicus
Except a prince called Isacius.

Thus in effecte the trouth was well sene
He was vengeable last in his olde age
Right as he was in his yeres grene,
Felly gouerned, ful of false outrage:
Last of al malicious of corage
Toke to coũsel in Grece he was thus named,
Al such as were disclaundred or diffamed.

Homicides he had in his houshoulde,
Tirantes ꝑ wrought agayne ryghtwysenes,
Cherished al that hardy were and bolde
Widowes, wiues, & maidens to oppresse:
Ribaudry was called gentilnes,
Spared nouther he was so lecherous
Women sworne chast, nor folke religious.

Had also no manet conscience
To his subiectes, falsely by rauine
Toke what him list by vniuste violence,
To al vyces hys youth he dyd enclyne:
And all that were of the royall lyne
Were slaine echone except Isacius,
As I tolde erst, by Andronicus.

And as I fynd for him in haste he sent
For this purpose to come to his presence,
To murdre him this was his entent
By diuers tokens and many euydence:
And fully knewe the fine of his sentence
He lyke a prince lyst come no nere,
Smyt of the heade of the Messanger.

And After that of manly prouidence
Myd the cite shewed him lyke a knyght,
Prayde lordes to yeue him audience
Princes, and iudges, for to do him ryght,
That he might declare in their syght
Great iniuries & domages outragious
Wrought by themperour called Andronicus.

O Citezins that knowe all the gise
Of your Emperour called Andronicus,
Not emperour so as ye list aduertyse
But a tiraunt cruel and furious,
I falle murderer, vengeable, & dispitous,
Hath of newe and froward false corage
Slayne of the Empyre holy the lynage.

There is alyue left none of the blode
Saue I alone of the royall lyne,
For Andronicus lyke a tiraunt wode
Hath slaine echone brefely to termyne, (cline
His sworde of vẽgeaunce they myghte not de-
Nowe purposeth he of mortall tirãnye
To slee me also that am of their alye.

Requiring you in this consistory
O citezins that here present be,
To remembre and call to memory
Howe this famous imperiall cite
Hath aye ben redy to do equite,
Busy also of their noblesse
Wronge of tirauntes manly to oppresse.

Philosophers and Poetes eke deuyse

In their lawes prudent and notable,
Blode of tiraunes is noble sacrifice
To god aboue whan they be vengeable:
And lith ye be ryghtfull, iust, and stable,
In your workes voyde of variaūce
Weye thys matter iustly in balaunce.

The people echone al of one assent
For outrages of thys Andronicus
Put him downe by ryghtfull iudgement,
In whole place was set vp Isacius:
The sayd tiraunt frowarde and vicious
Gan maligne and hym selfe dresse
In his defence to make a fortresse.

It holpe him not to make resistence,
So as he stode voyde of al fauoure
Seiged he was, and by violence
Maugre hys myght rent out of that tower,
Spoiled cruelly founde no better socour:
Stode all naked quakyng in his payne,
And syst rent out one of his eyen twayne.

And ouermore he had this rewarde
Wythout help, socour, or respite,
Rode on an asse his face set backwarde
The asses tayle holdyng for dispite,
Whom to beholde the people had delyte:
To pore and ryche thrugh the cite
Hym to rebuke was graunted liberte.

After al this in a carte set
And vengeably lad out of ꝑ toun,
By dome hanged on an hye gybet
The people on hym to hys confusion,
Made clamour and terrible soun:
Wolde neuer fro the galowes wende
Tyll in mischefe by death he made an ende.

Lenuoye.

In this tragedy agaynste Andronicus,
Bochas maketh an exclamacion
Agayne al princes vicious,
Whyle tyey haue power and domination
By tirannye vlinge extorcion,
Concludynge thus that theyr false liuing
Of right requireth to haue an yuell ending.

Indifferently this tyrant lechetous
Of wyues & maidens made none exception,
Folowyng his lust froward & disclaundrous
Spared no woman of religion,
Made wynes breake their profession
By violence, peyse wel al this thing
Of tyght requyreth to haue an yuell endyng.

Most in murdre he was contagious
Of innocent blode to make effusion,
Uengeable also agayne al vertuous,
Against his kynrede sought occasion
To slee them, fro whych that he came doun:
Which considered all such false worlking
Of right requireth to haue an yuell endynge.

Bochas manaceth princes outragious
Whyche by their proude hateful abusion
To god and man of wyll contrarious,
Hauyng in herte a false opinion
Al tho that bene in their subiection
They may deuour their power so stretchyng,
Which shal not faile to haue an yuell endyng.

Noble princes ye that bene desirous
To persever in your domination,
And in al vertue to be victorious,
Cherische trouth and put falsehede doun,
Be merciable measured by reason:
Of Andronicus the surfetes eschewyng
That ye by grace may haue a good endyng.

The.xxii.Chapter.

Of Isacius made blynde and take at mischefe.

As is rehersed whan Isacius
Had all the Empire in his possession,
To auenge the deth of Andronicus
Constantinople in that royal toun
A brother of his there came doun,
With a basin brenning bright as glede,
Made him blind, of hym no more I rede.

Except Isacius was take at mischefe
Of him that wrought his distruction,
Lyng awayte as doth a preuy thefe
Toke the Emperour, put him in prison:
Uengeably dyd execution
As is remembred with a basyn bright,
Brennyng red hote and so he lost his sight.

Al sonne he had called Alexius
Tendre of age, cast him to succede,
By his tutour false and contrarious
Murdred he was at mischefe as I rede:
The same tutour purposing as in dede

1243.1.4

Of the empire by falſe collusion
By fraude and mede to haue poſſeſſion.

In this chapiter of him no moze I fynde
Reherced here in oꝛder by wꝛitynge,
But to mine auctour ỹ pꝛoceſſe maketh mind
There came in haſte Sangot of Egipt kyng,
And with him came pitouſly wepyng
Eighttye pꝛinces Soudans twayne,
Reigning in Damas, their falles to cõplayne

Of Aloppe Salech was that one,
Reigning in Damas of his true ryght,
Cathabadyn there beyng eke ſoudan
Which in tho daies was holde a good knight
And right notable in euery mannes ſight:
And foꝛ the Soudan of Babilon aferre
Called Saladyn oppꝛeſſed was with werre,

Foꝛ ſocour ſent to theſe pꝛinces twayne
To come in haſt wyth all their chiualry,
Him to ſuppoꝛte and do their buſy payne,
Enfoꝛce their myght to ſuſtene hys partye:
Whoſe requeſt they yſt not deny
Abode no lenger but made them ſelfe ſtronge
To ſtande with hym were it ryght oꝛ wꝛong.

Of thys matter the ſubſtaunce to conclude
Theſe pꝛinces came Salech & Cathabadyn,
Foꝛ their guerdon they founde ingratitude
In this foꝛſayde Soudan Saladin,
Founde him vnkinde, plainly thys is the fyne
From their eſtates as it was after knowe
Diſgraded thẽ both, & bꝛoughte thẽ ful lowe.

Of him in ſothe they had none other mede
Foꝛ their labour, noꝛ foꝛ their kyndnes,
What fyll after in Bochas I not rede
Foꝛ he foꝛthwith leaueth this pꝛoceſſe
And vnto Robert doth his ſtyle dꝛeſſe
Called Farentyne reigninge in Taurence,
Who loſt his loꝛdſhyp by ſodayne violence.

This to ſay he reigned but a whyle,
Thys ſayd Robert loſt his gouernaunce.
Next to Bochas came Guylliam of Cecile
Kyng of that coũtre loꝛde of great puiſſaunce,
Loſt his kingdom thꝛugh foꝛtunes variance,
His eyen twayne rent out of hys heade
After died in miſchefe and indꝛede.

Which Guilliam reignyng in Cecile
Was by diſcent bozne vyer of alye
To Robert Guiſterde, as bokes do compile,
That whylom was duke of Nozmandye,
Greatly deliting in chyualry
With his bꝛother ful notable of renoun
Which bꝛought Naples to ſubiection.

His bꝛothers name was Rogere,
Which had a ſonne to be his enheritour
Called Tancret as ſayth the cronicIere
Which toke vpon him to reigne as ſucceſſour:
Thus in Cecile Tancret was gouernour,
Agayne whom by title ſought a fer
Of aliaunce he gan a moꝛtall werre.

Foꝛ a mayde that called was Conſtaunce
That doughter was to the kyng Rogere,
Whych was ſet of ſpirituall pleaſaunce
To be religious of hole hert and entere,
And by recoꝛde of the cronicIere
This Conſtaunce hath the woꝛld foꝛſake,
And to religion hath her body take.

Of this Conſtaunce the ſelfe ſame yere
That ſhe was bozne as made is mencion
There was a clerke a great aſtronomere,
Tolde of her byꝛth by calculacion
She ſhoulde cauſe the deſolacion
Of that kingdome, by pꝛoceſſe of her age
By the occaſion onely of mariage.

Some that were to Tancret great enmy
By their vngoodly exhoꝛtacion,
Moued the Emperour ỹ Called was Henry
To take Conſtaunce from her religion,
And by the Popes diſpenſacion
She wedded was to thẽperour by his might,
By tytle of her put Tancret from hys ryght.

Wyth a great nombze of Italiens
The Emperour entred in to that region,
But by fauour of Ceciliens
Tancret long time ſtode in poſſeſſion:
But thꝛough foꝛtunes tranſmutacion
The ſame tyme to conclude in ſentence
The ſaide Tancret dyed on peſtilence.

Hys ſonne Guillia ỹ was but ponge in dede
With Ceciliens caſt him not to faile
To kepe hys land and his ryght poſſede,
Yet the Emperour wyth ſtately apparayle
Made him redy wyth him to haue a battayle:
But the Emperour to great auantage
Caſt otherwyſe of fraude in his coꝛage.

Fayningly duryng the dyſcoꝛde

The

The Emperour cast another whyle,
By a false colour to fall at accorde
And yong Guilliam vngoodly to begile:
Vndre treaty taken in Cecile
Falsly depryued of hys region
Sent to Itaile, and throwe in pryson.

By wey of treaty the story who lyst see
All concluded vnder false treason,
With Guilliam take were his systers thre
His eyen put out for more conclusion,
He perpetually dampned to pryson:
Dyed in pouerte lost his enheritaunce,
Lo here the fyne of worldly variaunce.

Further to write as Jhon Bochas began
After that Guilliam was put frō hys reem,
To hym appered Guyot Lucinian
Chose afore kynge of Jerusalem,
Whose knightly fame shone lyke the son beem
Which by his noblesse he whilō dyd attayne
Godfray present that was duke of Lorayne.

But by the Soudan named Saladine
He was enchaced of that dignite,
Al worldly pompe drayweth to declyne:
So for the constraint of hys aduersite
The yeres passed of his prosperite
Wente in to Cipres as a fugitife,
What fil after I rede not in his lyfe.

To make hys cōplaynt after hym came one
Which had stand in great perplexite,
Erle of Bryenne and was called Jhon,
Whych afterwarde was kynge of the eyte
Called Jerusalem, and had also parde
A faire doughter yonge and tender of age,
Joyned after to Frederike in mariage.

Beyng that tyme lorde and Emperour
Was desirous aboue al other thyng
Of Jerusalem to be gouernour,
And of Cecyle to be crowned kyng:
Whiche alderlast for his subtyle workynge
Constrained was downe fro that partye
To be a capitaine & serue in Lombardye.

The. xxiii. Chapter.

¶ Of Henry the eldest sonne of Frederike the seconde myscheued by hys father.

NExt to Bochas, croked, halte, and sycke
One called Henrye cāe for to plaine
The eldest sonne vnto Frederike
Whiche by sikneſſe had felt great payne,
Wegre and pale contracte in euery vayne,
Of whose langour the chefe occasion
Was that he lay so longe tyme in pryson.

Al hys dysease at great aduersite
Ycaused was for shorte conclusion
By his fathers frowarde cruelte,
As Bochas after maketh mencion:
And thys Henry by generacion
Sonne vnto Frederike lyke as it is founde,
I meane Frederike called the seconde.

This Henry by discent of lyne
Of Cecyle fyrst was crowned kinge,
And of Jerusalem whose renome dyd shine
Through many a lande at his beginnyng:
And fortune also in her worlkyng
Was to this Henry passyng notable,
In al his workes inly fauourable.

Of his person he had this auantage,
To all the people he was right acceptable,
Well cōmended in his flourynge age
Of chere face and loke ryght amyable,
And of his porte very demure and stable,
Called in his ginnynge suche fauoure he hath
Of princes al very lyght & sonne. (wonne

But ofte it falleth that a glad morning
Whan Phebus sheweth his beames bryghte
The day somtyme therupon folowyng
With some derke skye is clipsed of hys lighte:
And semblably through fortunes myght
This said prince by her false variaunce
Fonde in her whele full noious greuaunce.

Who may the furies of fortune appese,
Her troubly waues to make them plaine:
Wher mē most trust they fynde most disease,
Where double corages stande in no certaine,
A shuing day is ofte meint with raine,
Thus of Frederike the great vnstablenes
Hath brought his son in mischefe & dystresse.

This Frederike set vp in great fauour
By the Popes diligent busines
Vnto the state lyft vp of Emperour,
But through his fatal frowarde vnkindnes

Of

1231.4

Of couetyse fyl in such excesse,
Toke vpon him the Patrimony to gye
Of Chrystes church, that parte to occupy.

Fyl in the Popes indignacion,
Counsayle nor treaty myght none auayle,
But of malice and presumpcion
Cast wyth the Pope to haue a great battaile:
The sayd Henry hys father gan counsayle
Agayne the churche to do no violence,
But him submit wyth humble obedience.

The strife enduringe atwene these estates
Frederik made his sonne to be accused,
To hym of crymelese magestatis,
Woulde not suffer he should be excused:
But lyke a man maliciously refused,
By his fathers cursed falle treason
He was cõmaunded to dye in prison.

Some bokes say he was taken & brought
To his father of dome to haue sentence,
But lyke a man passed sorow & thought
Wyych to hys lyfe had none aduertence,
Furiously and wyth great vyolence
As he was lad alas on horsbake,
Hys horse fyl downe & so hys necke he brake

Some bokes reherse of hym and sayne
Hys father toke agayne hym occasion:
And whan he had longe in cheynes layne
At great mischefe he dyed in prison.
And some saye that he fyl doun
Of a brydge as Bochas reherseth here
And drowned was in a depe ryuere.

☞ A commendacion of Bochas of suche as be kynde to their kynred.

MExte in ordre myne auctour dyd hys cure
To make a speciall commendacion
Of such as be disposed by nature
And by their kyndly inclinacion
As blode requireth and generacion,
To acquite thẽ selfe in thought wyll & dede
Without fayning vnto theyr kinred.

Specially that none vnkindnesse.
Be founde in them for none aduersite,
To consider of naturall gentylnes
To them appropred is merry and pyte
And to auoyde the false duplicite.
That was in Frederik, whyche so vnkyndly
Let slee hys sonne that called was Henry.

Pyte is appropred to kynrede,
Father and mother by disposicion
To cheryssh theyr chyldren and eke fede
Tyl seuen yere passe, lawe maketh mencion:
And as they be bounde of naturall reason
That tyme passed their tendernes tenrlyne,
Unto fortune by vertuous dyscipline,

Than afterwarde in theyr adolescence
Uertuously to tech them and chastise,
Norish them in doctrine and Science,
Fostre in vertue vices to dyspyse:
To be curteyse prudent sad and eke wyse:
For whan they gyn wyth vertue in that age
Gladly after they do no great outrage.

As it longeth to euery gentle lygne
And blode royall by kyndly influence,
To father & mother shewe them selfe benigne
Of humble hertes to do them reuerence:
Aye to remembre in their aduertence
On syre princes that wrought the contrarye,
For whyche fortune was their aduersarye.

Euerichc to other founde was vnkinde,
In cursed blode may be no kindnesse,
Of one tarage sauoureth tree and rynde,
The frute also beareth of the tre wytnes:
And semblably the fathers cursednes
Wyth mortall swerde in nature repreuable,
Againe the childe is ofte sene vengeable.

Among whych Brutus is rekened one,
Next in order folowed Manlius,
Slewe their chyldren by recorde euerychone,
Philip Manlius and also Cassius,
And cruell Herode fel and malicious,
Frederik also most vengeably,
Slewe his sonne that called was Henry.

This Frederik aye frowarde and contrary
Towarde his son not gracious nor benygne,
From holy churche vngoodly he gan vary,
And theragayne frowardly maligne:
And lyke a man obstinate and vndigne
Dyed accursed thzugh misgouernaunce
Wythout confession or repentaunce.

☞ Howe Manfroye kyng of Poyle was slayne.

NExte too Bochas of Poyle came the kynge,
Began hys fall and complaynte to specify,
Called Manfroy, and for hys false wor kyng
Put downe and slayne cause of his tiranny:
Lo what auayleth septr or regaly,
To a tyraunt which of violence,
List to godwarde haue none aduertence:

The.xxv.Chapiter.

☞ Howe Ences kyng of Sardiny dyed in prison.

WYth loke downe cast, deadly, pale of chere
Of Sardinya Ences nexte came doun,
Kyng of that lande to tell the manere
Howe he werrayed agayne the myghty toun
Called Bononia to his confusion
By them vēquished & wyth chaynes roūde
Dyed in prison so long he lay there bounde.

Folowig myne auctour called Bocas Jhon,
In Sardinia, as he maketh mynde,
Serpent nor wolfe in that lande was none,
Hauyng a well whych of very kynde
Thenes eyen the water maketh blynd:
To true folke as he doth deuine
Water thereof was helth and Medicine.

There groweth also an herbe as bokes sey
Which that is so diuers of nature
Who tasteth therof laughyng he shal dey,
No medicine may helpe them nor succour:
The touche therof stante eke in aueture,
If it enter his mouth on any syde,
He shal alyue for laughter not abyde.

The.xxvi.chapter.

☞ Howe an other Frederyke was slayne by iudgemente of hys brother.

THere was another frowarde Frederike
Sonne of Alphonce that was king of Castyle,
Of corage wode and eke frantyke,
His owne brother falsly to begyle
Began a werre lastynge but a whyle:
Whose purpose was his brother to dyceiue
And the crowne of Castile to receyue.

This Frederike came with a greate battaile
Agayne his brother for the same entent,
Of his purpose yet he dyd fayle,
God nor fortune were not of assent:
Take in the felde, and by iudgement
Of his brother for his great trespace,
Slayne openly he had no better grace.

The.xxvii.Chapter.

☞ Howe Manimettus and Argones dyed at mischefe.

MAnymettus of Perce lorde and kyng
Came next in preace distressed in gret payne,
Upon fortune pitiously playnyng
His aduersite dyd him so constrayne:
For there was one whych at him did disdaine
Called Argones, voide of title or ligne
Gayne Manimettus proudlye gan malinge.

Whych Argones for his presumpcion
Take at mischefe by sodayne violence,
His dome was giuen to dye in prison,
Of no power to make resistence:
But fortune that can no difference
Of her chaunges atwene frende and fo,
Cauled them dye at mischefe both two.

☞ The.xxviii. Chapter.

☞ Howe Charles kynge of Jerusalem and of Cecile for auarice and auoutry died at mischefe

AFter these forsayde rehersed in sentence
As Bochas remembreth in hys style,
Came Noble Charles vnto presence
Kyng of Jerusalem and also of Cecile,
Of whose cōming myn auctour a great while
Astoyned was, to se his knyghtly face
With such chere come in to the place.

For by hys porte who behelde hym wele
Considred fyrst his loke and hys vysage,
It sempt he trad vpon fortunes whele,
And of his noble marciall corage

Had

12431.4

Had of her power gotten auauntage:
Shewyng him selfe on eche partye
Her and her might dyd vtterly defye.

First to commende his royall hye lynage
And of his vertuous famous alyaunce,
And by wryting and prayling of langage
The name of hun specially to auaunce,
Sayth he was borne of the blode of Fraūce,
And to encreace most soueraynlye his prise
Wryteth he was brother vnto saynt Lewyse.

Gaue to Fraunce this commendacion,
So as Phebus passeth eche other sterre,
Right so that kingdom in comparison
Passeth euery lande both nie and ferre:
In policy, be it peace or werre,
For it transcendeth in peace by prouydence,
And in werre by knightly excellence.

These wordes be nat take of myne auctour,
Entytled here for a remembraunce
By one Laurence whiche was translatour
Of this procesle, to commende Fraunce,
To prayse that lande was all his plesaunce:
Sayth influence of that royall lande
Made Charles so worthy of his hande.

Of whose noblesse Pope Urban had ioy,
Him to encrease for vertuous liuing,
Which that time was duke of Anioy
After cholen of Cecile to be kyng,
Of Pope Urban required by wryting,
Toward Rome that he should him dresse,
Of king Manfroy the tyzanny to oppresse.

Agayne the Pope and holy churche right
This said Manfroy dyd great extorcion,
Noble Charles as goddes owne knight
Came with stronge hande vp to Rome toun,
Whiche in his comming gaue possession
To Gyot Manfort for to haue the garde,
In his passage to gouerne the bowarde.

To Rome with great ordinaunce
They passed ouer the boundes of Itayle,
This mãly knight Charles borne in fraunce
Lad with him many a stronge batayle
The Popes enemy manly to assayle:
But all this whyle to stande at diffence
This said Charles founde no resistence.

Entring Rome to be their protectour
Full well receyued at his first entryng,
Chose and preferred for chefe senatour
By the pope, most glad of his comming,
Of Cecile was after crowned king:
And of Jerusalem as made is mencion
Graunted to him full possession

Whiche in his ginning bare him so well,
Entring ỳ land with knightly apparayle
Of Casline gate fyrst the stronge castell,
At Beneuent had a great batayle,
With kig Manfroy, whose partye did assayle
To reherce shortly his auenture,
Charles made on him a discomfyture.

In which batail king Mānfroy was slaine,
And noble Charles toke possession,
Wherof Romains were full glad and fayne
Yet in Cecile there was rebellion,
But they were brought vnto subiection,
And Conradine recorde of al wrighting,
Sonne of Conrade claymed to be king

Gan make him strong, proudly toke his place
At Alygate a famous olde cite,
Noble Charles with knightly chere & face
Fyll vpon him, made him for to flye:
And to set rest in the countre
To auoyde trouble & make al thing certaine,
Gaue iugement Conradyne to be slayne.

Amonge kynges notable and glorious
Charles was put as made is mencion,
Lyke a prince stronge and victorious
In full peasyble and hole possession
Of Cecile and all that regyon,
Agayns whom was no disobeysaunce
Yelded of hole herte to his gouernaunce.

By tytle also of his alyaunce
Fortune greatly did him magnifye,
For as it is put in remembraunce
The noble princesse that called was Mary
Doughter to Stephane reigning in Hungry
Joyned was and knit in marriage
To Charles son, to thenerece of his lynage.

This same Charles by auctorite
So as him selfe list to ordayne,
Was made king of the great cyte
Called Jerusalē, of townes moste soueraine.
By whiche title he bare crownes twayne,
His brother Lewes olde bokes say
The same time in Egipt gan werray.

Gate all the countreys aboute enuyron
whiche that sarazyns dyd fallly occuppe,
Brought them agayne to subiection
Of Jerusalem that lande to magnifye:
Cartage in Affrike with all their regalye
And all the countreys beyng afore cõtrayze,
To kyng Charles became tributayze.

This whyle he sate highest in his glozy
Lyke Phebus shyning in his mydday spere,
with many conquest & many great victozy:
whan his noblesse shone most bzight & clere
The same tyme with a frownyng chere
Foztune gan from Charles tourne her face,
And him bereste her fauour and her grace.

This lady foztune doth selde in one cõtune
She is so gerysshe of condicion,
A sozceresse, a traytour in cõmune
Cast a falle meane to his distruction
One of his sonnes slayne with poyson,
which dyd eclypse myne auctoz doth expzesse,
A full great partye of his olde gladnesse.

He was disclaundzed of all the byce
which appertayneth vnto tyzanny,
I meane the vice of frowarde auarice
which is contrary vnto his chiualry:
Diffamed also of falle auoutrye: (nãce
whiche was fusteyned thzough his mayn te-
within the lande by a knight of Fraunce.

The same knight abydyng in his hous
All Cecile troubled with that dede,
The great offence was so disclaundzous
Thzugh all the region it began to spzede,
Foz thylke woman plainly as I rede
was wyfe to one whiche suffred this offẽce,
And to be venged dyd his dyligence.

John Pzolith plainly was his name,
whiche cast him fully auenged foz to be
That kyng Charles should beare the blame,
Slewe al the frenchmen that bode in ẽ coũtre
Without grace, mercy, oz pite,
And foz to do full execution
Required was the kyng of Aragon.

Lost of Cecile hole the region,
With obeysaunce of many countre,
And of Jerusalem the possession
Fyll by pzocesse in great aduersite:
And last constrained wyth greuous pouerte
To god most mekely wyth ful heuy chere,
Soone to be dead was hys pzayer.

Suppzised he was w̃ sozowe in his cozage,
Lost his fozce, fyl in to malady,
Languished fozth tyll he gan fail in age,
Agayne foztune founde no remedy:
And by occasion of falle auoutry
Fyl to mischefe and foz sozow & dzede,
This Charles died, no moze of him I rede.

¶ Lenuoye.

Lyke as Phebus in some freshe mozninge
After Auroza the day doth clarifye,
Falleth oft that his bzyght shining
Is derked with some cloudy skye,
Alykenes shewed in this tragedye:
Expert in Charles the stozy doth well pzeue
Youth and age rekened truely
The fayze day men do pzaise at eue.

The noble fame of his fresh gynning
To saint Lowes he was nygh of alye,
Ryght wyse, manly, & vertuous of liuyng,
Called of knighthod flour of chiualry,
Tyll maintenaunce of auoutry
Came in to hys courte to hurte hys name and
His life, his deth, put in ieoparty (greue,
The fayze day men do pzayse at eue.

Lyke deserues mẽ haue theyz guerdoning,
Uertuous lyfe doth pzinces magnify,
The contrary to them is great hyndzing
Folke experte the trouth may not denye,
Serche out the rewarde of cursed lechery
Where it is vsed the houshold may not pzeue,
In this matter to Charles haue an eye
The fayze day to pzayse towarde eue.

Noble pzinces al byces eschewing
Your hyghe cozage let reason gye,
Withdzaw your hand fro riotous watchyng,
Flye flechly lustes and vicious companye:
Oppzesse no man, do no tiranny
Socour the nedy, poze folke do releue,
Let men repozt the pzudent policye
Of your last age whan it dzaweth to eue.

The.xxix. Chapter.

Of Hugoline Erle of Pise slaine in pzison.

12431.4

After Charles story red the wofull fyne
As ye haue herde the maner and ỹ gyle,
To Jhon Bochas appered Hugolyne
Called whylome the erle of Pyle,
Tyll they gan againe him aryle
Most vengeable, cruell and vnkynde,
Slewe him in pzilon no moze of him I finde.

Saue his childzen of haterede and enuy
Were murdzed eke in a depe pzilon
Next with his cõplaynt the kinge of Armeny
Came tofoze Bochas that called was Athõ,
A chzisten pzince full famous of renoun,
Foz our fayth from which he lyst nat erre
Gayne Tartarines longtime he held werre.

This manly king in knighthod full famous
It was shewed, his story who lyst rede,
Had a bzother fell and dispytous
Called Sabath desyzous to succede,
Sted of his bzother the kingdome to possede
By false treason, reued of his right,
Kept him in holde and put him out of syght.

This Sabath lost both happe and grace,
His other bzother as made is mencion
By stronge hande put him from his place,
Chaled him out of that region:
Take by foze, and fetred in pzilon
Died there, no man lyst him visite
Lo howe god can treason & murdze quite.

The.xxx.chapter.

Howe Pope Boniface the eight was take by the lynage de Columpnes, eate his handes, and dyed in pzilon.

Among these wofull pzinces thze
Which shewed thẽ so vgly of their chere,
Pope Boniface by great aduersite
The eight of that name gan to appzoch nere,
A thoulande. CCC. accompted was ỹ yere
Fro Chzistes byzth, by computacion:
Whan that he made his lamentacion

This same Pope caught occasion
Which vnder Peter kept gouernaunce
To interdicte all the region
Time of king Philip reigning tho in Fraũce,
Dyzecte bulles downe to Constaunce
To Nycholas, made by Boniface
Archdeacon of the same place.

Of holy churche the pzelates nygh echone
Bysshoppes of Fraunce felly haue declared,
Pzeuing by poyntes many mo than one,
In a great sinne plainly and nat spared
By him the church was hurt & nat repayzed,
Put on him crymes of gret misgouernaunce
Denoũcing enemy to al ỹ land of Fraunce.

Put on him many a great outrage
Wzongly howe he had done offence
To a cardinall bozne of the lynage
De Columpnes, a kinrede of reuerence:
Foz which cause he kept him in absence,
Out of the court dzew where he was bozne
By which occasion ỹ Pope his life hath lozn.

De Columpnes ỹ lynage hath so wzought
Toke Boniface foz his olde cruelte,
Wh gret fozce & power they haue him bzought
Unto a castell which stode in the cite
Called Sancti Angeli, gaue auctozite
To a Cardynall and by cõmyssion
Power to do full execucion.

Of these maters hangyng in balaunce
Atwene partyes were it right oz wzonge,
Bothe of romayns & pzelates eke of Fraũce
The pope aye kept within ỹ castel stronge,
Of auenture abyding there nat longe
Fyll in a slixe and afterwarde foz nede,
Foz hunger ete his handes as I rede.

Houre of his dyeng it is made mencion
Aboute ỹ castell was merueylous lightning,
Where the pope lay fettred in pzilon:
None suche afoze was sene in their lyuing.
And whyle Bochas was busi in wzityng
To wzite the fall of this Bonyface,
The ozder of templers came tofoze his face.

The.xxxi. Chapiter.

Howe the ozdze of Templers was foũded and Jaques with other of the ozder bzent.

Cronicles the trouth can retozde
Calling to minde the first foũdacio
And old auctours therwith accozde
Of these Templers how ỹ religion

Gan that time whan Godfray de Bullion
Had won, that noble knightly man,
Jerusalem, that ozder first began.

By certaine knightes which did their payne.
Whan the cite was first ywonne,
By noble Godfray duke whilom of Lozaine
There crowned kyng this ozder they begon,
Olde bokes wel reherce konne
Takyng a grounde of pouerte & mekenes
To founde this ozdze dyd their busynes.

Their begynnyng gan of deuocion,
The groũde ytake of wylfull pouerte,
And made first their habitacion
By the temple not ferre from the cite:
In token of clennes swozne to chastite,
Of the temple lyke to theyz deslyzes
Toke their name, & called were Templers.

Pope Honozie gaue them auctozite
Of holy church beyng that time hede,
A whyte habite they bare ẏ time foz chastite,
Eugenius after gaue them a crosse of rede:
And to defende pylgrimes out of dzede
Gayne sarazins through their high renoun,
This was chefe point of their pzofession.

Whyle they liued in wylful pouerte
Thele crossed knights in mãtel clad of white,
They are spzed in many a ferre countre,
Foz in perfection was set all their delyte:
Folke of deuocion caught an appetite
Them to encreale gaue great almelle,
By whych they gan were to great richelle.

By pzocesse wythin fewe yeres
The nombze great of their religion,
And the fame of the sayde Templers
Gan spzede wide in many region:
With the sodayne rising of their pzofession,
With tours, castels, they gade thẽ to delices,
Appalled in vertue ẏ bzought in many vices.

It were to long to reken them all,
But amonge other I synde there was one
A manly knight, folke Jaques dyd him call,
Great of auctozite among them euerychone,
As cronicles remembze of yoze agone
The whych Jaques in the realme of Fraũce
Was bozne of blode to great enheritaunce.

The same Jaques holde a manly knyghte
In his gynnyng freshe, lusty of cozrage,
Had a bzother by elder title of right
Occupied al hole the heritage:
Because Jaques yonger was of age
Whych might not by no condition
Nothyng clayme of that possession.

His elder bzother occupied all
Whyle thys Jaques but lowe was of degree,
Wonder delirous to be with hym egal,
Alway put backe by frowarde pouerte:
And to surmounte if it woulde be
Founde out a meane lyke to hys deliers,
Was chosen mayster of the templers.

And was pzomoted by fre election
By them that should chose hym of ryght,
Whereby he had great domination
Ryches, treasour, great power and myght,
Of hys person was eke a manly knyghte,
The same tyme put in remembzaunce
Philip le Bele crowned kyng of Fraunce.

Whych had of Jaques great indignacion,
To al the templers and al the chiualry
Cast wayes to their distruction,
Gate auctozite his lust to foztifye
Downe fro the pope bokes specifye
Clement theer concludyng if he may,
All the templers to distroye on a daye.

Foz certayne crimes hozible to here
Al at ones were set in pzison,
By their frendes touchyng thys matere
Counsailed to aske mercy and pardon:
That they should by plaine confession
Requiring hym knelyng on a rowe,
And as it was their trespase ben aknowe.

Jaques was take & with him other thze
Kept in holde and to pzison sent,
And the remnaunt foz their iniquite
Ozdained were by open iudgement
To mighty stakes to be tied and bzent:
The kyng in maner lyke to do them grace
So they would confesse their trespace.

But al foz nought they were so indurate
All of accozde and of one cozrage
To aske mercy were obstinate,
The fire redy al wyth one langage
Whan the flame appzoched theyz vysage
Full plainely spake cried pitiously,
Of their actes which they were not gylty.

From their purpose they lyst not to declyne

But

12431.4

But wyth one boice echone and one soun
Fully affyrmed tyl they dyd fynde,
How their order and their religion
Igrounded was vpon perfection:
And theyr deth verely in dede
Compassed was of malice and hatred.

The sayd Jaques of whom I spake tofore
Brought to a place which called was Leon
Tofore two legates or that his life was lorne
All openlye made hys confession,
He was worthy for short conclusion
For to be dead by rightfull iudgement,
This was hys ende to ashes he was brent.

The.xxxii.Chapter.

Bochas here cõmendeth Theodorus wyth other two Philosophers for theyr patience notably.



Euing a prise to Philosophers thre,
Bochas cõmẽdeth w̃ great diligẽce
Howe ech of them was in his cõtre
Soueraynly by vertuous excellẽce
Of olde commended for their patience:
Which may be set and crowned in hir stall
As Emperesse among vertues al.

Among Ceciliens first Theodorus
For patience had in great reuerence,
Among Grekes the story telleth thus
Anaxerses for his magnificence,
By force of vertue grounded on patience
Because he was vertuous and wyse
For sufferaunce gate him a souerayne prise.

Among Romains put in remembraunce
Scevola, both philosopher and knyght,
For his marciall stronge constaunce
Whan that he helde amyd the flame lyght
Hande & fingers among the coles bryght,
Tyl the ioyntes falling here and yonder
From the wrest departed were a sonder.

First Theodorus borne in the famous yle
By patience great paines enduringe,
Chefe philosopher called of Cecile
With chaynes bounde vpon the ground lying,
On his body layde gaddes reed brennyng:
Suffring his paine list it not refuse
By kynge Jerome the tiraunte of Siracuse.

For common profit suffred all his payne
Long tyme afore lyng in prison,
Whych by assent of mo than one or twayne
Was the most chefe by conspiracion
To bring the tiraunt to his distruccion:
For no paine that he might endure
The coniuracion he would not discure.

Rather he chase in mischefe for to dey
Than by name openly declare
Of him that slewe the tiraunt sothly to sey,
Thought of tyght no man should spare
For common profit helth and welfare:
To slee a tiraunt demyng for the best
Al a region for to set at rest.

For which title he list suffre deth,
All his turment toke most patiently,
Theodorus tyl he yelded vp the breth
Grutched not with noise nor loude cry:
Amyd whose hert roted was faythfully
Common profit, Bochas wryteth the same,
Among Ceciliens to get hym a name

Grekes also cõmende aboue the sterres
Anaxerses and greatly magnifye,
Cause that he to stint mortall werres
Lyst not spare to acquite hys partye,
In rebukyng manly the tirannye
Of Nicocreon, a tiraunt full mortall
Reignyng in Cipre in his estate royall.

Spared nouther for deth ne drede
Him to rebuke by vertuous langage,
The tiraunt bad cut out of his heade
Hys tonge in haste, but he w̃ strong corage
Sayde he shoulde haue none auauntage
Of that membre, whych wyth al his myghte
Had tolde him trouth in the peoples sight.

Of his manace set but litell tale
Bytte of his tonge of stronge corage,
Chewed it al on peces smale
Of manly herte thought it no domage
Spyt it out in the vilage
Of the tiraunt, gate so the victory
To put his name euermore in memory.

And Scevola equal to these twayne
For common profit by iust comparison,
Put him in preace, dyd his busye payne
To slee Porcenna enemy to Rome toun,
For to accomplysh his entention
Toke a stronge darte passingly trenchaunte,
With al his mighte cast it at the tiraunte.

Of his marke cause he dyd faile
To slee his enemye after his entent,
Whych in Tuskan by many stronge battayle
Gayns Romains wyth his knightes went,
This Sceuola his owne hand bzent:
Cause that he failed of hys arte
To slee Pzocenna with casting of his darte.

To declare the fozce of his manhode
Put him selfe auenged foz to be,
As I haue tolde in coles rede
His hande he bzent foz loue of his cite:
Onely to aquite his magnanimite
Of feruent loue his cite to auayle
To slee the tiraunt cause that he dyd fayle.

Thus foz to put the marcial suffraunce
Of these noble philosophers thze
In perpetuall mynde and remembzaunce
Howe they them quit eche lyke his degre,
Foz their pure partye vnto the commonte,
Cause al their ioy and inward delite.
Was foz auaile to the cõmon pzofit.

Fyzst Theodozus put him selfe in pzees
Foz Cecilens to dye in pzison,
And foz Grekes noble Anaxerses
His tonge tozne felte great passion,
And Sceuola foz Romayns and their toun
Suffred his hande by shozte autsement,
Of verye trouth in coles to be bzent.

A martirdom it was in their manere
Of their cozage to haue so great constaunce,
Were so stable of herte body and chere
Foz cõmon pzofite, of face and countenaunce
Unto the deth without variaunce:
Gate the triumphe by souerayne excellence
With laurer crowned foz their pacience.

Lyke as Phebus passeth the litel sterre
Hyest vpraised in hys mydday spere,
So this vertue in trouble peace & werre
Called pacience, most freshely doth appere,
Among vertues to shewe hys beames clere:
Foz pacience knyt wyth humilite
Where they abyde maye none errour be.

Tzauntes hertes this vertue doth appeale,
Modifyeth their cruell fel wodenesse,
Rage of Lions who lyst lyue in ease
Of folke pzostrat his malice doth repzesse,
Al our ioy gan first wyth mekenes,
Foz of Juda the hardy stronge lion
A maidẽs mekenes fro heauen bzought doun.

In battaile and mighty stronge shieltrons
Aduice with sufferaunce winneth the victozy,
Pacience venquisheth champions
Lownesse in vertue by many olde hystozy,
And mekenes perpetuall of memozy
Al to conclude groũded on reason
A maidens mekenes wzought our redẽpcion.

¶ Bochas here commendeth humilite.

VErtue of vertues O noble pacience,
Wyth Laurer crowned O vertuous constaũce,
Laude honour pzayse and reuerẽce
Be yeue to thee pzices of most pleasaũce,
Most renomed by olde remembzaunce:
Of whom the myghty marciall armure
Gayne all vyces lengest may endure.

Grounde and gynnyng to stande at defence
Agayne Sathans infernall puissaunce,
Laureat quene where thou art in pzesence
From outrages haue no gouernaunce,
Condite, head spzung of plẽtuous habũdaũce,
Cristall well celestial of figure
Gayne al vices which lengest may endure.

Chese founderes by soueraine excellence
Of gostly building & spiritual substaunce,
Empzesse of most magnificence
With heuenly spirites next of aliaunce,
With life euerlasting thy triũphes tauaunce:
And ioy eternal thy nobilesse to assure
In the aureat thzone perpetually to endure.

Thzee Jerarchies there liuing in pzesence,
With whõ humilite hath souerayne acquaintaũce
Where Olanna w̃ deuout diligence
Is longe of aungels by long continuaũce,
Tofoze the thzone keping their obseruaunce
Syng Sanctus sãctus recozde of scripture,
Wyth voice memozial perpetually tendure.

The bzẽning loue of Cherubin, by feruence
Perfit in charite diligent obeysaunce,
And Seraphin wyth humble obedience
And ozders nyne by heuenly concozdaunce
Domination with vertuous attendaunce,
Afoze the trinite synge freshly by measure,
Wyth voice memoziall perpetually tendure.

Suf-

12431.4

Suffraunce of panims hath but apparence
Done for vainglory, hangyng in balaunce,
But Chriſtes martyrs in very exiſtence
Lyſt againe tyrãtes make no repugnãce:
Rather die than ſhew god diſpleaſaunce,
Shewed in no myrrour likeneſſe nor picture
Take full poſſeſſion w̃ Chriſt euer tendure.

Suffraunce for vertue hath ꝑ preemynence
Of them that ſet in god their aſſyaunce,
Recorde of Stephyn Vincent & Laurence
Bleſſed Edmonde by longe perſeueraunce,
Suffred for our fayth victorious greuãce:
Kyng made & martyr a palme to recure
In the heuenly courte perpetually to endure.

And for to ſet a maner difference
In Bochas boke tolde euery circumſtaunce,
Howe for our fayth by full great violence
Dyuers ſayntes haue ſuffred gret penaunce,
Stable of their chere vilage & cõtenaunce:
Neuer to vary for none auenture
Like Chriſtes chãpions perpetually tẽdure.

Whoſe foundacion by notable prouidence
Grounded on Chriſt their ſoules to auaunce,
Graue in their hertes and in theyr conſcience
Voiding all trouble of worldly perturbãce,
Chaunges of fortune w̃ her double chaunce:
Loued god and dred aboue eche creature
In hope with him perpetually to endure.

The.xxxiii.Chapter.

Howe Philip le Bele king of Fraunce was ſlaine with a wilde Boze, and of his thre ſonnes and their wedding.

When Bochas had writtẽ of pacięce
And commended the vertue of ſuffraunce,
Philip le Bele came to his preſence
Fift of the name crowned king of Fraunce:
Gan complaine his vnhappy chaunce,
And on fortune of cuſtome that can vary
Which was to him cruell aduerſary.

Wounded he was with a grenous ſore,
Gan his complaynt to Bochas determyne,
How he was ſlaine with a wilde bore,
In a foreſt which called was Compyne,
Tolde howe he was ſclaundred & al hys line
Ones in Flãders w̃ many a worthy knight
Vęquiſhed of flẽminges, & felly put to flight.

Proceding ferther gan touche of his lynage
Howe in his time he had ſonnes thre,
Lewes Philip & Charles ponge of age,
The fourth Robert: alſo a doughter had he
Called Iſabell, right excellent of beaute:
The ſayde Robert the ſtorie is well kouthe
Whiche that died in his tender youthe.

To this ſtory who liſt haue good regarde
The circumſtaunce wyſely to diſcerne,
His doughter Iſabell was wedded to Ed-
Carneruan, the boke ſo doth vs lerne: (ward
This ponge Philip wedded in Nauerne
The kinges doughter, a ſtately mariage,
Called Jane, whyle ſhe was tendre of age.

The ſame Philip after crowned king
Of Nauerne, his father of aſſent
Fyue ſonnes he had than liuing,
Of which fiue as in ſentyment
Thre in nombre be right pertynent
The matter who ſo liſt to loke,
And the proceſſe of the ſame boke.

The eldeſt ſonne called was Lewiſe
To whome his father gaue poſſeſſion
Of Nauerne, bycauſe that he was wyſe
For to gouerne that noble region:
Philip his brother for his high renoun
Was afterwarde by iuſt enheritaunce
And rightful title crowned king of Fraunce.

The thyrde brother was by title of right
Made erle of march & named was Charles,
Eche of them in the peoples ſyght
Were famous holde & paſſing of great priſe,
And for they were right manly & right wyſe
Philip and Charles toke in tendre age,
The erles doughters of Burgoin in mariage

But as the ſtorye reherſeth in certayne
To their nobleſſe fortune had enuy,
And by a maner of malice and diſdayne
Brought in a proceſſe vpon the party
Of their two wyues frowarde auoutry,
Cauſing the death of theſe wyues thre
Whan they moſt floured in their felicite.

After theſe three princes glorious,
Tofore Bochas had shew theyr entent
A mighty duke notable and famous
Came to complaine Charles of Tarent,

Which in his time to Florence went
To make peace in his royall estate (bate
Twene Guerste & Gemellius standing at de

The said Charles borne of the blod of fraũce
A manly knight the story doth deuise,
By whose vnhappy fatall froward chaunce
In the werres twene Florence and Pyse
On horsbacke sittinge in knightly wyse,
Hurt w an arow ful lowe down to grounde,
Wherby he caught his last fatal wounde.

A man of armes beyng a loudyour
With the pisanes were it wronge or right
Of false disdaine did his busy labour
To treade on Charles in the peoples syght,
Whan he laye grufte wherfore he was made
By theyr captain, for a maner pryde (knight
Which gouerned the Sybelines syde.

And in his study wyth full heuy chere
While John Bochas bode styll on his fete,
To him appered and gan approche nere
Daunt of Florence the laureate Poete,
With his ditties and rethoriques swete,
Demure of loke fulfilled with pacience,
With a vysage notable of reuerence.

Whan Bochas saw him vpõ his fete he stod,
And to mete him he toke his pase full right,
with great reuerence auailed cappe and hod,
To him said with humble chere and light,
O clerest sonne. O very sothfast lyght
Of our cite, which called is Florence,
Laude be to the honour and reuerence.

Thou hast enlumined Itaile & Lombardy
With Laureate ditees in thy flouring dayes,
Grounde and ginning of prudent policy
Wonge Florentines suffred great affrayes:
As golde pure proued at al assayes
In trouth madest mekely thy selfe stronge,
For commõ profite to suffre paine & wronge.

O noble Poete touching this matter
How Florentines to the were vnkynde,
I wyll remember & write with good chere
Thy pytous exile and put here in mynde:
Stay (quod Daunt) here stante one behinde
Duke of Athens turne to him thy style,
His vncouth story breuely to compyle.

And if thou lyst do me this plesaunce
To dilcryue his knightly excellence,
I wyll thou put his life in remembraunce
How he oppressed by mighty violence
This famous cite called Florence.
By which story plainly thou shalt se
Whiche were frendes and foes to the cite.

And which were able to be excused
If the trouth be clerely apperceyued,
And which were worthy to be refused
By whome the cite ful falsly was disceiued:
The circumstaunce notably conceiued
To reken in order by euery syde (abyde
Which shoulde be chaced and whiche shoulde

The. xxxiiii. Chapter.

How duke Gaulter of Florence for his tirannye lechery and couetyse ended in myschefe.

And whan Bochas knewe all thentencion
Of the saide Daunt, he caste him anone ryght
To obey his mayster as it was reason,
Toke his penne and as he cast his sight
Alite aside he sawe no maner wight
Saue duke Gaulter of all the longe day,
For Daunt vnwarely vanished was away.

This said Gaulter bruely to processe
Lyke as it is put in remembraunce,
Touching his line and his royall kynrede
He was discended of the blode of Fraunce,
By longe processe and knightly purueyaunce
His father fyrst by diligent labour
Of Athenes was lorde and gouernour.

Stode but a while in clere possession,
Grekes to him had full great enuy,
Cast of assent to put him doun
And depriue him of his famous duchy,
To their entent a layser they did espy:
Toke him at mischefe, quaking in his drede
Of hie dispyte in haste smyt of his heade.

Upon whose death auenged for to be
This said Gaulter with mighty apparayle
Cast he wolde assiege that cite,
But of his purpose longe he did faile:
And in this while w many stronge batayle
Two mighty prices were cõe down of Pise,
Laide a siege to Luke in full knightly wyse.

(Flozen

12431.4

Flozentines to Luke were fauourable,
And to delyuer the siege from the toun
With multytude almost innumerable
Made ozdinaunce, and knightly came doun,
Which tourned after to their distruction:
Foz it fell so of moztall auenture
On Flozentines fyl the discomfiture.

The noyse and fame of this great batayle
Gan spzede ferre by repozte of langage
In Lombardy and in Itayle,
Monge soudiours lusty of cozage,
And among other fayning a pylgrimage
The said Gaulter by vnware violence,
Came fro Naples downe in to Flozence.

The Flozentines helde fyzst a parliament
Foz the saluacion and garde of their cyte,
By great pzudence and great auisement
Of suche as were highest of degre,
By one assent they gaue the soueraynte
Them to gouerne hoppng to theyz increace,
With statutes made both foz werre & peace.

The greatest states rulers of the toun
Called Magnates tho daies in sothnes
To Gaulter gaue this dominacion,
Of entent the commons to oppzes:
And marchauntes to spoile, theyz of ryches,
Streyne men of craft by froward violence
Again theyz lybertees vsed in Flozence.

The people alway in awayte lying
To be restozed vnto theyz lyberte,
Gan grutche soze among themselfe plaining
Foz great extozcion done to their cyte:
The greatest also of most auctozite
Had leuer to suffre Gaulter reigne,
Than their actions to modify oz restraine.

The said Gaulter in full subtil wyse
By a false maner of symulacion
Enemye in herte vnto their fraunchyse,
All that he wzought foz shozt conclusion
Was done onely to theyz distruction,
With a pzetence fayned of frendlyhede
To his pzomise contrary aye was the dede.

Clambe vp by pzoces to full hie estate
By fayned speche and subtil flattery,
In his herte wext pompous and elate
His wozking outwarde no man coude espy:
Lyte and littel dzough to his party,
That to conclude shoztly foz to sey
All Flozence his lustes dyd obey.

Gan subtelly please the commonte
Foz to accomplysh falsly his desyers,
Made pzomise to encreace their liberte:
To suche as were frowarde of maners
Made an othe to distroy their officers
But they wolde of their fre volunte
Graunt vnto him larger lyberte,

Gretter power and dominacion.
To encreace his might on euery syde
Gan manace the grettest of the toun,
And day by daye encreace in his pzide:
Felly he gan felly he dyd abyde
Therupon, kept close in their entrayle
The Flozentines greatly gan meruayle.

In this whyle there was one Reymere
Of great auctozite and of great reuerence,
A mighty sergeant and a great officere,
To whose bidding obeyed all Flozence,
Which with Gaulter accozded in sentence
With soudiours had stuffed eche hostry,
Foz to sustene of Gaulter the party.

And traytourly foz to foztifye
The entent of Gaulter fell and ambycious,
To haue the state onely by tyzannye
As their chefe lozde froward & surquedous.
To reigne in Flozence the case perylous:
Whan two tyzauntes bothe of one assent
With multytude to accomplyche their entent.

Which thinge considzed by theyz gouernours
And Magnates called in the cyte,
Whan they found among them no socours
To remedy their great aduersite,
Fyll to accozd of necessite:
Gaue their assent without variaunce
That Gaulter should haue al ỹ gouernaũce.

And condiscended they were to this issue
That Gaulter should in all his best wyse
Upon the body be swozne of Chzist Jhesu
Them to restoze vnto their fraunchyse
Used of olde, and foz no couetyse
From their pzomise foz lyfe ne deth decline,
As the conuencion lyst to termine.

Herupon was blowe a trompet
Foz to assemble the states of the toun,

A parlyament was holden Gaulter firſt ſet
Holy to pronounce the conuencion,
With euery percell entytled by reaſon
Like their accorde declaring anonright
Stode vp a vocate in the peoples ſight.

With men of Armes in ſtele armed bright
Unto their palayes cheſe and principall
The ſaid Gaulter conueyed anonright,
Set in a ſeate moſte ſtately and royal:
And the people with voice memorial
Gan crye loude concluding in ſentence
Gaulter for euer cheſe lorde of Florence.

Who to perſeuer during all his lyfe
Toke in the palayes full poſſeſſion,
There durſt none agayne it make ſtrife
Graunted to him the dominacion
Of all the caſtels aboute enuyron:
Tuſcan, Areth, and caſtell Florentine,
With all lordſhippes to mount Appenyne.

As ye haue herde Gaulter thus began
By his owne furious diuinayle,
Sayd he was borne to be lorde of Tuſkan
And a great party alſo of Italye,
Tolde he was lad & conuayed by a quaile:
Said euermore were it right or wronge
That was the ſentence of the birdes ſonge.

The ſame birde brought him firſt to Florence
All the way afore him toke his flight,
with ſote ſynging dyd him reuerence
Hye in the ayre of corage glad and light,
Wolde neuer parte out of his ſight:
Gaue him tokens to ſet his herte afyre,
That of Florence he ſhulde be lorde & ſyre.

The ſame birde he bare in his diuyſes
Full rychely enbrauded with pyre,
Toke vpon him many great empryſes
As cheſe lorde of Florence the cite:
Sate in iugement gouerned the countre,
Drewe to him flaterers & folke ỹ coude lye
Baudes & ribaudes where he might thē ſpy.

Of that cyte toke meruayllous truages,
Croched to him richeſſe of the toun,
Of lechery bled great outrages,
Of maydens & wyues made none exception:
Voyde of mercy grace and remiſſyon
Founde quarell for to be vengeable,
That to reherce it is abhompnable.

Where he hated mercyleſſe he ſlee the,
Brake traunchyles and olde lybertees,
The people plained, deſyred ſore his dethe,
Cried vengeaunce about their citees,
For tyranny done in their countrees:
Which was cauſe of great diſcencion
And of their citee almoſt ſubuercion.

Thus they were among thē ſelfe deuided
For theyr grenous ſodaine oppreſſion,
Lacke of forſight ỹ they were nat prouided
To ſe miſcheues that ſhould fal in the toun:
This is very ſothe where is diuyſion
By wytnes and recorde of Scripture,
May no kingdom nor cite longe endure.

For which they gan complaine one and all
Bothe of the greate and comonte,
And of accord amonge them ſelfe they fal
To reſourme the hurte of their cyte,
And fynally they condiſcended be
By a maner fell coniuracion
To procede to his diſtruction.

Upon a day they armed in ſtele bright
Magnates firſt with commons of the town
All to aſſent roſe vp anone right,
Gan to make an hidous ſowne,
Let flee this tyraunt, let vs pull him downe:
Layde a ſiege by mighty violence,
Afore his palays, where he lay in Florence.

Suche as were enclyned to Gaulter
Impd the palais the ſtory doth vs lerne,
To eſchue the ſiege with full heuy chere
Ordained them ſelfe to flye away full yerne:
Out of the towne by a ſmal poſterne,
Whan Florentines dyd their labour
To vndermyne round about the tour.

Of which thing whan Gaulter toke hede
This meſſage ſent vnto the toun,
Nat of trouth but fayningly for dede
Made promyſe by falſe colluſion
For to make full reſtitucion
Of their fredoms, as they lyſt deuyſe
Sent them out Guyllamine Daſſyſe.

Which to the cite was proued bter foe
Had afore done them great domage,
With Guyllamyne, he ſent to them alſo
His ſonne and heyre to ſtint al their rage,
Worſe than his father of wyll and of corage
Bothe at ones were hanged anon right

To fore

12431.4

Tofore the palays in Gaulters sight.

Another also that called was Henry
Which had afore yeue instruction
Unto Gaulter, and was eke enemy
To stire him agayne that noble toun,
Synner and grounde of their diuysion
Which tofore Gaulter his iudgemēt to shew,
With sharp swordes he was all to hewe.

The execucion done vpon these thre
In Tulkan borne, the rancour did apease
Of Florentines, to staunche the cruelte
Againe Gaulter, & to his life great ease:
He glad to escape out of his disease
Fled away in full secrete wyse,
The towne restored again to their fraūchyse.

Thus he lost by his insolence
All his power and domination
Bothe of Tulkan and also of Florence,
And as mine auctour maketh mencion
Fro Lombardy he is discended doun:
Drew to king John reigning tho in Fraūce,
And of byrth full nigh of alyaunce.

As I fynde he was on that partye
With king Jhon this Gaulter like a knight,
Whan that the king with all his chiualry
Was take him selfe his lordes put to flighte,
Into Englande lad after anone righte:
The said Gaulter hauing no regarde
To his worshyp fled like a cowarde.

Yet in his flyght with diuerse soudyours
Of Lombardy abiding with king John,
Which that time as brygantes & pyllours
Toke this Gaulter led him forthe anone,
His force his corage his herte was agone,
Of auenture a certaine Florentine
Smit of his head this was his fatall fyne.

The xxxv. Chapter.

¶ Of Philipot Cathenoise borne of lowe birth, which came vnto great estate, and after she, her sonne & her doughter were brent.

Despayrynt with teares and wofull noyse
Tofore Bochas quaking in sorow and drede,
Next in order came Philipot Cathenoyse,
Poore of degree borne of lowe kynrede,
Which rose after to great estate in dede:
And gan with sorow & complaint ful mortal
Seriously to tell her woful fall.

Touching her byrth derke was her linage,
Of poore bed borne on outher syde,
Bochas was lothe to spende great langage
On her history longe theron to abyde,
Purposed him nothing for to hide
Of the substaunce, but tell all the great
And superfluite of the remenaunt to leat:

Whiche was reherced by him in his youth
Whan he was toward Robert of Cecyle
Kyng of Jerusalem the storye is nat couth,
Yet in his boke he list it compyle,
And it reherce by full soueraine stile
Lyke in that courte as it was to him tolde
By one Bulgare called in slauaine olde.

The sayd Bulgare was a marynere
With him also was a Calabrien
Called Constantine, which full many a yere
Trauailed had and sondry thinges sene
In diuers countreis there he had bene,
Monge other thinges sene in dayes olde
This was a storie which Bulgare tolde.

Duke of Calabre Robert by his name
By his father Charles the mighty kyng
Had in cōmaūdement, ỹ storye saith the same
Gayne Frederike to make a stronge ryding:
Which by force proudly vsurping
Toke vpon him to be lorde of that yle
Which called was the kingdome of Cicyle.

Depranne in sothe called was the towne
Where duke Robert his pauylions pight,
Rode armed through his hie renowne
Gaine Frederike for the lande to fight,
And to withstande him plainly if he might,
And so be fyll the morowe before prime,
The dukes wife of childing bode her tyme.

Violaunt men did that lady call
In her time a famous great ducheſſe,
Destitute of other women al
Whan her childe was borne in that distresse,
To yeue it souke the story doth expresse:
Saue for mischefe Philipot was set nere
Of Cathenoyse the dukes cheefe laundere.

By a fysher which was her husbande

A childe she had lyuing by theyr trauaile,
Which fro the sea vnto the courte by lande
Day by day caried vitaile,
And in this case be cause it might auayle
Philipot was brought in this greate strayt-
To be notice vnto the duchesse. (nesse

Where she was cherished after her desyres,
Eche thing redy whan that euer she sent,
With the duchesse amonge other chambrers
In to Naples I fynde that she went,
Tyll Atropose frowarde of entent
Made of this childe there is no more to say,
The lynes threde for to breke in tway.

With king Charles of whō I spake tofore
Is mine auctour remembreth in his boke,
Was one Raymond of Champayne borne,
Whiche w the king was called mayster coke
And on a day his tourney he toke
Towarde the sea, a pyrate as I finde,
Solde him a child which was borne i Inde.

Lyke Ethiopiens was his colour,
For whō this coke Raymonde hath deuysed
For in his notable diligent labour
Made him christen and so he was baptised,
Gaue him the name and also practysed
Him to promote, that he vpon him toke
By his doctrine to be mayster coke.

For he sone after toke the order of a knight,
The Ethiopien wext a good officere
Gate suche grace in the kinges sight
To be about him more nere
By professe he was made wardropere,
And though he was blacke of his vilage
To Cathenoyse he was ioyned in maryage.

Wexte malyperte and of presumpcion
To be made knight ꝑ king he gan requere,
Which of fredom and great affection
Is condiscended to graunt his prayere,
But to declare plainly the manere
In this time Violaunt the duchesse,
Afore remembred dyed of sickneſſe.

After whose death bokes dothe certifye
Howe duke Robert of Naples the cite
Wedded a Lady that called was Saulye,
To whom Philipot as fyll to her degre
With diligence and great humilite
To please her dyd so her deuer,
That of counsayle there was none so nere.

Euer redy at her commaundement
Wrought atyres pleasaunt of delite,
With holsom waters that were redolent
To make her skyn by washing sote & white:
Made confections to serue her appetyte:
By her husbande, the story who lyst se,
The same Philipot had chyldren three.

She was connyng & of her porte prudent,
Chosen by fauour for to be maystresse
To fayre Jane yonge and innocent
Which doughter was to the great duchesse
Of Calabre, and furthermore to expresse
Her husbande the Ethyopyen withall
Of Charles houshold was made seneschall.

O lorde (quod Bochas) spake of hie disdain
What meneth this fortune for to make chere
With her fauour to rayse vp a forayne
Upon her whele with bright fethers clere,
But of custome it is aye her manere
Fayrest to appere with chere & countenaūce
Whan she wyll bryng a mā vnto mischaūce.

For he that was a boy the last day,
In Ethiopien borne, & horrible of sight
And afore time in the kechyn lay
Amonge the pottes, with baudy cote anight,
Nowe of newe hath take the ordre of knight
With king Charles is now seneschall,
Such sodayne climbing asketh a sodain fal.

He and Philipot his wyfe fro pouerte
Be enhaunced and risen to great richesse,
Two of their sonnes stately maryed be,
And he for fauour more than worthynesse
To order of knight, & in his most highnesse
Their father died whose feast funerall
Was solempnysed and holde full royall.

Thus can fortune chaunge as the mone,
Her bright face derked with a skye:
His eldest sonne dyed after sone
The seconde left vp his clergie.
To be made knight gan him selfe apply,
Stode of his father plainly as I rede
In his office, by fauour to succede.

Thus by processe fro Philipot anonright
Deathe of her husbande & her sonnes twaine
Fortune in party eclypsed hath the light,
Of her welfare, and gan at her disdayne:
Yet euen like as whan it doth rayne
Phebus after sheweth more clerenesse,

So

12431.4

So the fro trouble, rose to moze nobles.

I meane as thus, reherſyng no vertue
In her perſon that men coude eſpye,
But onely this by tytle of this iſſue
Whan Charles doughter on that partye
Was to the king wedded of Hungrye
Called Andzee, a man of great corage
He layed his wyfe but right tendze of age.

The ſame Jane nat without vice
Is is reherſed ſomwhat by myne auctour,
To whome Phylipot whylom was notice
As ye haue herde and by full great labour
Of the ſaid Jane Robert made gouernour
Sonne of Phylipot foz a great rewarde,
Made of Cecyle and of that lande ſtewarde.

This fauour done to Philipot Cathenoyſe
Cauſed in that lande great indignacion,
Whoſe doughters weddig cauſed gret noyſe
Maryed to charles the gret erle of Marchon
Whiche gaue to folke greate occaſion
To deme amyſſe aboute in eche countre
That all ỹ lande was gouerned by tho thze

By quene Jane and Phylipot Cathenoyes
And the ſaid Robert ſtewarde of Cecyle
Son to Philipot, this was thecommon voiſ,
The Quene and Robert by their ſubtil wyle
Had of aſſent vſed a longe while
The hateful lynne of aduoutry,
Roſe in Cecyle and went vp to Hungry.

Foz Quene Jane began no maner thing
But Cathenoyſe aſſented were therto,
The execution and fully the wozking
Bzought to concluſion by Robert al was do:
And in this time roſe a great ſtryfe alſo
Diſclaunderous and a froward diſcozde,
Atwene the quene & him that was her lozde.

Harde to pzocede vpon ſuſpection,
Sclaunder is ſwift lightly taketh his flight,
Foz which men ſhoulde eſchue the occaſion
Of fame and noyſe of euery maner wight,
By pzoudence, remembzed in his ſight
Whan the repozt is thzough a lande ronne
Harde it is to ſtint it whan it is begonne.

Withſtand pzinciples occaſions to decline,
Leſt vnwarely ther folow great domage,
To late commeth the ſalue of medicine
To feſtred ſozes whan they be vncurable:
And in caſe very reſemblable
To eſchew ſclaũder who liſt nat foz to ſpare,
Maye nat fayle to fal into the ſnare.

Thus foz a time the ſlaunder was kept cloſe
Albeit ſo it did foz a while abyde,
Another miſchiefe ful pitouſly aroſe
Which afterward ſpzed abzode ful wyde,
Aduoutry to murder is a very gyde:
Set at a pzieſe mine auctour doth recozde
The king Andze was ſtrangled with a cozde.

Out of his chambze rayſed a great heyght
By a coniected falſe conſpiracion,
He was entreated, bzought downe by ſleyght
After ſtrangled as made is mencion,
Whoſe death to puniſh by commiſſion
Hugh erle of Anelyne by a patent large
To be iudge toke vpon him the charge.

Of this murder roſe vp a great noyſe
By euidence full abhominable,
Philipot called Cathenoyſe (ble:
Her ſonne & doughter that they were culpa-
Dome was yeue by Judges ful notable,
And to conclude ſhozt ly their iudgement,
With chaines boũd at ſtakes they wer bzent.

Lenuoy.

Thys Tragedy afoze reherſed here
Telleth the domage of pzeſumption,
By experience reherſyng the manere
Whan beggers riſe to domination
Is none ſo dzedeful execution
Of cruelte, yf it be wel out ſought,
Than of ſuch one as came vp of nought.

Recozde on Philipot that with hũble chere
By ſodayne fauour and ſuppoztation,
Which was foſoze a ſimple ſmal landere
Of no value noz reputation,
By Foztunes gery trãſmutacion (bzought,
Shed out her malyce teſtate whan ſhe was
Liſt not conſider how ſhe came vp of nought.

Where is moze diſdayne oz moze daungere
Oz moze krowarde communicacion,
Moze vengeable venim doth appere,
Noz moze ſleyghty falſe ſupplantacion
Noz moze conſpired vnware colluſion,

Nor vndermining done couertly & wrought,
Than of such folke as come vp of nought.

Fortunes chaunges & meuinges circulere
With her most stormy transmutacion,
Now one set vp ful hie in the sphere,
Enhaunceth vices and vertues put down:
Record on Philipot whose venemous treasō
Compassed afore in her secret thought
The dede she weth ẏ she came vp of nought.

Noble princes with your bright eyen clere
Auertise in your discretion
That no flaterer come in your court so nere,
By no fraude of falle disception,
Alway remembring afore in your reason
On this tragedy & on this treason wrought,
By a falle flatter that came vp of nought.

The.xxxvi. Chapter.

Howe kyng Sawles was slayne by his colin which was brother vnto the king of Aragon.

THe that time came of this trauayle
Bochas dempt holding for the best
This noble Poete of Florence and Itayle
To make his penne a while for to rest,
Closed his boke and shut it in his chest,
But or he might sparre it with the key
Came thre princes & mekely gan him prey

Amonges other remembred in his boke
Theyr greuaunces briefly to declare,
Wherwith Bochas gan cast vp his loke
And of cōpassion beheldе theyr pitous fare:
Thought he would for no slouthe spare
To theyr requestes goodly condiscende
And of his boke so for to make an ende.

Here gan first reherse by writyng
In his complaynt ful pitously he made
Touching the fall of the great king
Called Sawles, which his colour had
The place named was Astrociade
And as he writ, a lytle there beside
Was a lytle Ile called Emaside.

Bothe these Iles together knit in one
Wher Sawles had his domination,
Liuing in peace enemy had he none
In longe quyet had possession:
Whose kyngdom hole, as made is mencion
In the vulgar myne auctour write the same
Of Malliogres plainly bare the name.

There is also another smaller yle
Called Mayorge, and of both twayn
The said king was lord a great while,
Keppng his estate notable and souerayne:
Hauyng a colyn gan at him disdayne,
Which was brother as made is mencion
Unto the king that tyme of Aragon.

In the yles remembred by wryghtinges
Whan the people went in to batayle,
Was the slage founde vp first of slinges
With cast of stones their enemies to assayle:
They had of shot none other apparayle
In that tyme, arblast nouther bowe,
Perauenture was tho but lytell knowe.

All these countreis were called but one lande
Where Sawles helde possession,
Till his colyn with strong and mighty hande
With great power sodaynly came doun,
Brought people out of Arragon,
Fyll on kyng Sawles feble of diffence
Gate that kingdome by knightly violence,

The balaunce was nat of euyn peys
Atwene these colyns, who lyst take hede,
For in hys conquest the Arragoneys
Of cruelte hath smytten of the hede
Of kyng Sawles quakinge in his drede,
Though it stode so they were nygh of alye
There was that day shewed no curtely.

The.xxxvii.chapter.

Howe Lewes king of Jerusalem and Cecile was put downe.

AFter thys Story tolde in wordes fewe
And kyng Sawles slayne by tyranny,
There came a prince and gan his face shewe
Called Lewes lorde of Trynacry,
The same yle in that party
Called Cythane the story telleth thus,
After the name of king Siculus.

Trynacrye,

12431.4

Trinacry a countre meruеylous
Toke first his name of famous hylles thre,
The chefe of them is called Pelorus
The next Pathmus the third Lylybe,
Not ferre from Ethna the sayd hilles be
Beside a sea full perilous and ylle,
With two dangers Caribdis and Scille.

The sayd Lewes kyng of Jerusalem
And of Cecile the boke maketh mencion,
Which was chased and put out of his realme
By another Lewes and put down,
Ended in pouerte for short conclusion:
This last Lewes of pite dyd hym grace
Tyl he died to haue a dwellyng place.

The.xxxviii.Chapter.

How king John of Fraunce at Poyters was taken prisoner by prince Edwarde, and brought into Englande.

NExt of all and last of euerychone,
Curlyng Fortune with all her variaunce,
Makyng hys complaynt; to Bochas came king John,
Tolde his tale how he was take in Fraunce
By price Edward for all his great puissaūce,
And after with strong and mighty hand,
He was fro Poyters brought into England.

Afore distroyed his castels and his townes
And ouerthrowen manly in battayle,
His princes slayne, theyr baners & penouns
Nor brode standers might them not auayle:
The trace out sought spoiled of plate & maile
Maugre his might kig John was prisoner,
In England after abode full many a yere.

Set afterwarde to full great raunson
The worthy slayne on the Frenche party,
The same time in Brutes Albyon
There floured in suche noblesse & chyualry,
With high prudence and prudent policy:
Mars and Mercury aboue eche nacion
Gouerned that tyme Brutus Albion.

Mars for knighthode theyr patron i battaile
And Mynerua gaue them influence
Meynt with brightnesse of plate & mayle,
To flour in clergye and in hie prudence
That prince Edward by marciall violence
That day on liue one the best knight (might.
Brought home kinge John maugre all hys

Though Bochas gaue him fauour by lāgage
His heart enclined to that partye,
Which vnto him was but small auauntage
Worde is but winde brought in by enuye,
For to hinder the famous chiualrye
Of Englisch mē, ful narow he gan him thinke
Left speare & shelde fought with pen & ynke.

Though the sayd Bochas floured in Poetry
His parcial writyng gaue no mortal woūde,
Caught a quarell in his melancoly
Which to his shame afterward did rebounde:
In conclusion lyke as it was founde
Agayne king John a quarel gan to take
Cause that he would of Englisch men be take.

Helde them but small of reputacion
In his report, men may hys writyng see,
His fantasy nor hys opinon
Stode in that case of none authorite:
Their kig was take, their knightes did flee,
Wher was Bochas to helpe thē at such nede:
Saue with his pen he made no man to blede.

Of right wilnesse euery croniculer
Should in his writyng make no exception,
Indifferently conuey his matter
Not be perciall of none affection,
But gyf the thanke of mortal guerdon
Hys style in order so egally obserued,
To euery party as they haue deserued.

Laude of king John was that he abode,
In that he quit hym like a manly knight,
His lordes slayne some away they rode,
Most of his meyny toke them to the flight:
This iourney take for king Edwardes right,
The feelde ywonne haue this in memory
Crouthes hold hath gladly the victory.

Of king John what should I write more
Brought to this land with other prisoners:
Upon which the realme complayned sore
By rehearsayle of olde Cronicles,
Died in England within a fewe yeres,
Led home agayne after theyr writynges
Lieth at S.Denys with other kinges.

Lenuoye.

Of Bochas boke the last tragedye
Compendiously put in remembraunce
How prince Edwarde w his chualrye
Fought at Poiters w king John of Fraũce,
And through his mighty Marciall puyssaũce
Groũded his quarell vpon his fathers right,
Toke him prisoner ful like a manly knight.

By collusion kyng John dyd occuppe
Set out of ordre the royall aliaunce,
Scepter and crowne with all the regalye
Was down deſcẽded to Edward i ſubſtaũce,
Cõueyed ỹ braũches by lineall concordaunce:
For whichtitle grounded vpon right
Prince Edward fought like a manly knight.

His clayme and quarel more to fortify,
In token ỹ god his quarel would auaunce
Diſcomfiture was made on that party,
Upon kyng John by violent vtraunce
An heauenly ſigne by influent purueyaunce
Sent from aboue to ſhew Edwardes right
For which ỹ price fought like a mãly knight.

Noble princes your hearte do applye
Juſtly to way this matter in balaunce,
All thing payſed ye m[illegible] it not denye
If ye conſider euery circumſtaunce
In right Judges may be no variaunce:
The fielde derreyned deme who hath right
For whiche ỹ price fought like a mãly knight.

Thing of aſſent put in ieopardy,
And committed to Gods ordinaunce,
There may be after no contrauerſy
Atwene party,quarel,nor diſtaunce,
Who ſhal reioyſe, & in this caſe ſtode fraunce
Sith at Poyters declaring who hath right
Price Edward fought like a manly knight.

Here Bochas maketh a rehearſayl how Fortune hath made highe eſtates vnwarely to diſcende.

Set folke of wiſdom cõſider in their wit
Gather vp a ſum & count in theyr reaſon
To all eſtates how Fortune hath her quit,
To popes prelates gyn firſt in Rome town,
To cardinals moſt ſouerayne of renown,
When they ſat hieſt coude them not defende
Agayn Fortune by no proviſion,
But with a turne ſhe made them to diſcend.

After in ordre call to remembraunce,
The ſtate imperial of famous emperours,
Which as Appollo through theyr puyſſaunce
Theyr fame vp blow to Jupiters tours,
And forget not theſe olde conquerours
Aboue Mercury caſt them to aſcende,
Tyl that fortune with her frowarde ſhours
Moſt ſodaynly made them to diſcende.

Kinges and princes of diuers regions,
In Aſye,Europe,Affrike,and Cartage,
Of Ethiope the marciall champions,
Monſters of Inde hydous of viſage,
Athlas,Hercules, i their moſt furious rage,
Againſt whoſe might no man coude hi defẽde
What folowed from their hyeſt ſtage:
Fortune vnwarely made them to diſcende.

Prieſtes,prelates, & well fed fat perſons,
And patriarkes that had great ſouerayne
Reken vp religiõs w al their brode crownes
Byſhops,abbottes,confyrmed in their ſee,
Beholde of fortune the mutabylite
Seculere chanons w many great prebende,
whan they ſate hyghest in their felycite
Howe ſodaynly ſhe made them to diſcende.

All ỹ is writtẽ is written to our doctryne,
One courbeth lowe another gothe vpright,
Some be vicious ſome in vertue ſhyne,
Phebus now clipſed sõtyme ſhyneth bright,
Somtyme cloudy ſomtyme ſterlight,
Some folke appayre ſome dothe amende,
Shew of Fortune the power & the might
One goth vpward another doth diſcende.

Some man holy encreaſeth in vertue,
Another recheleſſe of frowarde wilfulneſſe,
One is perfit and ſtable in Chriſt Jeſu,
Another brayeth vpon frowardneſſe,
One encreaſeth with treaſour & richeſſe,
Who liſt thriue to labour muſt attende
Maugre the world Fortunes doubleneſſe
Doth one ariſe,another doth diſcende.

One is buſy and ſetteth all his labour
Early to aryſe his good to multiply,
Another ſpendeth,and is a great waſtour
Some tre is barayn ſome tre doth fructifye,
One can ſay ſothe another can well lye,
One can gather another can diſpende,
Unto fortune this matter dothe applye
She maketh one to ariſe,another to diſcẽde

All theſe matters combined into one

12431.4

Of which this boke maketh mention,
Voyde the wede, of vertue take the corne
As reason teacheth in your discrecion:
And for to make a short conclusion
In a brefe summe this boke to comprehende,
Fortunes whele by reuolution
Doth one clymbe vp, another to discend.

☞ The wordes of the translatour.

With letters ☨ leues this lytell boke trẽbling
Pray to the prince, to haue on the pyte,
Voyde of all picture and enlumynyng
Which hast of Cicero no curious dyte,
Nor of his gardayne no floures of beaute,
God graunt grace thy rudenesse nat offende
The hygh nobilesse and magnanymyte
Of his presence, whan thou shalt ascende.

And for my parte of one hert abyding
Voyde of chaunge and mutabylite,
I do present this boke with hand shakyng
Of hole affection knelyng on my kne,
Prayng the lord one, two, and thre,
Whose magnificence no clerke may cõprehẽde
Sende you might grace and prosperite
Euer in vertue to encreace and ascende.

To kisse ỹ steppes of thẽ that were furtherig
Laureat poetes whiche had soueraynte
Of eloquence, to supporte thy makyng:
And pray all tho that shall this proceile se
In thyne excuse that they lyst to be,
And where it is amysse for to amende
Set thy grounde vpon humylite
Unto their grace that thou mayst ascende.

In a shorte clause thy content rehersyng
As one vp clymbeth to great prosperite,
So another by experte knowlegyng
From great rychesse is brought to pouerte:
Alas (O boke) what shall I say of thee
Thy tragedyes thrugh all ỹ worlde to sende.
Go forthe I pray excuse thy selfe and me,
who loueth most vertue highest shal ascende.

Blacke be thy wede of cõplaynt ☨ mournig,
Called fall of princes from their felycite,
Lyke Chaunteplure now singing nowe wewo after myrth, next ioy aduersyte, (ping,
So entremedled there is no suerte:
Lyke as this boke doth prayse ☨ cõprehende,
Nowe on the whele now set in lowe degre,
Who will encreace by vertue must ascende.

The ende of Bochas Volumes.